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~ TRUE ~ SEA TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

BY
JAMES OTIS [Kaler]

Author of

"True Indian Tales from American History,"
"True Adventure Tales from American His-
tory," "Teddy and Carrots," "The Minute
Boys Series," etc.

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WHEN WE DESTROYED THE
GASPEE

EXTRACT from a song written in Providence, R. I., in 1772, which gives the history of the destruction of the *Gaspee*, and concludes with the following allusion to the reward offered by the king for the discovery of those concerned in the affair :

“ Now, for to find these people out,
King George has offered very stout,
One thousand pounds to find out one
That wounded William Duddington.
One thousand more he says he'll spare,
For those who say the sheriffs were.
One thousand more there doth remain
For to find out the leader's name ;
Likewise five hundred pounds per man
For any one of all the clan.
But let him try his utmost skill,
I'm apt to think he never will
Find out any of those hearts of gold,
Though he should offer fifty-fold.”

NOTE

IN 1782 Justin Jacobs wrote a certain number of letters to Daniel Pearce, who had been his shipmate and comrade in 1772.

These missives, still preserved, refer entirely to the destruction of the *Gaspee*, and by their tenor one would fancy that Jacobs was contemplating writing a history of that affair, for he asks his old shipmate to refresh his memory on this point or that concerning minor details of the action.

It is from this correspondence that the present story is formed, and set down after such fashion as one who had read the letters carefully might suppose Jacobs himself would have written the account.

THE AUTHOR.



WHEN WE DESTROYED THE GASPEE

A Story of Narragansett Bay in 1772

CHAPTER I.

THE "HANNAH."

WHEN his Majesty's eight-gun schooner *Gaspee*, commanded by Lieutenant Duddington, first came into Narragansett Bay for the alleged purpose of enforcing the revenue acts along the coast, Daniel Pearce and I, Justin Jacobs, were rated as "ordinary seamen" on board the packet *Hannah*, which craft made as nearly regular trips between New York and Providence as the weather would permit.

Daniel and I were lads, he seventeen and I sixteen years of age, in the year of grace 1772, although we considered ourselves as being nearly men grown, because of the fact that we two made up the entire crew of the *Hannah*.

As a matter of course there was a cook on board, — an old black man by the name of Seth Somers, — and also Cap-

tain Joshua Lindsey, the master ; but neither of these can be counted as going to make up the crew of the schooner. In other words, Daniel and I were the only two rated as seamen, and because of such fact we gave ourselves, on favourable occasions, high and mighty airs when we were in a home port, which is to say, Providence, or at such times as we lay at Newport, our only stopping-place during the voyage.

In those days I looked upon Captain Josh as one of the best navigators in the country, because he was as familiar with every rock and shoal in Narragansett Bay as with the chicken-coops in his own yard ; but having seen more of the world by this time, I am come to realise that the master of the *Hannah* would have been sadly out of his reckoning in any other waters, for he understood nothing whatsoever of the art of navigation, as scholars know it.

However, he was to Daniel and myself the very embodiment of wisdom in anything pertaining to seacraft, for never once did we find him at fault in anything relating to his line of duty.

Our wages were set at sixteen shillings a month, which included, as a matter of course, our food during the entire time, whether on the voyage or lying at port, and old Seth was a rare good cook, such as could readily tickle the appetites of two lads like ourselves, who were ready and eager to eat at all times.

I have seen plum duff set before seamen on a full-rigged ship, which was like so much saw-dust as compared with

that savoury dish which old Seth served to us each day after our arrival in New York or Providence, as a kind of reward for having brought the *Hannah* safely through such perils of the sea as might have been encountered between the ports.

And the bacon he fried !
It was what you could almost call a dream, browned to a delicate tint, and with the fat fried out of it until one might take up a handful of the slices without soiling a glove, if it so chanced he wore one.

It is needless for me to sing old Seth's praises, for all those who travelled by sea in the good packet *Hannah*, whether they were people of quality or ordinary planters, united in declaring that it was well worth the price of the passage money to partake of such meals as the old black fellow cooked, and because of our good cheer there was little or no grumbling when, through stress of weather, we were forced to lie by in some harbour.

We lads had been on board the *Hannah* nearly a year, enjoying ourselves thoroughly despite the hard labour



Captain Josh called upon us to perform, before his Majesty, King George, troubled his head concerning us, and then came our affliction in the shape of the schooner *Gaspee*, carrying eight guns, and commanded by Lieutenant Duddington.

This vessel of the king's was, in the beginning of March, sent to Narragansett Bay by the commissioners of customs at Boston, to prevent the people from breaking the revenue laws, and to put an end to what those gentlemen of Massachusetts were pleased to say was an illicit trade carried on between Newport and Providence.

Illicit trade indeed! Was the king in London to say that law-abiding people should not do this or that which pleased them in the matter of buying or selling goods? Were we to ask his Majesty if we might be permitted to exchange our own truck for that owned by others?

Now I had been taught by my father to believe that whatsoever the king did was right, but when I found him, as in this case, meddling with private matters which could not by any stretch of the imagination concern him, I came to the conclusion that those whom I had heard spoken of as malcontents and rebels were very nearly in the right. When we were forced to heave to and lower our colours every time we chanced to come upon that tub of a *Gaspee*, in order that the high and mighty Lieutenant Duddington could send half a dozen men aboard to search out such little articles as we carried for barter, I decided, as did Daniel Pearce, that it was high time his Majesty came to

understand that we of Rhode Island were not willing to be put upon in such insolent fashion.

However, neither Daniel's opinion nor mine has anything whatsoever to do with that which I have set myself to tell; but in order that it may be fully known why the *Gaspee* was destroyed, it stands me in hand to first set down what was done in Narragansett Bay by this same William Duddington, who called himself the king's lieutenant, and put on more high and mighty airs than by right belonged to the Governor of New York.

He took it upon himself to stop every vessel that entered Narragansett Bay and seize such goods as were on board which struck his fancy, whether a tax should be paid on them or no. In other words, he literally stole from the merchants of Providence and Newport whatsoever pleased him, even going so far as to seize sheep and hogs from the farmers along the coast, and when remonstrated with, cut down fruit-trees in sheer wantonness, alleging that it was to teach the people a lesson in politeness.

The wretch fired upon market-boats, regardless of the fact that they were free by any and every law of the colonies to go and come at pleasure, and behaved with such insolence that the most peaceable of our traders were forced in sheer self-defence to make complaint.

Because of their written outcries, Deputy-Governor Sessions, who lived at Providence, wrote down the list of their grievances, and sent the documents to Governor Wanton at Newport, stating at the same time that in his opinion Lieutenant Duddington of the *Gaspee* had no legal right

to do the half of what he claimed was his lawful business.

Master Joseph Wanton was an honest man, and one who would do what he believed to be his duty regardless of king or people, and although he was at the time, and ever after, charged with being a strict loyalist, his actions in the matter of Duddington's high-handed proceedings showed of what metal he really was.

No sooner had he received the statement from Master Sessions than he sent the high sheriff to Lieutenant Duddington, with the demand that the commander of the *Gaspee* produce his commission then and there, in order that it might be seen whether he had lawful warrant even for the slightest of his offences.

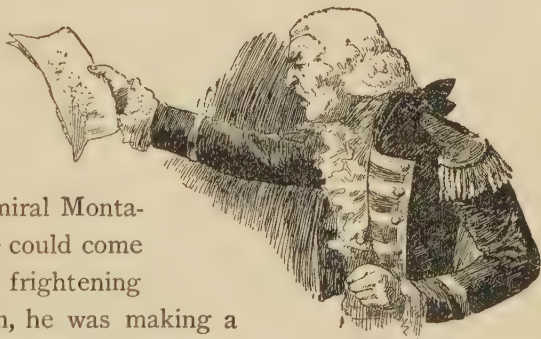
The lieutenant refused to give the sheriff any satisfaction whatsoever, and again did the governor send his officer, this last time with a written order demanding that the commission be produced, or the *Gaspee* leave Narragansett Bay without delay.

High and mighty Lieutenant Duddington, who seemed to think that it was within his province to murder and steal at his heart's content, fell into a terrible fit of rage because any person should dare question his authority, and at once sent Master Wanton's letter to Admiral Montague, a king's officer of high degree, who was stationed at Boston.

This admiral must have been of much the same kidney as Duddington, for he took it upon himself to write a bullying letter to the Governor of Rhode Island, — to the chief

magistrate of a colony of free Englishmen, — and in it claimed that Duddington had done no more than his duty. He also said, and this I have seen printed in black and white :

"I shall report your two insolent letters, addressed to Lieutenant Duddington, to his Majesty's secretaries of state, and leave them to determine what right you have to demand a sight of all orders I shall give to the officers of my squadron, and I would advise you not to send your sheriff on board the king's ship again on such ridiculous errands."



Now, if Admiral Montague thought he could come anywhere near frightening Master Wanton, he was making a big mistake, and but for the fact that we took it into our own hands to do away with the *Gaspee*, I'll warrant you the admiral would have got such a wiggling as must have lowered his crest a good many inches.

I have also seen printed a copy of the letter which our governor wrote to this same puffed-up, bawling admiral, and in it, according to my way of thinking, he gave the king's officer as good as had been sent, with something to spare, for among other things he said :

"I am greatly obliged for the promise of transmitting

my letters to the secretaries of state. I am, however, a little shocked at your impolite expression made use of on that occasion. In return for this good office I shall also transmit your letter to the secretary of state, and leave to the king and his ministers to determine on which side the charge of insolence lies. As to your advice not to send the sheriff on board any of your squadron, please to know that I will send the sheriff of this colony at any time and to any place, within the body of it, as I shall see fit."

Now to prove more thoroughly that this fellow Duddington was such a person as could not be tolerated in any law-abiding colony, let me here set down that Governor Wanton believed the matter to be of so serious a nature as to demand some action by the Assembly, and, after he had read to that body of gentlemen a copy of the instructions given the sheriff when he boarded the *Gaspee*, as well as the letters sent to Admiral Montague, and the reply from the naval officer, the Assembly voted that the account of the whole matter be laid before the Earl of Hillsborough, with the belief that the cock of the armed schooner would get his comb cut.

Before Master Wanton had time to hear from England, we of the colony had put an end to the *Gaspee*, and come so near sending into eternity the miserable wretch who commanded her, that the king's ministers lost sight of the governor's complaint entirely in their attempts to find out who had given Lieutenant Duddington the lesson he so sorely needed.

All this was in March, as you must understand, and those who traversed the waters of Narragansett Bay were forced to obey such orders as the high and mighty lieutenant was pleased to give, until that certain ninth day of June, when we put an end to any interference with our business, and showed the king's ministers that we were not to be bullied by such cattle as commanded the armed schooner.

In fact I believe, and it is also the opinion of older men, that Duddington was more insolent and overbearing after the exchange of letters between our governor and the king's admiral, than before. He made it a point to stop any wherries that might be going from one part of the bay to another, and even ships' boats which were putting off and on from the shore, while day by day the farmers complained that their live stock was being seized by the seamen of the *Gaspe* who would give no satisfaction whatsoever, neither by way of warrants for payment, or the showing of orders from their commander.

To put it in plain words, and yet not speak too harshly, the *Gaspe* was become a pirate, and as such a most serious and vicious menace to the people of the colony, who lived nearabout the shore of the bay.

It is needless for me to set down an account of all which was done by Duddington, because his deeds are well known even at this day, and therefore I come back to the *Hannah*, for she it was who led the pirate into that situation where he could easily be destroyed.

It was on the noon of June 9th that we left Newport

for the home port with a fresh southerly breeze. We had on board eight passengers, mostly merchants from Providence, among whom were Masters John Brown, Benjamin Dunn, and Joseph Bucklin, which gives you a taste of the quality we carried.

The voyage from New York had been what one might call speedy, and when we got under way on this particular day, all hands were in the best of spirits, for old Seth had really outdone himself in the way of dinner, which was extremely satisfactory to those who partook of it when served aft, as well as to Daniel Pearce and myself, who got the odds and ends as fast as they were brought forward.

I question if a better contented, more peaceable lot of passengers, and the same may be said of the crew, ever sailed up Narragansett Bay, for when one's stomach is filled to repletion, the ordinary disagreeables of life are generally forgotten.

We knew full well that the *Hannah* would be overhauled by the *Gaspee*, but were in that frame of mind when it seemed of but little consequence, although, perchance, there might be an entire change of feeling if the arrogant Duddington should take it upon himself to seize any portion of the cargo.

However, as I have said, we did not look into the future then, but lounged about the deck at will, for the wind was favouring, and no man need raise his hand to aid in the progress of the voyage, save he who stood at the helm.

As a matter of course our colours were flying, for it was

Captain Lindsey's custom to raise them when we entered Newport harbour, and leave them mastheaded from that time until we were made fast at the dock at Providence.

As should be the case on all well-appointed packets, to prevent the odour of the food from disturbing the passengers, the cook's galley was located just aft of the foremast.

Lying on the deck, in front of the door, listening to the yarns old Seth was ready to spin whenever he had a listener, we lads lounged idly about after dinner, saying to ourselves that by sunset, at the latest, we should be at the dock in Providence, for the southerly breeze continued to freshen until the *Hannah* had all the wind she needed. The passage from Newport promised to be the quickest we had ever made.

In the hope of eclipsing all previous voyages, Captain Lindsey himself stood at the helm, for there was in his mind the idea that he could give points to any man who ever lived, in the matter of steering a packet; therefore it was that, from the time we passed Gold Island, neither my shipmate nor I had been called on to so much as raise a hand.

As I have said, everything on board spoke of satisfaction and content when we left Hog Island and were come into the upper end of the bay, between Bristol and Greenwich.

Old Seth was deep in his yarn spinning, which chanced at that moment to be concerning some marvellous adventure of his in New York, when he had saved himself from

being made prisoner, on a charge of disorderly conduct, by whipping three of the watch single-handed.

The merchants were discussing business, I fancied, to judge from the expression on their faces, and Captain Josh, proud as any peacock because of the speed the packet was making, stood at the tiller, looking astern now and then to make certain the wake which we left behind us was as straight and true as a skilful helmsman could draw it.

I was looking aft, although listening to old Seth, when I saw the captain point out some object to the passengers, who immediately rose to their feet, and, as a matter of course, I also stood up in order to learn what might have hove in sight.

Daniel, who made it a strict rule never to exert himself, save when it was absolutely necessary, asked what I could see.

"It is the *Gaspee*," I replied. "She's just coming out from Greenwich, I should fancy, and Captain Josh can set it down as a fact, that the voyage from Newport won't be made in such remarkably short time, because most likely we'll be called upon to heave to presently. That puffed-up lieutenant, who is all epaulets and no brains, would feel sad if he couldn't stick his nose into our hold and smell out whatsoever we have on board which might tickle his fancy."

"If I was the captain of this packet, it would take more than a schooner of eight guns to heave me to this day," Daniel said, so far forgetting his rule as to show some



little anger and excitement. "The *Hannah* could run around the *Gaspee* a dozen times between here and Providence, with the wind we've got now."

"But she couldn't run 'roun' one ob de shot, Danny," old Seth said, with a grin.

"There would be little danger of shot coming aboard if Captain Josh headed straight up the river, unless we're close within range now," Daniel replied, and I added:

"She's a good two miles to port, and I'll go bail there isn't a gun aboard the old tub that could send a ball half that distance. It begins to look as if Captain Josh was much of your way of thinking, Daniel. He's bearing a bit more to the eastward."

My shipmate rose indolently to his feet and gazed over the port rail, from which point of vantage he might see the king's schooner coming toward us with a bone in her teeth, and one could easily fancy that the lieutenant who strained himself to put on so many airs was pacing to and fro on the quarter-deck, wondering what we meant by edging off instead of heaving to submissively while he sent a crew aboard to search us.

"Ef de cap'n's gwine fur ter play any tricks on a vessel wha's got eight guns all ready to sink us, I'se boun' to look arter myse'f," and old Seth suddenly disappeared in the galley, closing the door behind him, as if believing that, once hidden from view, he was sheltered from every possible danger.

"Come out of there, you fool nigger!" Daniel cried, with a laugh. "In case a shot should come aboard of us,

you'd be worse off there than in the open, for your galley would be knocked to splinters, which are more dangerous than an iron ball, because of scattering in every direction."

"I'se gwine fur ter stay right whar I is, Danny, an' don' you count on interferin' wid de cook, kase he's no fightin' man. Ef Lieutenant Duddington wants fur ter swell 'roun' de bay, lettin' off his guns when dere ain't no 'casion fur firin' ob 'em, den I'se countin' on keepin' out'er sight."

"You may as well watch the chase, for that's what it's going to be," I cried, thinking it would be a shame if Seth lost any portion of the spectacle through his reasonless fears.

"There's no danger of their putting a shot aboard of us so long as the wind holds," Daniel added.

After some urging Seth opened the door a few inches and peered through the aperture; but no words of mine could persuade him to venture out on deck, so fearful was the old negro of what the commander of the *Gaspee* might do, and, indeed, one could hardly blame him for being cautious after all the stories he had heard concerning the lieutenant's arrogance and brutality.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHASE.

AT this point let me set down what was the general opinion of all hands on board the *Hannah* when Captain Lindsey made plain his intention of running away from the *Gaspee*, lest some of those faultfinding loyalists should claim that it was our duty to obey every command which might be given by the representatives of the king.

Lieutenant Duddington had been sent into Narragansett Bay by Admiral Montague with orders, as was stated in Boston, to prevent illicit trading.

Now, in pursuance of this duty, it was, of course, necessary for him to heave to any strange craft, even though it might be one as small as a wherry; but our captain claimed, as did all his passengers, that after having been stopped each day for the past three months, as we worked in or out of the river, the arrogant lieutenant must have become so well acquainted with the *Hannah* by this time, even though her colours had not been flying, as to know that we were engaged in strictly lawful business.

He could not have claimed that the *Gaspee* was so far distant as to render it impossible for him to decide whether

she was really the New York packet or a stranger, for our house flag was flying, and this in itself should have been sufficient to let him understand exactly who we were.

If he proposed to heave us to, it was only for the sake of showing his authority, if indeed he had any, and might be classed as a piece of wanton mischief, for, view it as you may, it is a serious matter to delay a packet which carries passengers, and letters sent by post.



All this I have set down, perhaps needlessly, for throughout the country generally at the time was it known full well that the lieutenant had no valid reason for overhauling us; but yet I am eager to make the point plain, in order that he who reads will be able to deny any statement made to the effect that Captain

Lindsey should have brought his vessel around when the *Gaspee* first hove in sight, if he laid any claim to being a law-abiding citizen.

For the first time since the king's vessel had made her appearance for the purpose of ferreting out evil-doers, did the *Hannah* have her at a disadvantage. We were beyond range of her guns, and, being a swifter craft, could gain a

mile or more every hour, for the packet's best point of sailing was before the wind.

If I except old Seth, who was thinking only of his own precious skin, it is safe to say that every one on board approved of Captain Lindsey's intention to show the *Gaspee* our heels, and even Master Brown, the staidest and most respectable merchant in Providence, was literally dancing to and fro on the quarter-deck in his excitement, caused by the prospect of showing the lieutenant what we might do in a strictly lawful way.

It can well be fancied that the high and mighty Duddington was in a towering rage when he saw the packet standing boldly up toward the river without doing reverence to his lordship, and this we understood when he fired one of his bow guns, the shot sending up a jet of water midway between the two vessels.

This was a peremptory demand for us to heave to; and even old Seth laughed at the idea that Captain Lindsey would obey such a summons.

The lieutenant might spend all the ammunition he had on board without doing us any harm; but when the second signal was fired, and our captain responded only by edging a little farther to the eastward, there came into my mind the question as to what might happen to us in the future as punishment for thus disobeying his orders written in gunpowder.

We were bound to leave Providence once each week, if the weather permitted of our making the round voyage in that length of time, and sooner or later the *Gaspee* would

be in position to bring the *Hannah* to, or sink her. Then would come the time when, in his disregard of all legal rights, he might make reprisals for what we were doing this day ; but not until then, for we all understood that, however powerful the lieutenant believed himself to be, he would not venture to attack us in port, because there was no love for him by the citizens of Providence or Newport.

Within half an hour the veriest landsman among us could see that we were gaining, and if the commander of the *Gaspee* had been wise, his vessel would have been turned about in search of some other prey.

The passengers were talking eagerly among themselves, as I could see by their gestures, and, desirous of knowing what opinions there were among them on this question of defying one of his majesty's vessels, I went somewhat farther aft, where it would be possible to hear what was said. Surely if the foremost citizens of the town believed it right to disobey the order which had been given by the discharge of the gun, then might I cast aside all fear regarding the future.

Master Brown was holding forth on the matter when I was sufficiently near to overhear his words, and he claimed that we were well within our rights, proving it, according to his own ideas, by saying warmly to Captain Lindsey, who had evidently been taking no part in the argument :

"If it so be you let yonder scoundrel delay us, then will I set up a packet-boat myself, putting her under the command of one who has pluck enough to hold to his rights."

"But I don't count on letting him bring us to," Captain Josh replied, with a laugh. "In fact, just at this minute there has come into my mind the idea of serving the lieutenant such a trick as he won't forget for many a day."

"And what may that be?" Master Bucklin asked, curiously.

"I won't begin to brag too soon, for if the lieutenant knows only half as much of seamanship as he claims, the *Gaspee* will soon be put about; but in case it so chance he continues the chase, then will I show you gentlemen a trick which shall prove that I am not faint-hearted when there's occasion for displaying courage."

Such talk as this was a riddle to me; but I knew Captain Josh well enough to believe he saw his way clear to some disagreeable trick upon the king's vessel, else would he have held his tongue, for he was not a man prone to do much in the way of idle boasting.

"If you can give his pride a tumble in any way whatsoever, I'll stand the cost of a dinner for all hands, wherever it may please the company to take it, and no reasonable expense shall be spared," Master Dunn cried, as he gazed first at the armed schooner and then at our captain, who was holding the *Hannah* to her course without the variation of a hand's breath.

"In case he should be so foolish as to follow me, you shall see him in a pickle which won't be pleasing to his master, the admiral at Boston. I'm certain the *Gaspee* draws ten inches more water than does our schooner, and —"

Captain Lindsey did not finish the sentence, but broke off abruptly, as if fearing to say too much, and I, who considered myself somewhat well acquainted with the



waters of the bay, believed it was possible to give a fairly good guess as to what kind of a rod was in pickle for the king's officer.

The chase was more interesting to us, I fancy, than to those on board the *Gaspee*, for it was not necessary

we should speculate as to the result, because, short of carrying away our spars, and there was hardly wind enough to provoke any such accident, we were certain of running up the river a good four miles in advance, providing his Majesty's vessel was able to pursue us that far.

We spent our time trying to decide how much we gained every fifteen minutes, and in picturing to ourselves the anger in which the valiant lieutenant was unquestionably indulging, making a pleasuring out of what, under slightly different circumstances, might have promised dire disaster.

Even old Seth forgot his fears and came out on deck to shake his black fist in the direction of the pursuer, as he ridiculed the idea of attempting to overhaul the *Hannah* in such a breeze.

In fact, it was as enjoyable an afternoon as I ever spent, because we were reducing the debt of insolence which had been accumulating since Lieutenant Duddington came into Narragansett Bay, and the conclusion of the sport fitted well with the beginning.

Having learned beyond the shadow of a doubt that he could hold the *Gaspee* in play as best suited him, Captain Lindsey gave a trifle more zest to the chase by standing over to the westward, and thus slightly decreasing the distance between us, whereupon Master Brown asked, with somewhat of a tremor in his voice:

"What are you doing now? It isn't safe to lose any advantage whatsoever, and although I am no seaman, it is

evident you are giving the king's vessel much encouragement."

"That is exactly what I counted on doing, Master Brown. There is in my mind a fear that the fellow may haul off, finding it impossible to come up with us, and I would hold out such inducements as will carry him well up to Namquit Point."¹

Now it was that my suspicions of a few moments previous were resolved into a certainty, for I understood exactly what Captain Lindsey would do if, perchance, Lieutenant Duddington was willing to drop into the plot.

Let it be remembered that the tide was ebbing, for that was an important factor in what afterward came to pass.

It was an hour after high water when we first sighted the *Gaspee*, and perhaps forty minutes later when the *Hannah* was off Namquit Point, which, at this stage of the tide, was entirely covered by water.

I observed the captain closely when we were come thus far, and saw that he kept his eyes fixed intently upon the landmarks, never allowing his attention to be distracted from them a single instant, thereby showing that it was his purpose to run the *Hannah* as near the shoal of the point as possible without her taking ground.

To one who was but slightly acquainted with the bay, as in the case of Lieutenant Duddington, it must have appeared as if the captain of the *Hannah* was confident that he could cross the point on whatsoever course he

¹ Now Gaspee Point.

pleased, and unless the king's officer had a better navigator on board than I believed probable, the *Gaspee* was like to come to grief.

Then, to further deceive our pursuer, the packet was brought considerably to the westward immediately we had rounded the shoal of the point, and this manœuvre so far lessened the distance between the vessels, that hardly more than a mile separated them.

This was the moment when the angry commander of the king's vessel might be tempted into a grievous error, and I watched eagerly the approaching craft, unable to restrain a shout of joy as I saw her bow swing around until she was coming on a direct line for us.

Such a course would bring them well up on the point, where, at that time, could be no more than two feet of water, and to take ground on the ebb tide meant serious trouble for him who had, during the three months past, given his entire attention to troubling others.

"It's all right, Master Dunn!" Captain Lindsey said, triumphantly, as he looked astern. "The dinners of which you spoke will be won in less than twenty minutes, save it so be Duddington has on board some one who knows this shore."

Even now the passengers failed to understand fully what Captain Lindsey meant, and looked astern in open-mouthed astonishment, much as if predicting evil, when it appeared that the schooner had gained a decided advantage over us.

Daniel Pearce, indolent though he was by nature, dis-

played his joy by turning somersaults on the deck forward, and old Seth stood by the port rail, grinning with delight, until his mouth was like unto the entrance of a bear's cave.

Captain Lindsey said no more than I have already set down ; but when he stood astride the tiller to steady it, and deliberately lighted his pipe, I knew he was satisfied beyond a peradventure that the trick would be played in proper fashion.

Steadily the *Gaspee* kept her course, and I suppose the thick-headed lieutenant, who had lorded it over us so long, believed that in a few moments he would be able to *pitch* a shot into the *Hannah* ; but before five minutes had passed the situation was better understood.

Then it was that the *Gaspee*, bringing up with a jerk as she struck the shoal of the point, heeled over for an instant as the wind came in puffs and forced her yet farther up on the sand. After that she lay nearly on her beam-ends, helpless, and even a landsman might have seen that she must perforce remain in the same situation until the spring tides should set her free.

Now it was that the passengers joined me in my shouts of rejoicing, for they understood the "trick" to a nicety.

Master Dunn seized Captain Lindsey by both hands and shook them violently, as if trying to dislocate his wrists, while the remainder of the gentlemen gave vent to such boisterous expressions of joy that one would have said a party of boys were indulging in childish merriment.

I would I might set down here all that was said in praise of the *Hannah's* captain because of having thus put the detested craft into such a predicament ; but every man on board talked as fast as he did gleefully, and as loud as was the satisfaction in his heart, until one might



fill a dozen books, and yet not find room to put in them all the words which were spoken.

At the moment there was no thought in the minds of any that we had done other than give the high and mighty Lieutenant Duddington considerable trouble, with a very good chance for a reprimand from his superior, and indeed that was sufficient for the present.

In obedience to the wishes of the passengers, we hauled around more to the eastward once more, and stood off and on so that we might keep in sight as long as possible the *Gaspee*, while she lay helpless upon the shoal.

"Is there any chance she could be floated at the next flood tide?" Master Brown asked, thoughtfully, and Captain Lindsey shook his head decidedly:

"She will lie there ten days at the shortest, and even then I'm of the opinion that it will be necessary to lighten her considerably, for the schooner is bound to make a bed for herself in the sand, and thus shut out more completely the chance of getting into deep water. You need have no further fears, gentlemen, that Lieutenant Dudgeon can do any mischief for some time to come."

"It's a pity we couldn't put a final stop to his insolence, for while the *Gaspee* lies as she does, no very great force would be needed to destroy her."

I looked at Master Brown in surprise, wondering if it could be possible there was in his mind so much of rebellion against the king as would lead him to advise the destruction of one of his Majesty's vessels.

There were others on board the *Hannah* besides myself who caught full at the significance of the merchant's words, and in a twinkling, as it were, those gentlemen, who had been displaying their joy by the most extravagant gestures, grew silent and thoughtful.

I was literally dumb with astonishment at the mere intimation that we of Narragansett Bay might go so far as to brave the king's anger, and, hardly conscious of what

I did, walked forward to where Daniel and Seth were grinning in derision at the helpless *Gaspee*.

"Did you hear what Master Brown said just now?" I asked, and Daniel looked upon me in surprise.

"What he said?" he repeated. "One must have been deaf who didn't hear the words which all of them shouted."

"But I am meaning that remark which he made to the captain at this moment."

"What was it?"

"Not so much in the words themselves, but in the meaning his voice gave to them, for I fancy he suggested that now would be the time for us of the colony to put a final end to the king's schooner."

"What?" Daniel cried in amazement. "Did he say that we should take possession of her?"

"Not in so many words; but I believe there was in his mind the thought that we might, while she lies helpless upon the shoal, by gathering a force sufficient, either take possession of, or destroy her."

"Then he didn't really say so?" Daniel exclaimed, with a long-drawn sigh of relief. "You are given overly much to imagination, Justin, and twist other peoples' words to suit your thoughts."

"But in this case there was no twisting, for all the others appeared to understand Master Brown as did I. Do you see how silent they are, as if some great anxiety had come upon them?"

"Men who have grown so rich as Masters Brown, or Bucklin, or Dunn, would never for a moment dream of

violence, especially such violence as must be accompanied by bloodshed," Daniel said, emphatically, and with a decision which staggered me, because he cast aside so utterly my opinions.

"Come farther aft with me, where we can overhear what is said, and then I'll warrant you'll know whether I'm twisting another's words to my thoughts or not."

The lad did as I suggested, and when we stood as near the quarter-deck as it was allowed the crew of the vessel to go, we saw that our passengers were not only grown grave, but silent.

No one spoke. The captain held the tiller in his hands, and was now heading the *Hannah* straight on her course, up the river; but wearing such an expression as I had never before seen on his face.

Daniel understood by this time that I had not been making idle talk, for of a verity were our passengers strangely distraught, when one considers to what a pitch of joy they had been lately raised.

We two lads stood five minutes or more listening in vain for some words which might prove or give the lie to my statements, and I was on the point of going forward once more, when Master Dunn said, as if continuing the argument :

"The *Gaspee* must carry a crew of forty or more, and to make the attack on her not less than seventy-five men will be required in order that it should be successful."

Then Master Bucklin pricked up his ears as if he had but just begun to understand what Master Brown had

previously said, and cried, in a tone which was very like fear :

“You are talking little less than treason when you speak of attacking the king’s ship, particularly while she lies at your mercy.”

Whereupon Master Brown replied, with a dry laugh which had in it little of mirth :

“The word treason is like to be bandied about freely within the next two years, if the king and his ministers continue to put upon us of the colonies as they have been doing. It is four years now since we have been forced to support his Majesty’s soldiers sent to hold us in closer subjection, and the same length of time has passed since those men of North Carolina, who loved their country better than they loved their lives, arose in armed rebellion against Governor Tryon, calling themselves ‘Regulators,’ and ‘Sons of Liberty.’ If there are in the South hearts stout enough to resist oppression, and men of sufficient courage in Boston to show that they cannot with impunity be held as slaves, then truly we of Rhode Island might make some exhibition of our manhood.”

It set one’s blood a-boiling to hear such words as these from that citizen of Providence whom all respected, and although I had been taught that the acts of the king should never be questioned, there was in my heart at the moment a most intense desire to strike a blow which would compare in some slight degree with what had already been done in the colonies.

Even Daniel seemed fired with the idea of making an

attack upon the *Gaspee*, and he gripped my hand until I was like to cry aloud with pain, saying at the same time :

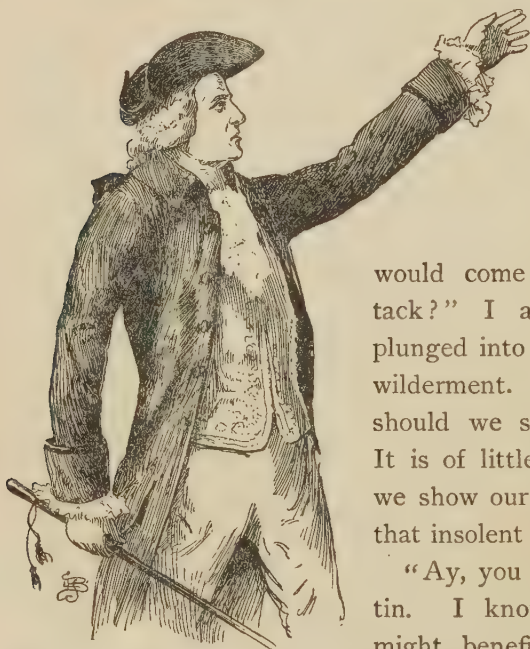
"If it so be Master Brown advises that we make the attack upon the *Gaspee*, I can do my share toward raising

him a hundred or more brave lads who will follow in his footsteps."

"But what would come after the attack?" I asked, now plunged into a maze of bewilderment. "To what end should we strike a blow? It is of little moment that we show our detestation of that insolent lieutenant."

"Ay, you are right, Justin. I know not how it might benefit us," Daniel

said, helplessly, and straightway I fell to wondering why Master Brown should have spoken so vehemently.



CHAPTER III.

GATHERING THE FORCE.

IT appeared to me much as if our passengers were at first alarmed by the bold talk which Master Brown made, but, growing more accustomed to the idea, as it were, began to look with favour upon something of the kind, even going so far as to decide the general purport of the attack.

While loitering near the break of the quarter, for I was grown so excited that it seemed impossible to remain quietly forward in my proper place, I heard Master Dunn say, as if speaking of some ordinary matter of business :

“The schooner should first be captured, and after that has been done we can decide what ought to be done with her,” whereupon Captain Lindsey said, for the purpose of testing the temper of his passengers, I fancy, rather than to bring about a discussion :

“You would have forty or more prisoners on hand in event of that, Master Dunn, and think you the time is ripe for depriving of their liberty those who serve the king?”

“That is but a detail of the affair, which can best be settled when we hold a consultation, for if it is decided to display what may well be called treason, I would that we

had the principal citizens of Providence on our side. Once they are called together, let the course be settled. However, I see no reason why, in case we should capture the schooner, the officers and crew might not be sent away in their boats."

I could well understand from the expression on his face that Captain Lindsey was thoroughly in favour of some such enterprise as Master Brown had suggested; but it pleased him at the moment to find bugbears to perplex his passengers, who were again working themselves into a fine state of excitement, for he said:

"It is to be supposed that the crew of the schooner will fight, Master Dunn, and you will not be able to find arms for as large a party as seems necessary should be gathered to do the work."

"That is another of the details which can be disposed of by the majority of the people," the merchant replied, thus showing that he was fully determined for the enterprise, and careless as to how others might decide upon carrying it forward.

All this while that our passengers were discussing, in a general way, what might or should be done to the king's vessel, the *Hannah* was rapidly lessening the distance which lay between her and the home port, and nothing of importance had been decided upon when we were rounding the point which brought us into view of the town.

But a short time remained for these gentlemen to settle the preliminaries, and Master Bucklin must have had such fact in his mind when he said, quietly:

"It is necessary that the citizens be gotten together at an early hour, for despite Captain Lindsey's assertion that the *Gaspee* cannot be floated until the spring tides, it is possible she may come off at the next flood, therefore I ask how you gentlemen propose to warn the people of the business on hand?"

"How we propose?" Master Dunn repeated, with somewhat of irritation in his tones. "Am I to understand, sir, that you don't intend to join with us in the venture?"

"I stand ready to do whatsoever is within my power," Master Bucklin replied, gravely; "but not being versed in such matters, I count on holding myself as one of the subordinates, leaving those better able than I to decide how the work shall be carried out. Furthermore, I am quite positive that every gentleman here is of much the same opinion as myself, which is to say, that the king's schooner must be captured, in order to put an end to the vexations caused by her presence in Narragansett Bay."

Every man on the quarter-deck stepped forward to show that he was as ready to take part in the enterprise as was Master Bucklin, and I, believing that we were the same as beginning war against the king, grew absolutely dizzy, so that I was fain to lean against the rail for support, because it seemed to me as if the citizens of Providence were about to undertake that which would cost the lives of many.

"There should be some meeting-place decided upon," Captain Lindsey said, after a brief pause, "and I take it upon myself to say that James Sabine will give up the

main room in his house, which is as yet unfurnished, for such a purpose. What do you say, Master Brown, to inviting the citizens there at about eight o'clock this evening?"

"I am agreed, captain; but how shall we make such invitation publicly known?"

"Here are two lads," the captain said, pointing toward Daniel and myself, "who have nothing whatsoever to do

save warn the citizens. They shall go on shore immediately we are made fast, and there spread the news."



This counting us lads in as members of the force that was to capture the king's vessel, so excited Daniel that he piped up, shrilly:

"If it please you, captain, I have a drum at home, and can go

about the streets beating it while Justin cries out in a loud voice that the *Gaspee* is ashore at Namquit Point, and all who are ready to make a try at capturing her shall gather at James Sabine's house."

"Now of a verity has the lad some sense, although his face makes but little show of it," Master Brown said, quickly and approvingly, as he turned suddenly upon Daniel, whose cheeks grew rosy red at what I thought a

poor apology for a compliment. "Let it be done as he suggests, and I will myself call upon Captain Abraham Whipple, the one among all in Providence who is capable to take the command of such an expedition. If he thinks well of the venture, and I even dare to promise in his name, upon him shall be the duty of getting together a sufficient number of boats, while you, Lindsey, are to set about enlisting the best known shipmasters in the town, each of whom shall have charge of one of the craft, for we must go in approved and orderly fashion, lest we come to grief."

This putting the scheme into something like shape acted as a spur upon all the others aboard, and each had some suggestion to make regarding this detail or that, until by the time the *Hannah* was come alongside her dock the general outlines of the plan had been decided upon.

Such boats as could be pressed into service were to be brought to Fenner's Wharf, near where Master Arnold lived, and Captain Lindsey took it upon himself to see that each craft was supplied with oars and rudders.

I noted too, with some surprise, that as yet nothing had been said in regard to the weapons which were to be used. Surely that was one of the most important matters for consideration, because how could a force of even one hundred men hope to succeed empty-handed against forty or more who had not only muskets, but cutlasses; with at least eight cannons, and all the ammunition which might be needed?

"You'se gwine ter come ter some drefful end," old Seth said, when Daniel and I, puffed up with pride because we had thus been counted among the men of the town, swaggered past the galley. "You chillun tink you'se gwine for ter walk right aboard the king's ship jes' like you was home. Wha' you count dat lieutenant's gwine ter be doin' all dis yere time? He don' 'low for to let hisself be took prisoner wifout he makes a mighty strong kind ob a kick."

"He can't help himself when once we're ready to carry out the work," Daniel said, valiantly. "The *Gaspee* is aground, and we can run up alongside in whatsoever fashion pleases us."

"Dat's right, honey, dat's all stric' truff; but I axes yer wha's de lieutenant gwine to be doin' when you'se runnin' up 'longside? Tell me dat?"

"He may make some fuss; but when he sees all the citzens of Providence before him, he'll back down mighty quick, and be as humble as a lamb."

"You'll fin', honey, he'll be de kin' ob a lamb what'll make a mighty strong fight, 'case he ain't gwine back ter Boston sayin's how de folks from dis yere town come out an' took his vessel away from him. I 'spec's dere'll be hot work, an' you'se makin' ready for de day ob judgment."

Old Seth was particularly friendly with Daniel and myself, and I believe he was trying to frighten us from the venture lest we come to some harm, for indeed, when one looked at the matter calmly, it did appear to be a most

dangerous undertaking, even though we from Providence should be well armed.

I could understand that the commander of such a vessel as the *Gaspee* might well feel himself disgraced by surrendering his ship to a party of citizens who were supposed to know nothing whatsoever of warfare, and therefore was it reasonable to believe he would fight until the last.

The more I viewed the matter from a disinterested standpoint, the wilder did the scheme appear.

To boil it down into cold facts, the gentlemen on board the *Hannah* proposed to raise a hundred or more to capture the schooner. This force, large as it might seem in comparison with the crew of the *Gaspee*, would be in open boats, while the enemy — meaning those men under Lieutenant Duddington's command — were well armed, and sheltered by the hull of their schooner.

Clearly, so it began to seem to me, the odds would be against us, and yet, although I never was, and probably never shall be, noted for my courage, there was no thought in my mind of leaving the work to others. I proposed to do my full share, and was proud because Daniel and I had been selected to warn the people of the meeting at Master Sabine's house.

The *Hannah* arrived at her dock about six o'clock in the afternoon, and straightway all her passengers dispersed, each bent on performing this or that portion of the work of preparing for the venture.

There was no excitement, no loud words, no swaggering, and I fancied that they, like myself, in considering the

matter calmly, had come to realise how much of danger there was in it, despite the fact that the king's schooner lay virtually at our mercy.

On every other day when we arrived in port, Captain Lindsey saw to it carefully that Daniel and I furled the sails in shipshape fashion, cleared up the decks, and otherwise put the packet into proper condition, before we were allowed to step foot on shore.

On this night, however, there was no thought in the captain's mind regarding the appearance of his vessel. Immediately after the hawsers had been run out, and even while the passengers were clambering over the rail to the dock, he said to me, hurriedly :

"You lads are to go ashore and begin the task of telling the people that which is about to be done, as quickly as possible. Seth shall look after the ship and put her to rights, for I do not fancy he will care to take a hand in this night's work."

"'Deed I don', cap'n," the old negro, having overheard the conversation, cried shrilly. "I'se nebber gwine fur ter stick dis yere ole head into trubble for de sake ob payin' off dat yere lieutenant. Dere's plenty ob worry ahead fur me ef I'se got to do all de work on dis yere ship 'tween now an' mornin' wifout chile or chick to help me. When yer uncle Seth shipped aboard de packet, he 'lowed she was a fust-class vessel, an' he was gwine fur ter be de cook ; but when yer come ter gettin' all dis yere rumption in yer head 'bout capturin' ships, you counts on him fur ter do de work."

"You can well afford to snug down, Seth, seeing's how you're not called upon to do anything more until breakfast time. We'll be 'round here 'twixt eight or nine o'clock and get a bite of something to eat; but you needn't set the table, or anything of that kind, you know."

The captain could have said nothing which would have aroused the old man's anger more quickly than to propose that he dispense with the formality of getting supper, for Seth was jealous of his reputation as a cook, and whosoever failed to eat as much and as often as he thought proper, displeased him very decidedly.

He was yet scolding shrilly when Daniel and I went over the rail, bent on getting the drum to attract attention, and then setting about the task of making known the condition of the *Gaspee*.

Half an hour later we were marching up one street and down another, my comrade drumming furiously until we were come to a dwelling, when I would make an announcement something after this fashion :

"The schooner *Gaspee* was run ashore by the packet *Hannah* on Namquit Point, and all the good people are requested to come to the house of Master James Sabine, there to decide on what may be done toward capturing the vessel which has caused so much annoyance in Narragansett Bay."

When this had been spoken at the full strength of my lungs, Daniel would beat his drum furiously until we were in front of the next dwelling, when I repeated the information.

In this manner we went from house to house, and from shop to tavern, until I venture to say that by eight o'clock in the evening all the citizens of Providence, whatever their station, their age, or their political opinion, knew that the *Gaspee* was like to be captured — that we of Rhode Island were about to follow the example of those in North Carolina, and declare ourselves against such servants of the king as ventured to oppress us.

By this time we were sufficiently hungry to do full justice to Seth's skill as cook. However strong my desire to join in the attack upon the king's vessel, I could not resist the cravings of my appetite, therefore it was I proposed we go on board the *Hannah*.

Daniel made no protest, although he as well as I was eager to be on hand when the meeting at Master Sabine's house should be first opened, in order that we might get in mind all the details which should be settled upon.

Hurriedly we ran down to the dock, and on going aboard the packet found the old cook in a very disagreeable humour.

"I done 'lowed you chillun would come crawlin' 'roun' fer sometin' ter eat 'fore a great while; but now I'se des gwine to shet up de pantry. Supper's done gone finished two hours ago. Do you 'spec's I'se gwine furter work my han's down to de bone doin' sailorman's work an' den cook fer two ravenin' wolves like you? I'se des gwine ter leave dis yere ship an' get 'mong 'spectable people."

Having had experience with Seth during his moments

of ill temper, we held our peace, until he was come to the end of his grumbling, and then I said that which I knew full well would restore him to something nearly approaching good temper.

"You know, Seth, that we can't get anything to eat ashore that'll compare with what you cook, and so we came back. I suppose we should have managed to get along after a fashion this night, but how could we hold out when we thought of what might be had aboard the *Hannah*? Don't bother about us, but give me the key of the pantry, and I'll find enough. Cold food of your cooking goes ahead of the best hot grub to be found in Providence."

"You 'spec's I'se gwine fur ter hab you rummagin' 'roun' my pantry, chile? Put youse'f right down dar while I fixes up a little mess fer de good ob yer



stomach. Ole Seth ain't gwine fer ter starbe a couple ob chillun."

Then he set about warming some of the meat that had been left over from dinner ; mixing up this dish and mincing that, until, within fifteen minutes, Daniel and I were seated before as appetising a meal as one could desire, and full justice we did to it.

While we ate, the cook did his best to dissuade us from our purpose, setting forth all the dangers which might be encountered, and challenging us to show what benefit was to be gained, even though the venture could be carried through without bloodshed.

His arguments were strong and convincing ; we could not explain why it would be well to capture the schooner, yet, because of the part taken by those citizens who stood highest in the estimation of all, did we believe it was something which must be done beyond a peradventure.

Therefore, in spite of Seth's entreaties, for he finally fell to coaxing us, we left the packet and bent our way toward Master Sabine's home.

It was past eight o'clock when we arrived, but yet, although more than a hundred were present, the meeting was not opened, because several of the leaders had failed to arrive ; therefore we missed nothing of the preparation.

When Master Brown came into the house, ten minutes later, he called the assembly to order, and briefly stated what I have already set down regarding the grounding of the *Gaspee*, continuing by saying that now was come the time when, if the people of Narragansett Bay would but

pluck up a little courage, they might rid themselves of that visitor which had caused so much annoyance, and even distress.

“We of Providence and the towns nearabout are treated as malefactors, inasmuch as this Admiral Montague considers it necessary to set an armed vessel before our doors to watch us,” he said in conclusion. “We may not even cross the river in a small boat without being forced to come alongside a vessel of war to explain our purpose in leaving home, and yet it is claimed that the rule of the king is just! Let those who are willing to give an account of themselves to every whipper-snapper wearing epaulets whom the king may send among us, go at once to their homes, for they can serve no purpose by remaining. But such as are willing to prove their manhood and their rights to the lands they have settled upon, are to remain and say what shall be done this night.”

Not a person left the room, and, with a look of satisfaction upon his face, the merchant continued by explaining the outlines of the scheme as had been drawn up on board the packet, stating, however, that all this was to be changed, if it seemed proper so to do, by vote of the assembly.

He had no more than finished when Captain Abraham Whipple entered, having the appearance of a man who has been engaged in some arduous task.

No sooner was he inside the door than some one of the party asked what had been done by way of making ready, and he replied that eight of the largest long-boats in the harbour were at Fenner’s Wharf, and at that moment Cap-

tain Lindsey was engaged in fitting them out in proper fashion.

Whereupon some other person asked what Captain Whipple considered "proper fashion," while yet another inquired if any effort was being made toward collecting arms, and to both of these questions the most trusty ship-master in Providence, meaning Captain Whipple, made reply :

"I have left a party of a dozen men or more ballasting the boats with stones as large as a man can conveniently throw, and such are to be our weapons. It is hardly possible to collect muskets sufficient to arm as many as must set out, and, in my opinion, it would not be well to do so if we could. Master Brown, in whose employ I am, has seen fit to entrust me with the command of the expedition, and I believe firmly that we shall do better execution with a plentiful supply of rocks than would be possible with more deadly weapons."

Then some one laughingly asked if it was believed that the *Gaspee* could be carried by a bombardment of stones, and to this the captain replied, without hesitation :

"If the schooner lies nearly on her beam-ends, as she must, now the tide has fallen, then will it be impossible for the crew to use their heavy guns, and I question whether the men themselves will fire upon us. At all events, it is my purpose to avoid bloodshed if it may be, and the plan which I have formed seems to me to be in that line."

Then, still answering the questions which were showered upon him, the captain announced that there were

to be four oarsmen in each boat, that the rowlocks were to be muffled, and it was expected that a sufficient number of good seamen could be found to take command under the captain himself.

His eight boats, so he said, could carry, counting the men at the oars, no more than sixty-five or seventy, and since there were more than a hundred gathered in the building, and at least twenty were making ready at Fenner's Wharf, only a certain number of those present could join in the venture.

"We shall take forty-five from here," he said, "and I call upon you to decide who shall make up that number. Let those most interested in the affair step forward."

Immediately the entire company advanced toward the captain, each man insisting that he had the best right to take part in the venture, and putting forth his claim so boisterously that I began to fear we would have a fight on our hands even before we could come again within sight of the *Gaspee*.

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER WAY.

CAPTAIN ABRAHAM WHIPPLE was not a man to be intimidated, as all who have met him can testify, and at the first on-rush of those eager to be numbered among the attacking party, he stood his ground, counting on bringing into subjection the many who must perforce be left behind.

In this, however, the captain found he had made a mistake, for neither by word nor by look could he keep back those who could not, owing to lack of transportation facilities, accompany the force, and soon he was in the very midst of a throng of men grown so angry as to be incapable of reason, each of whom seemed bent on attacking the leaders of the enterprise.

As I look back now on what was done by us of Providence on the night of June 9th, in the year of grace, 1772, I realise fully that this particular portion of the venture had in it more of danger to the general plan than all which followed, for once our people began the quarrel in downright earnest, then was there every chance matters would be prolonged until the tide might have made it possible for the king's schooner to be floated, or her commander

had put his helpless vessel into such condition as might enable him to keep his foes at a respectful distance.

Captain Whipple had counted himself an able man in the game of fisticuffs, and more than once, in telling yarns of his experience at sea, had declared that he reckoned himself more than a match for fifty unarmed men, if it so be he had an opportunity to set his back against a wall,



or something which answered the same purpose, so that he might not be come at from behind.

Now, however, the captain could hardly be seen in the throng of men who gathered close about him, and Master Brown, understanding that his most trusty shipmaster was in difficulties, attempted to restore order by commanding, at the full strength of his lungs, that every man in the house should fall back.

At such a time, when the people were about to make ready their necks for the halter by attacking one of the king's vessels, Master Brown was no more than any other citizen of Providence in the estimation of the company.

I failed to see that his words made any impression, except upon a shoemaker standing near me, who cried out in reply to the merchant's command :

"This is a time when the meanest can be made to suffer as much as the highest, and, sometimes, considerably more, for I warrant you that if this night's work brings us to the scaffold, Master Brown's neck will snap like a pipe-stem, whereas I shall hold on a good ten minutes or more, gasping for breath, because of being stouter and stronger of body."

Master Dunn took a hand in the attempt to restore order, but he was brushed aside as if of no more consequence than Daniel or myself.

During a good ten minutes the throng swept first this side and then that, in their efforts to come at Captain Whipple, until Master Sabine implored them in the name of charity to remain quiet, else would they bring down his house upon their heads, and he could ill afford to build another if, peradventure, the colony of Rhode Island was to set itself in opposition to the king.

I would I might set down all that occurred at this meeting in such glowing words that he who reads could see before him the picture as it was presented to Daniel and me, who had taken refuge in the fireplace lest we come to grief amid the throng.

To me, who believed Lieutenant Duddington and his men would fight desperately to prevent their vessel from being captured, it was as if all these good citizens were clamouring for an opportunity to be shot down, and, little heeding the possible effect of the words, I shouted :

“Let all who want to be shot by King George’s soldiers come this way !” and Daniel, moved by the same spirit of mischief, echoed my words.

Whether the excited men understood what was said, I cannot declare ; but certain it is — and this simply goes to show into what a state of excitement the men had worked themselves — that nearly all the throng rushed toward us lads, and so it came to pass that the crew of the packet *Hannah* accomplished that which the chief merchant of Providence had failed in doing.

Captain Whipple, realising by this time, I fancy, that he was not such a wonderful man at controlling others except on the deck of his own vessel, took refuge in one corner of the room, with a dozen or more of the principal citizens, while those who surrounded Daniel and me were trying to understand what promises had been held out to them by our words.

Thoughtlessly I had aided the captain, and now was in sore distress because of having done so, since I realised that Daniel and I stood very near to a most prodigious flogging, in case the people understood that on such a momentous occasion we had ventured to play a boyish prank.

During the two or three minutes spent by the excited

throng in endeavouring to learn why all of them had suddenly come toward the fireplace, Captain Whipple and Master Brown decided upon a plan which gave promise of effecting their purpose, and these gentlemen were aided in carrying it out by the captain of the packet, who entered the room in great haste.

"The boats are ready!" he cried, in a loud voice, as if thinking that mayhap he and his portion of the work had been lost sight of in the excitement of the hour. "It is not well we allow more than sixty-four, all told, to embark on the venture, because, with the ballast of rocks, our fleet will not carry another soul. There are now at Fenners's Wharf seventeen able-bodied men; I make the eighteenth, and it is allowed you to select forty-six, but no more."

Captain Lindsey did Daniel and me a better turn than he counted on, by thus attracting the attention of the men when they were beginning to realise that a senseless trick had been played upon them, and, forgetting us lads, they rushed toward the last comer as does a flock of sheep when one of their number leads the way.

Even I, unaccustomed to such scenes, understood that unless order and discipline could be established speedily the venture would come to nought, and doubtless some such idea was in the mind of Master Brown when, shouting his loudest to attract attention, he cried:

"Listen to that information which Captain Lindsey has to impart! Do not act like children at such a time as this when men are needed, but take due heed to all the

details, and then settle among yourselves in proper fashion how we may begin the work which, perchance, will cost many lives. This venture is not one to be taken in a sportive mood, but is fraught with danger to all concerned, therefore let us reason together as should men who are like soon to encounter death."

One would have said that until this moment the people had not fully realised the danger which might come to them through the attempt to capture the *Gaspee*, for as Master Brown thus reminded them of it a hush came upon all that throng, and men ceased to strive each with the other to gain an advantage in the enlistment.

Understanding that in no better way could he effect his purpose than by picturing the consequences of such a deed as it was proposed to commit, Master Brown painted in vigorous words the possible future situation of all concerned in the undertaking, and this brought about something approaching order.

This done, Captain Whipple came to the front once more, his temper considerably ruffled by the shaking which he had received, and then made arrangements for the selection of a party for the venture; but, profiting by recent experience, he no longer attempted to bully his fellow townsmen.

"It is time we set off," he began, "for to pull from here to Namquit Point against the tide would be no child's play, and we must take advantage of the ebb if we count on arriving in season. That every one here is desirous of taking part in the destruction of that schooner which has

caused us so much annoyance, has already been proven, therefore I ask that all you gentlemen will stand in line, allowing those who have the most at stake to decide who shall go in the boats."

A murmur of discontent began to arise as the captain ceased, and Master Dunn, quick to see how an advantage might be gained, cried, shrilly :

"That which is done this night will be counted by the representatives of the king as treason, and he to whom such a charge can be brought home is doomed at the very least to imprisonment, therefore I beseech you let it be so arranged, in case charges are made by the officers of the government, that those who have the greatest interest in the colony, which is to say, the men who own the most property, have had a hand in this matter. I move you that Masters John Brown, Joseph Bucklin, and John Hopkins be appointed a committee of three to select from this company as many as may be needed to man the fleet, and that we abide without question by their decision."

Some of the hot-heads began to make objection to this proposition ; but Captain Lindsey, understanding that now was come the moment when discipline might be enforced, cheered loudly, whereat the more respectable men of the party joined in until the voices of the grumblers were drowned in a tumult of noise.

At this moment Captain Joseph Tillinghast, who, as I afterward understood, was to command one of the boats, came into the room, and while the tumult was at its height Master Dunn spoke with him privately.





Then it was that he and Captain Whipple set about literally forcing the assembled company to form themselves in line around the four sides of the room, and after some little squabbling, which was of no great consequence, occurred, those who were in fact struggling to be known as conspirators against the king had virtually been reduced to subjection.

While this was being done Daniel said to me hurriedly, clutching my arm with a nervous grip, as if fearing I was minded to break away from him :

“We shall be left out of this sport, Justin, unless you can gain speech with Captain Josh, for none of the men will give way to lads like ourselves.”

Until now I had not even suspected that we might be deprived of an opportunity to accompany the party, for it had seemed to be our right, after having laboured so hard to arouse the people, and straightway I became alarmed.

Hurriedly leaving the fireplace where we yet crouched to save ourselves from being crushed in the throng, I ran across the room to where Captain Josh was aiding Master Tillinghast to keep the men in line, and said, imploringly, but in a tone so low that others might not hear :

“Do not leave us out of the force, Captain Lindsey ! Surely Daniel and I have a right to go, after all our labours, and you should stand up for your own crew.”

“Ay, lad, that I will ; but if it be known that we are willing to give boys the preference over men grown, then might be raised such a hubbub as would convert this company into a roaring mob, like as it was a few moments ago.

Your names need not be called, but when we set out, do you run ahead and take your places at the oars. Then it will seem as if you were among those already chosen."

I was satisfied that the captain of the packet would keep faith with us, yet doubted much whether the others might permit it, and, rejoining Daniel, thus cautioned him, after repeating what had been said by our commander :

"We must take good caré, lad, to outstrip them, when the company marches to Fenner's Wharf, else shall we be left behind of a verity."

"Why not set off now, in order to make it certain that no accident can shut us out?"

It was a good suggestion, yet I was not willing to miss any portion of this most interesting scene, and urged that surely we could run faster than the men would march, therefore it might be well to hear all which was said.

The selection of a crew was made after this fashion. Each of the gentlemen who had planned the venture called in turn the name of some one person, those so elected stepping into the middle of the room, until the full number was made up, and then, as it seemed to me, not more than one third of those present had been chosen.

I anticipated no little trouble from such of the company as were to be debarred from the venture, and in this I was not mistaken.

Immediately the required number had been told off, there arose a cry of dissatisfaction, and again did it appear as if the enterprise was doomed to failure because of too much zealousness.

At this point, however, Captain Whipple showed himself to be a wise commander, for while those who had not been named were squabbling with the merchants, each trying to prove why he above all others should have been selected, the three captains present formed the attacking party into line, marching them directly out of the building.

Now was come the time when Daniel and I must make good speed to Fenner's Wharf, and we set off, although it would have pleased me right well had I been able to learn how Masters Brown, Dunn, and the others succeeded in making their peace.

We lads ran at our best pace, taking a short cut across Deacon Black's garden in order to come out into the street ahead of the party, and thus contrive to gain the rendezvous sufficiently in advance of the force to take our places in the boats as oarsmen.

We had four or five minutes in which to look about us, and I saw, to my great surprise, that the success of the expedition was not to depend entirely upon such missiles as rocks.

Every person on board the fleet of boats had either by his side a musket, or in his belt one or more pistols, and when the party selected from among those at Master Sabine's came down on the dock, I observed that during the march each had supplied himself well with weapons.

It perplexed me, who had believed that the venture was to be made as mapped out by Master Brown, and I said as much to Daniel, who then gave proof that he was keener of observation than myself.

"I saw near the door of Master Sabine's house, as we came out, a stack of muskets, which some one must have gathered while the meeting was being held, and also observed that many of those present, particularly Masters Brown and Dunn, and Captains Whipple and Lindsey, carried pistols in their belts. I warrant you these rocks were put aboard more to blind those of Providence who believe the king can do no wrong, than to be used in the attack."

"Then it is indeed to be war!" I cried, as the cold chills of fear ran up and down my spine, and Daniel nodded his head as if such had been his idea from the first.

Now I was ever eager to join in anything which promised sport, and with just enough danger mixed in to make it exciting; but the idea of fighting with powder and ball against those whom we knew were well armed, was rather more than I had reckoned on.

In fact I grew cowardly, although not for the world itself would I have admitted that such was the fact, and my teeth chattered as if on a frosty night when, while the men took their places in the boats, I saw each in turn dispose of the weapons he carried, in such fashion that they could most readily be come at.

If I had been but a little less eager; if I had neglected to act upon Daniel's suggestion, then would we two lads have been debarred from going on this most perilous expedition, and again and again I called myself a goose to have strained every effort to gain a position in which of a verity I did not belong.

However, it was too late now to cry baby, unless I was minded that all present should call me one, and I held my peace, mentally promising to take revenge on Daniel, if it so be we came to any serious harm, for, save he had prompted me, I would most likely have been thrust aside out of all this turmoil.

Each boat carried four oarsmen, and the rowlocks were muffled. A fifth oar lay on the stern-sheets to be used by the helmsman, and I observed, even amid my fears, that Captain Lindsey had succeeded in finding shipmasters enough so that every craft had one on board as captain.

Now Daniel and I had taken our places without giving heed to anything save that we each held an oar, which was a token that we had been regularly chosen members of the party, and I found yet greater cause for alarm when I learned that chance had led us into the boat which was to be commanded by Captain Whipple.

Ours, so to speak, was the flagship of the squadron, and we might count with certainty that she would be well in advance when the attack was made.

"We are like to find ourselves in the thickest of it," I whispered to Daniel, when Captain Whipple had taken his seat in the stern-sheets and thrown out an oar as a rudder. "Being in the same boat with the commander of the expedition, it stands to reason that we shall receive the first volley from those on board the *Gaspee*."

Because I myself was a coward in this affair, it gave me no little pleasure to note that Daniel appeared decidedly

uneasy on hearing these words, for now I understood that he, like myself, had failed to count the danger fully when we made up our minds to be of the party, and I wondered how many more were in the same mental condition.

"Think you Master Brown was in earnest when he proposed that we come without weapons, or was it understood among the leaders that every man should be armed, and the proposition was made only to blind the eyes of those who might not favour the venture?" Daniel whispered to me, for we sat on the same thwart, and could readily converse without being overheard.

"I am of the mind that all this had been arranged beforehand, for some one must have collected the muskets which you saw at Master Sabine's house. It would be no more than natural that every man who owned a pistol should bring one with him; but the remainder of the business goes to show that our leaders believe there is fighting ahead, otherwise the order would be given now, before it is too late, to send the weapons ashore."

"I think it would be more to our credit, Justin, if we were with Seth on board the *Hannah* at this minute, for however highly we may prize ourselves, you and I are but lads among a party of men, which is much the same as saying that we are out of place."

There was no longer any question but that Daniel's thoughts and mine ran in the same channel, and, emboldened by his timorousness, so to speak, I looked about to see if peradventure there might not be an opportunity for

us to step ashore at this moment without being set down as cowards.

A hundred men or more stood on the wharf watching the embarkation, and among the throng were many who had cried out loudly against the injustice of leaving them behind at such a time; but now, having seen that which we lads observed, never one of them raised his voice in protest against the selection made.

I called out to Master Fines, the ship-caulker, who had been among the most noisy at Master Sabine's house, hoping that on thus attracting attention to myself he would claim the right to take my place, on the point of age if nothing more.

He did no such thing, however. When it was a question of fighting with rocks only, he had been eager to take part, most likely believing the crew of the *Gaspee* would not fire upon unarmed men; but, having seen the collection of weapons, his desire to win glory had suddenly departed.



As with him so with the others. Never a man insisted that it was his right to take the place of this or that one who was already in the boats, and I had good reason to believe that among the party were many who, like myself, would have stepped on shore had it been possible to do so without exciting ridicule.

Mayhap some such idea as this was in Captain Whipple's mind, and he feared lest by delaying the start he might lose some of his recruits, for he hastened the embarkation of those citizens who had taken the most active part in arranging for the venture, and once they were on board word was given to put off.

There was one fact which heartened me considerably when the company was afloat, and this was the number of prominent men of Providence which we had among us.

Captains Abraham Whipple, Joseph Tillinghast, and Joshua Lindsey were among the ablest shipmasters on Narragansett Bay. Masters John Brown, John Hopkins, Benjamin Dunn, and Joseph Bucklin were the leading merchants. John Mawney, who could claim the title of doctor because his medical studies were well-nigh at an end, was present as surgeon, and his people stood among the richest in the neighbourhood.

Then came Benjamin Page, Turpin Smith, Ephraim Bowen, and four or five others of such character as gave an air of respectability to the whole affair, for if our chief citizens were setting out on this venture, then was it of consequence to the colony rather than the doings of an irresponsible rabble.

CHAPTER V.

THE ATTACK.

BEFORE we had been under way a quarter of an hour I began to understand that Daniel and I would pay dearly for our privilege of being shot at by the crew of the *Gaspee*.

The boats were the largest to be found in the river, and each carried eight men, therefore one can have a very good idea of the labour which the oarsmen must perform before we could come to Namquit Point. It is true we had the tide with us ; but it seemed to me, as I tugged at the heavy ashen blade, that we received but little benefit from it, and in order to keep our proper place in the squadron it was necessary we lads work to the utmost of our power.

It was a good ten miles or more to the point, and, owing to the time spent in deciding upon the details of the venture, we did not get away until half an hour after ten o'clock, therefore was it of considerable importance that we ply the oars vigorously in order to arrive before the tide should turn.

Now it was that I observed a certain fact which surprised me not a little. We had in our boat three of the

men who had cried out the loudest in support of their claims to be chosen as members of the expedition, and had bragged the most regarding what they could and would do.

Once we were under way, these loud-spoken individuals who had claimed that it was within their power to set the world on fire, had very little to say ; in fact, they appeared to be quite as timorous as either Daniel or myself, and I have set it down in my mind, having since learned it to be true, that he who talks the loudest is the most timorous at heart, which is but another way of saying that "barking dogs seldom bite."

Captain Whipple, on whom the success or failure of the enterprise devolved, did his best at heartening us by explaining in what position we would most likely find the *Gaspee*, now that the tide was low, and made light of the chances that her crew would put up a very spirited resistance.

At the same time he took good care our boat should lead the others by at least a dozen yards, and I said to myself, with no very great pleasure in the thought, that it was quite probable we would receive the brunt of the fire, in case resistance was made, before the remainder of the fleet could be in position to aid us.

It is no more than right, however, that after crying myself down and owning frankly to being timorous, I should take some little credit for holding my fears in check, which I did by resolutely putting from me all thoughts of what might be near at hand.

Perhaps it was well for me that I acted as one of the oarsmen, for by such labour I could the better prevent my cowardly thoughts from coming to the surface, and I bent all my efforts to pulling in man-of-war fashion, feathering the oar carefully and setting it into the water without a splash, all of which served to banish, for the time being, unwelcome ideas and forebodings of evil.

In order lest I set down what was of but little importance in this venture, and fail of giving due credit to those who designed and carried it out, I will make no further mention of that long and tedious voyage, during which time my mind was filled with many disagreeable fancies, save to say that nearly three hours elapsed from the time of our departure until we were come within sight of the *Gaspee*.

It must not be supposed that during all this while we were steadily rowing. In order to give the oarsmen an opportunity to rest, and also to make certain his party was not losing courage, Captain Whipple had halted us no less than four times, bringing the boats side by side on each occasion to give the men a chance to discuss the proposed proceedings among themselves, when they might be able to lend each other a certain amount of stout-heartedness.

We found the king's schooner lying nearly on her beam-ends, well up on the point; but now that the tide had begun to flow there was sufficient water around her for us to pull close alongside, and when this had been learned Captain Whipple ordered the boats in line once more.

Then, rowing up and down in front of them as a militia officer marches to and fro before his command, the captain said, in a low tone, yet sufficiently loud for all of our party to hear :

“The success of this enterprise depends upon the first movements. We must pull swiftly up on the schooner, as if confident of our ability to take possession, else will her crew grow bold, thinking we may be afraid. It is not beyond the range of possibility that they will open fire on first sighting us ; but our duty is to advance steadily, without paying any attention whatsoever to their movements. In case we are forced to fight for the possession of the *Gaspee*, it must be done on her decks, and not from these boats. I will lead the way, and my crew will have gained a foothold on the schooner before the remainder of you can come up. Thus, if you would aid your comrades, lose no time in following, and once on deck, grapple with whomsoever may oppose you. It is the desire of those who have this matter in charge that we effect the capture of the vessel with as little of bloodshed as may be allowed.”

Having said this, he swung our boat around with one sweep of the steering-oar, and said to us, in a low tone :

“Now, boys, drive it to her hard ! Shut your ears to the reports of the weapons which they may discharge, and remember that he who would not be pointed out in Providence as a coward, must take good care to keep close at my heels !”

I was perspiring as under the noonday sun, and the

bead-like drops brought out by fear trickled down my body until it was as if a pail of water had been emptied on my head.

Daniel bent over his oar, saying nothing, not even so much as looking at me, and I could understand full well all that was in the poor fellow's mind.

We pulled our best at the oars until having arrived within perhaps fifty yards of the schooner, when suddenly a voice cried :

"Boat ahoy ! Keep off, or I'll fire !"

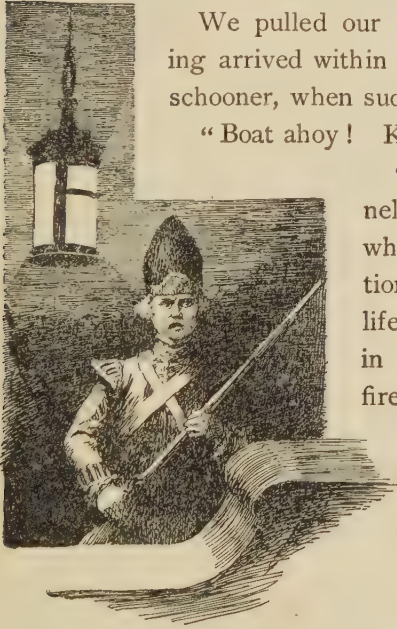
"That is only the sentinel," Captain Whipple half whispered. "Pay no attention to him, but pull for dear life ! There isn't one chance in an hundred that he can fire with such aim as to send a bullet aboard."

We obeyed orders, literally tugging on the oars, as if some great reward was promised in case we arrived at the

goal a certain number of seconds before any of our fleet, and while doing so the crack of a musket rang out on the still air, sounding to my ears as loud as the roar of a cannon, and again came the sentinel's hail :

"Boat ahoy ! Keep off, or we shall fire into you !"

Even then, frightened as I was by the possibility of



speedily being engaged in a regular battle, I observed that two or three of the boats were hanging back; that they no longer advanced in a straight line as when we left them, and there was no need for me to question why this was so.

Our boat, forced on by the united and violent efforts of four oarsmen, glided over the water swiftly, a fine jet of spray leaping up from her bow, and, thinking we must be close aboard the enemy, I turned my head.

Just at that instant a man, having on nothing but a shirt, leaped upon the starboard rail of the schooner, as he shouted :

“Keep back! Cease rowing, or I’ll fire!”

It was Lieutenant Duddington, as we knew right well, having heard his disagreeable voice many a time before, and Captain Whipple whispered, hoarsely :

“Drive it to her, lads, and we shall carry all before us!”

Involuntarily I crouched lower over the oar, knowing full well that the lieutenant would keep his word, and before I could have counted five there came two reports almost at the same instant.

I heard the bullets whistling over my head, and then from the boat next astern of us I saw leap up a tiny flame with a white puff of a cloud above it, and again I heard the singing of a bullet.

It was followed by a cry of pain, and some one on board the schooner, most likely the sentinel who had first hailed us, cried out to those below :

“On deck here! The lieutenant is killed!”

Some one had disobeyed orders, for we had been instructed to give no heed to any fire from the schooner, but continue straight on until we were alongside, and I wondered at the instant if this disobedience might not cost us dearly.

Immediately afterward came the terrible fact, as it seemed from the cry of the sentinel, that some one of our party had killed a man, and all of us were, in a greater or less degree, responsible for what could be little less than murder.

Then it was that Captain Whipple dropped the steering-oar and ran forward, leaping from thwart to thwart, as he said sharply, to those in the bow:

“Lay hold, lads, to make the craft fast! Cease rowing, and follow me!”

We had come up between the shore and the stranded schooner, therefore, as she was lying nearly on her beam-ends, we had simply to make fast to the half-submerged rail, and clamber up the incline of the deck.

Simply that; but before gaining the companion-ways, we knew that the crew would fire on us, and he who succeeded in gaining a foothold on those sloping planks, would do so more by good luck than good wit.

I could see what appeared to me in my excited frame of mind, a regular mob of men come forth from cabin and forecastle; I heard Captain Whipple cry out for us to follow him, and saw that two more of our boats were alongside.

Then we were in the thick of a battle, exposed to even more danger from friends than foes.

Scrambling toward the after companion-way directly behind Captain Whipple, and forgetting, strangely enough, all my timorousness, a rock struck the deck close beside me, and then another, and another, in rapid succession.

It was this which aroused me to anger, causing all my fears to flee as I cried out against those idiots in the boats who were pelting us with missiles while we strove to maintain our footing.

The English sailors came at us, some with belaying-pins, others with cutlasses, and not a few with muskets.

How many shots were fired by the crew of the *Gaspee* I am unable to say of my own knowledge, because of the anger and excitement which prevented me from taking careful note of what was going on near by.

I know, however, that at least six or eight shots were fired, whether from the schooner's crew or our people in the boats it is impossible to say.

That of which I was most keenly conscious was that those faint-hearted villains of our party who dared not follow us as we boarded the schooner, were pitching rock after rock on to the deck with as much chance of wounding a friend as an enemy.

I had as weapon my oar; but to swing it around with any effect while making my way up the incline of the slippery planks was impossible, and the only use I made of the unwieldy weapon was to strike aside the rocks, as one bats a ball, otherwise my head might have been crushed.

By this time a dozen of the men from Providence were between me and the after companion-way, where the enemy stood in greatest numbers, and it seemed of more importance to check our people in their folly than to lend my feeble aid in rushing upon the Englishmen.

Therefore it was I turned and shouted at the full strength of my lungs :

“Stop pitching those rocks aboard, you cowardly fools ! Can’t you understand by this time that you are doing vastly more damage to friends than to foes ?”

Then I heard Master Dunn, who was evidently in one of the hindermost boats, shouting for the men to withhold their fire, and once more I turned to make my way up the deck.

Daniel was just in advance of me, crawling on his hands and knees that he might advance more rapidly, and when I wheeled about, a man, whether wounded or sound I could not say, slid down the deck as if he had been hurled directly at our heads.

In the merest fraction of time I understood that this must be one of the schooner’s crew who, having been knocked down by our people, was coming upon us against his will ; but there was no time to avoid the shock, and the fellow bowled us off the deck like ninepins, I managing to catch him by the throat as we struck the water.

Luckily the tide had risen no more than two or three feet, and it was only necessary to stand erect in order to bring our heads above the surface, when the Englishman

and I began a fight which would most like have ended in my discomfiture but for Daniel's assistance.

The fellow strove to hold my head beneath the surface, but during the few seconds I fought with him it was possible to hear cries from every direction, as if all our people were engaged with the foe, and above the din I made out Captain Whipple's voice as he shouted for the young doctor, thereby giving me to understand that Mawney was needed to care for some one who had been wounded.

The Englishman who tried to throttle me was a sailor twice my weight, and had greatly the advantage, inasmuch as both his hands were clasped around my throat; but Daniel came quickly to the rescue.

As soon as he scrambled out of the water, the lad ran a short distance up the slope of the deck, and then leaped down upon my adversary with such good effect that all three of us disappeared beneath the surface again; but when we came up the fellow's clutch upon my throat had been broken.

It would have taken a good fighter to hold in check two lads like Daniel and myself, who had been knocked about on the packet until we were hardly more than bone and muscle, and in a twinkling we had this particular member of the *Gaspee's* crew under our control.

"Shall we kill him?" Daniel asked, savagely, for the fever of battle was upon him, and I question if the lad really knew what he said.

"Do you count on murdering a man after he has surrendered?" the sailor asked in alarm, for I fancy that he,





judging from our methods of fighting, must have thought the schooner was beset by a lot of wild cats.

As a matter of course, we made no attempt to take his life ; but now that he had yielded as prisoner, I was wholly at a loss to know what should be done, and there, bracing ourselves on the port rail, the three of us remained, wondering what was the proper procedure in such a case.

No more than five minutes had been spent, from the time when our prisoner was hurled down like a rock upon us, before he had surrendered, and in that time, as it appeared, we from Providence had gained possession of the *Gaspee*.

That which I had believed must be a bloody battle was hardly more than an ordinary brawl, and yet we had, as spoils of war, the king's schooner and her crew.

I learned afterward, that is to say, while we were destroying the *Gaspee*, that the crew yielded almost immediately after Captain Whipple gained the companion-way, where he found Lieutenant Duddington lying grievously wounded.

The struggle in which Daniel and I took part was the result of an accident rather than intention on the part of the Englishman, for he had slipped while attempting to dodge one of the heavy rocks, and, coming down upon us involuntarily, could do no less than defend himself.

The greater part of the schooner's crew had retreated into the forecastle or the hold when Captain Whipple carried their wounded commander below, and once our

people understood this fact, there went up such shouts of triumph as must have been heard many miles away.

The work which had been begun by the *Hannah*, when she enticed the *Gaspee* ashore, was finished in the most satisfactory manner, and without any bloodshed on our side.

In the triumph of the moment we overlooked the fact that possibly we might have taken the life of him who was, in fact, responsible for the attack.

While we stood there in possession of the deck, waiting to hear some word from Captain Whipple regarding the condition of the lieutenant, Tom Bucklin, son of Master Joseph Bucklin, came up excitedly to where I was standing near the after companion-way, and said, in a voice quivering with emotion :

“Where is Lieutenant Duddington? Do you think he is hurt so very much?”

I was surprised that this lad, for he was not yet of legal age, should be so concerned, when the remainder of our company were almost heedless, regarding the extent of the injury inflicted by us, and instead of replying to the question, asked :

“Why does it concern you so nearly, lad? Young Mawney is dressing the wound, and I’ll venture to say that between him and Captain Whipple the thing is done properly.”

“But it was I who fired the shot!” Tom cried, gripping me by the hands until only with difficulty could I prevent myself from crying out because of the pain. “It may be, Justin Jacobs, that I am at this moment a murderer!”

"Go into the cabin and see for yourself how the man is getting along," I replied, sympathising fully with my friend in the time of his trouble, for surely to have the blood of a human being on one's hands must be more horrible than is possible to imagine.

He clambered across the deck to the companion-way, disappearing below the hatch, and I, following a moment later, saw him working feverishly to aid Doctor Mawney in dressing the wound.

One would have supposed that the lieutenant, who had looked upon us of Narragansett Bay as if we were cattle not worthy of common civility, would have cried out in rage against those who dared to fire upon his sacred person ; but, instead, he was as meek as any lamb while under the hands of Mawney and Bucklin, and spoke them fairly as if they were indeed his equals.

I could hardly credit the fact that this was the arrogant, insolent officer who would stagger through the streets of Providence or Newport as if he alone in the colony had a right to hold up his head, and my surprise was little less than astonishment when, the wound having been dressed, he courteously asked Doctor Mawney to take from a certain locker in his cabin a gold stock-buckle.

Mawney did as he was requested, and my eyes must have literally bulged out from their sockets when the lieutenant begged the young fellow to receive the ornament from him as a token of gratitude for the services rendered.

Gratitude to Mawney, who was a member of the company that had wounded him, perhaps unto death !

However, much to my satisfaction and delight, the gift was refused, and then the lieutenant directed that a silver buckle be taken from the locker. This he pressed on the young doctor so earnestly that the latter finally accepted it, while Tom Bucklin stood near by, the tears rolling down his cheeks, for he too was exceedingly grateful, understanding by this time that the wound he inflicted was not mortal.

CHAPTER VI.

DESTROYING THE GASPEE.

CAPTAIN WHIPPLE went on deck as soon as Mawney began to dress the wound inflicted by Tom Bucklin, and when I next turned my attention from the occupants of the cabin to what might be going on around me, I saw that our commander was making ready to take advantage of the victory he had won.

Acting under his orders, the crew of the schooner were gathering their belongings from below, stowing them in the boats, and I, not understanding the meaning of such movement, asked of Master Dunn, who was standing close beside me, why this was being done.

"What did you believe would be done with the schooner in case, as has happened, we captured her?" he asked, with a hearty laugh, and I replied, like a stupid :

"I never figured out the matter so far ahead, sir. Is she to be left lying here?"

"How would we advantage by what has been done, in such case? We have captured the *Gaspee*, my lad, in order to prevent her from interfering with us, and we may make certain of that only by seeing to it that she never floats again."

"Then you mean to destroy her?" and I gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at the merchant, for to break up or burn one of the king's vessels seemed to me a more serious affair than had been our attack.

"That is what we surely count on doing, my boy. After the crew have gathered up their belongings, we will let them take to their own boats, and there should be ammunition enough on board this craft to shatter her so completely that she will never be of service again, save as fire-wood."

As a matter of course I did not venture to remonstrate against such proceedings, although I was filled with fear concerning the result, for of a verity the king would bear down heavily upon those who thus wilfully destroyed his property.

I did not then have sufficient common sense to understand that the capture and destruction of the *Gaspee* meant far more than appeared on the surface. It was the lesson, not the deed itself, on which our leaders relied, and before many years had passed I realised full well that the purpose had been accomplished.

To me, the oddest thing of all was, that the crew of the schooner did not appear to cherish any hard feelings against our people because of what had been done. When the sailors were told that they might gather up all their belongings before being set on shore, a dozen or more of our party set about aiding in the loading of the boats, and one would have said all hands had been shipmates for years.

Lieutenant Duddington's crew knew we were about to destroy their vessel, yet never a harsh word was spoken, and so jolly were the king's sailors that I really felt right sorry when they pulled away in the schooner's boats, because I was not like to see them again.

No sooner had the seamen left us, counting on making their way to Newport as one of the petty officers advised, than Captain Whipple gave the word to make ready a boat for Lieutenant Duddington, which we did by packing into it a feather bed from one of the cabins aft, and piling it high with pillows.

Four of our shipmasters brought the wounded man out, and made him as comfortable as was possible, acting all the while under directions of young Mawney, to whom was given the title of "doctor" as if he had already really earned it.

Another boat had been brought alongside, and into this last craft was put all the lieutenant's belongings, together with the dunnage claimed by his officers; then, accompanied by Tom Bucklin, young Mawney, and the four petty officers of the schooner, our victim was set ashore.

A dozen of our party had been detailed to carry the wounded man and the baggage to the nearest dwelling, after which they were to return to the point, and no sooner had the party set off than Captain Whipple, Master Brown, and half a dozen more, began making preparations to destroy the *Gaspee*.

There were many articles of value which some of us would have been only too well pleased to take away; but

Master Dunn stood guard to prevent anything of the kind, saying stoutly, whenever one of the bolder members of the party argued that it was a wicked waste to destroy so much which would be of value to us :

“ We left Providence for the sole purpose of destroying this vessel, and nothing more. It is not allowed that you shall steal anything from her. If a single article, no matter how trifling in value, is taken on shore, it shall be delivered up to Lieutenant Duddington. We are law-abiding citizens who are attempting to right the wrongs put upon us by the king’s servants, and not murderers or thieves.”

Well, to make a long story short, we collected all the ammunition to be found around the decks, and carried it to the magazine. Then a fire of light wood was built in the hold, amidships, and we pulled off to a distance of at least half a mile, having with us nothing whatsoever save that which we brought, although it was afterward charged that we had captured the *Gaspee* for the sole purpose of plundering her.

We had not long to wait before the fire spread to the magazine, the doors of which had been left open, and ten minutes or more before sunrise the explosion took place.

We saw the hull of the schooner open, as it were, revealing for the merest fraction of time a mass of fire, and then the entire fabric rose in the air, throwing flame and sparks in every direction while one might have counted ten.

Then all was dense blackness as the burning fragments

fell in the river, and the *Gaspee* had been destroyed so completely that nevermore would she trouble us of Narragansett Bay.

During perhaps twenty seconds after, we were shrouded by the blackness that seemed doubly dense because of the blinding flash which had dazzled our eyes, and then Captain Whipple shouted :

“All hands for home, lads! We’ve accomplished that for which we came, and done it in proper fashion. Now, three cheers for ourselves! One, two, three!”

The cheers were given, but in a half-hearted manner, and then the fleet was headed for home, our boat leading the way as when we came down ; but, to my surprise, I felt none of that elation which I believed would come in event of our destroying the *Gaspee*.

Without knowing exactly why, I was downhearted, dispirited, and it appeared very much as if all my companions were in very nearly the same frame of mind.

It was odd, indeed, that we who were the victors



should return after the fashion of people who have been beaten.

It was near eight o'clock in the morning when we were come within sight of home, and then Captain Whipple shouted for all the boats to pull up to his. When the command had been obeyed, and our party were where each member might hear what was said, our commander gave us this caution :

“That which has been done this night will bring the king's officers down upon us as soon as the matter is noised about. It is necessary for your own welfare that you keep secret the names of those who have made the venture. Land here, so that no friend to the king's officers can say he saw us come ashore at Providence, and keep close tongues in your head, as you value liberty !”

This was to be the end of our fine venture, when we were to do such deeds as would make our names famous.

We were to skulk back to our homes, and, once there, deny having taken part in the lesson given to the king and his ministers !

Then Master Brown explained more fully just why it was necessary to deny all share in the work, and we went ashore nearly two miles below the town, as if having been engaged in some disreputable piece of work.

Next morning the *Hannah* set out on her regular trip to New York, and when we arrived at that port, eight and forty hours later, we saw posted in the inns and other public places, a proclamation signed by Governor Wanton, in which he offered a reward of five hundred dollars for

the discovery of those who had had a hand in the destruction of the *Gaspee*, the money to be paid immediately after the conviction of one or more of the "miscreants."

That which we had done literally set New York by the ears, and during the time our schooner remained in port we heard little else spoken of save the capture and burning of the king's ship.

Many of our people declared that the citizens of Providence had done good service in the "cause of liberty," which was being talked about no little at this time; but yet a larger number insisted that it was an outrage which should be judged severely by all honest citizens.

As I told Daniel and old Seth, it was hard to decide whether we had performed a good deed for the colony, or if we were really murderers and thieves, as some of the most radical declared.

When we were come to Providence again, it was almost as if the *Gaspee* had never been destroyed, so far as our people were concerned, for not a man, save a few hot headed royalists, would discuss the affair even with his best friend, and Tom Bucklin actually looked at me in open-mouthed astonishment when I whispered the question in his ear as to how he got home after going ashore with Lieutenant Duddington. One would really have supposed that he had no idea as to what I meant.

Then came a proclamation from the king, showing that the government in England were astir because of our doings.

A reward of five thousand dollars was offered for information leading to the identity of him who had led the

party on the night when the *Gaspee* was destroyed, and two thousand five hundred dollars to any one who would give the names of the others in the company, with a free pardon if the informer should be one who had had a hand in the affair.

In addition to this, a Commission of Inquiry was established, for the purpose of discovering the "miscreants," and the following gentlemen were named as members of this court :

"Governor Joseph Wanton of Rhode Island ; Daniel Horsmanden, chief justice of New York ; Frederic Smyth, chief justice of New Jersey ; Peter Oliver, chief justice of Massachusetts ; and Robert Auchmuty, judge of the vice admiralty court."

How about that for an array of names? One would think that ours was a crime against the peace and goodwill of England as well as the American colonies, and for many months I lived in fear and trembling lest the secret should be revealed by some member of the party who valued money more than he did his own honour.

No man turned informer, however, and now, after our country is freed from the rule of the king, I can understand that what we of Providence did on the 9th of June, in the year of grace 1772, had a certain influence upon certain of the colonies when the time came to decide how great a sacrifice should be made in the effort to throw off the yoke which oppressed us so sorely.

WHEN DEWEY CAME TO MANILA;
OR, AMONG THE FILIPINOS.



WHEN DEWEY CAME TO MANILA ;

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CHAPTER I.

ON THE BANCAS.

PANDA, Raymond, and I had arranged for an excursion, on a fisherman's banca, from Manila to Cavité, and, without any very considerable coaxing, succeeded in getting our parents' permission for the pleasure trip.

So far as this permission is concerned, I speak only of Raymond and myself.

Panda was the son of our cook, a Filipino, although she looked more like a Chinese woman than a true native of the island.

Perhaps it would be better to explain first, before beginning the story of what happened to us at Cavité during the last of April and the first of May, in the year 1898, how Ray and I, two Yankee lads from Boston, chanced to be in the Philippines on that day when the fleet carrying the stars and stripes sailed past Corregidor, and destroyed the Spanish ships.

Ray and I are brothers ; our father's name is Joseph Hyde, and he is the representative of a firm of Boston merchants who deal in hemp. With our mother, we two lads came to Manila one year ago, having travelled from Boston to San Francisco by railroad, and from there to the Philippines on steamers by the way of Hong Kong.

When Ray and I left home it was decided that we had as good a right to put into print an account of our visit to the islands discovered by Magellan, as any grown man who travels abroad for two or three months, and then sets himself down at home to write concerning what he saw.

We were very certain that every boy in Massachusetts, or any other State in the Union for that matter, would be pleased to know what two Yankee lads saw when they visited that archipelago, which, to our minds at least, was made up in equal parts of pirates and gold.

We had read wonderful stories of adventure met with in that group of islands which seemed to be situated almost in another world, and doubted not but that we would have full share in many startling happenings during the two years it was our father's purpose we should remain with him.

Therefore it was that both of us kept a journal of our travels, setting down everything we saw which was strange to us of Massachusetts, and believing that, when the time for our stay in Manila was come to an end, we should have written such a tale as would be in every way entertaining to lads of our own age, — Ray is fourteen and I am nearly sixteen.

To our idea the most important article in the "outfitting" was the mass of paper and dozens of pencils which we purchased for the purpose of writing the story, and nearly every day during that wearisome journey on the Pacific Express did we set down one or more items which appealed to us as being worthy a place in the wonderful tale we were to relate.

Then, once on board the steamer *China*, bound for Hong Kong, we filled the pages rapidly, for there was much of interest in the sea voyage.

At the Sandwich Islands we wrote no less than two chapters, and in Hong Kong it seemed to us as if we must bring the story to an end because there was so much to tell regarding the strange people and the odd things we saw.

After remaining ashore four days we embarked on the seven-hundred-mile voyage to Manila, and a disagreeable motion of the steamer, so different from what we had experienced while aboard the *China*, prevented us from continuing an account of our travels until after we entered the Boca Chica channel at the entrance to Manila Bay, steamed past Corregidor Island, and knew that we were within the limits of Luzon.

At the end of this long journey, during which we had travelled nearly half around the world, we were met by our father, whom we had not seen for three years, and twenty-four hours were spent with him before we began to look about Manila.

Here was to be the end of the story which we proposed

to send home to the Massachusetts lads, firmly believing that by such means we should make ourselves well and agreeably known to those whom we might never meet.

We described Manila Bay as it appeared to us on the afternoon we entered ; told of the queer little custom-house on the quay ; of the odd-looking oxen, the goats, and the Spanish officers who were to be seen everywhere.



We walked about old Manila, as a portion of the city is called, looking at the wall which hems it in, and set forth what I

considered very interesting descriptions of the peculiar houses, the funny beds, and everything that met our gaze, for nowhere in our progress did we see familiar objects.

To wear suits of white cotton cloth such as our father ordered for us from the native tailor was in itself worthy, as Ray said, a full page, and that building situated on the banks of the Pasig River, which was to be our home while we remained in the Philippines, needed many words to describe it properly.

Fancy a stove for cooking which is only an earthen jar, a dozen being necessary for the cook who counts on

preparing an ordinary meal, or windows in which are sea shells instead of glass; buildings that are no more than two stories high, built low because of possible earthquakes, and queer-looking Filipinos, — men who are more often seen with game-cocks under their arms than books; barbers who carry their chairs with them, and ply their trade on the streets.

It seems a cruel waste of labour and good material for a story, to throw aside all Ray and I had written regarding what we saw; but because of that which came to us when the American fleet entered the bay to give the Spaniards such a lesson as was needed, it is necessary, in order to make room for that which befell us when, with Panda, the Filipino lad, who, as I have said, was the son of our cook, we set out on what was intended to be a pleasure excursion to Cavité.

Of course, since the war broke out, if not before, every American boy knows that Cavité was the Spanish naval station in Manila Bay, and that the city is the capital of the province known by that same name.

There is a town, a bay, and a peninsula, all of which are called Cavité; but before visiting the place Ray and I believed it was simply a naval station, because those in Manila whose language we could understand referred to it as if there were nothing else of importance to be found there.

Now Panda had a brother who was a fisherman, and who sailed on a boat such as would attract no little attention in Boston Harbour. It was a long, wooden canoe,

and the Filipinos call such craft "bancas." It had two masts with sails made of lateen stiffened by bamboo ribs, and a lateen sail looks very much like such a window curtain as I have seen in my great-grandfather's home near about Gloucester, formed of thin, narrow strips of what appears to be wood.

Two of these boats work in company, and are fastened together with strips of bamboo, which hold them ten or twelve feet apart, while made fast to the stern of each craft is a scoop-net. It is only a question of sailing here and there wherever the fish are supposed to be found near the surface, and dipping up such as are not frightened away by the approach of the canoes. Not very exciting sport; but Ray and I were certain we should find some amusement in it, when Panda, who, luckily for us, could speak English because of having been employed by my father during such time as he had lived in Manila, explained that we would run down as far as Cavité, staying there all day, perhaps, and returning during the evening.

We knew on leaving Hong Kong that war was about to be declared between the United States and Spain; yet it did not seem reasonable that in these far-off islands we would see any fighting, and it is certain that our father had little idea we might be so decidedly mixed up with the conflict between the two nations as to be in great danger of our lives.

Of the queer-looking and queer-tasting food which we took with us, or of the odd contrivances for fishing which

we found on board the bancas, there is no opportunity to speak, for I would come to the end of our adventures in the number of pages which Ray has insisted shall make up the story.

If it so be that some gentleman sees fit to publish it, the lad who reads what I have set down must imagine, by aid of such books as can be borrowed from the Public Library, what sort of an appearance we made on that morning, the last day of April, when we embarked on an excursion which promised a little something in the way of novelty, and introduced us to more actual danger than we are ever likely to see again in the same number of hours, no matter how long it may be permitted us to live.

So far as concerned the fishing, it was neither more nor less than might have been seen in any portion of the world where a net is dragged through the water with the chance of capturing such fish as are near the surface; not exciting sport, nor calculated to give one a desire for more of the same kind.

Ray and I lay idly on our backs upon the bench-like seat in the stern of the banca owned by Panda's brother, gazing curiously at the shore, for to us there was much of interest even in the conformation of that bay wherein so many stirring actions had occurred; but Panda ran to and fro something after the manner of an excited monkey, jabbering in his own language with the crew, as if this skimming the top of the water with a net was a very heroic deed.

Ray, forgetting that we were for the time supposed to be fishermen, recalled to my mind the fact that this archipelago of the Philippines was discovered by Magellan on the twelfth day of March, in the year 1521, and by him named the St. Lazarus Islands. He referred to the severe earthquakes of 1874 and 1880, when, in the last named year, the destruction of property and life in the island of Luzon was fearful.

Having in view the story of our travels, which was nearly completed, he read from a printed slip which we brought with us from Boston the following facts that had been constantly in my mind for the past three months, and may as well be set down here in condensed form for the benefit of those lads who are given to indolence in matters of geography.

“There are thirty-one islands of considerable size in the Philippine group, with eight ports open to commerce. The population is about eight millions, of which more than three millions are in the island of Luzon, the largest of the archipelago, having an area of 40,885 square miles. Manila, the principal city, had as population in 1880 in the walled town 12,000, and in the suburbs from 250,000 to 300,000.

“The city was founded in 1571, and is situated on the eastern shore of a circular bay one hundred and twenty miles in circumference.

“Manila was captured from the Spaniards by the English in 1762, the assaulting forces being led by General William Draper, with Admiral Cornish commanding the

naval division. On the twenty-fourth of September the troops were disembarked just south of the city, and the siege continued until the sixth of October, when a breach was effected in the Spanish works, and the town carried by storm. During the nineteenth century, Manila became a thriving port, and American clipper ships were frequently seen in her beautiful bay, later to return to the states laden with the riches of the East Indies."

As if considering it necessary to read all the information we had gathered concerning these islands of the Philippines, Ray went further into the history of the group from his store of clippings, and read of what had taken place in this same bay of Manila from the year 1571, when the island of Luzon was reduced to subjection by General Legazpi.

He read of ten attacks which were made within less than four years thereafter by the Chinese, when the battles lasted several days ; of the massacre of Chinese in 1603, when 23,000 were murdered, and also that of 1629, when no less than 35,000 were killed in cold blood, to say nothing of the many attacks that were afterward made, when hundreds of the so-called foreigners were put to death.

Then came the story of the latest insurrections in the Philippines, beginning with that headed by Dr. José Rizal, and ending with the one in progress at this day, when we knew, although it seemed like something occurring afar off, that Emilio Aguinaldo, with a following of natives, threatened Manila.

This last fact, however, gave Ray and me no more disquietude than it did Panda, for it was not believed the insurgents would be able to make much headway against the Spaniards, unless by chance the American forces should come to this portion of the world, and whatever others may have thought, we two lads were quite certain the Philippines were too far from the United States for such an event to be probable.

How much more of descriptive matter with which we were already familiar Ray might have read, I cannot say; but he was in the humour to continue, as if wishing to refresh his own memory, and would have gone on at this work for some time had we not just then arrived within a respectful distance of the Spanish fleet.

Since leaving San Francisco we had seen many naval vessels, but never at so short a range; and it pleased me when the fishermen brought the bancas around in order to empty their nets, with the hope that they might be able to sell some of the catch.

Ray spelled the names for me to write down, and very glad indeed did I feel at that moment because this formidable array of war-ships was not where they could make an attack upon our people.

There was the *Reina Maria Christina*, the *Castilla*, *Velasco*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, *Don Juan de Austria*, and such small craft as the *General Lezo*, *El Correo*, *Marques del Duero*, *Isla de Cuba*, and *Isla de Luzon*.

Whether the fishermen had a successful catch or not it is impossible to say, for by the time I had gotten these





Spanish names written down we were considerably beyond the fleet, and now all the conversation turned to warfare, Panda joining us that he might describe in his peculiar fashion what the insurgent Aguinaldo had done, and what it was believed he yet would do, but to that I gave little heed.

Surely those who had arisen against Spain would not be able to do much mischief roundabout Manila while so large a fleet lay anchored between that city and Cavité, and I put an end to Panda's boasting by declaring, as if I knew all the particulars, that "until the American people had given the Spaniards a much needed lesson, there was little chance any insurrection on the island would make very great progress."

"You do not know my people," Panda said, vehemently, and then for the first time I began to feel just a trifle uneasy in mind.

The boy had said that Aguinaldo's force was even then within a short distance of Cavité, and might it not be possible that we should find ourselves between the fire of this Spanish fleet and the insurgents' guns?

I said as much as this to Ray, for Panda, having exhausted his predictions and his threats against the Spaniards, went forward to see the fish that had been taken from the nets.

"It is not probable these half-naked people will be so venturesome as to make an attack anywhere in this bay while it is so well fortified," Ray replied, laughingly. "Look at the forts there at Cavité, and then at the

batteries around Manila. If that isn't enough to set your fears at rest, remember that both the islands of Corregidor and Caballo, at the entrance to the bay, are fortified, to say nothing of that point yonder. Why, Ernest Hyde, there is no ordinary fleet of vessels that would dare to enter such a body of water as this, where are planted submarine mines, as father has said, and yet you talk about Aguinaldo's beggarly army, as if believing he would dare make a venture that could end only in defeat, however many there might be who follow him."

All this seemed reasonable, and I put from my mind the faint forebodings of the future, which had come at a time when we seemed most secure, to enjoy the scene around me.

I had almost forgotten there were any insurgents on the island of Luzon, when finally we were come to the landing-place at the suburbs of Cavité, and immediately our bancas were surrounded by a crowd of natives who talked loudly, indulging in many gestures which seemed to me threatening, meanwhile looking at Ray and me from time to time in a manner by no means agreeable.

It is all very well for a fellow to declare that he is brave, but put him where Ray and I were at that moment, with none but natives near at hand; then surround him with two hundred or more disagreeable-looking fellows who appeared on the point of making an attack upon him, and I venture to say he will feel quite as uncomfortable in mind, however much he prides himself upon his bravery, as did my brother and myself.

Having once given Ray an opportunity to laugh at me because of my fears, I tried hard to hold my tongue while we remained here on the shore, unable to move in either direction because of the half-naked throng which entirely surrounded us, and it was absolutely a relief, oddly as that statement may sound, when my brother displayed signs of fear.

"If this is the sort of company we are likely to have, it would be a good idea to find passage back to Manila in some of the steamers which father has said run to and fro, for I have no desire to spend a day with such companions as these."

"Let us ask Panda to lead us at once to his brother's house," I said, for it was understood when we left home that we should find cleanly and comfortable quarters less than a mile outside the city, with the cook's son, but Panda was too busily engaged with these newly met acquaintances to pay much attention to us until we had called his name loudly several times, when he came up with the air of one who is vexed at being disturbed.

"Why have all these men come here to meet us?" I asked, perhaps a trifle roughly, because, as I have said, there was considerable disquietude in my mind.

He seemingly gave no heed to my roughness of speech; but answered curtly, almost insolently, as I fancied:

"Does it seem strange to American boys that a poor Filipino should be glad to meet his relations?"

"Are all these relatives of yours?" Ray asked, with

a laugh, and it was not a pleasant expression which came over Panda's face as he replied :

"We are all of the same blood, and those who are oppressed by the Spaniards are drawn more closely together, perhaps, than people who live in a free country."

Surely Panda had never talked about oppression, or had very much to say regarding the insurgents, until the moment when we were come within hail of the Spanish



fleet ; but now it was as if he had suddenly learned of the wrongs done his people, and was minded to avenge them. At least that was the way I

read the decided change in his demeanour, and it was by no means pleasant to find ourselves thus mixed up in what might cause our father trouble with the Spanish officials if it should be made known.

"You shall show us where we can find conveyance back to the city," I said, decidedly. "Ray and I have concluded it will be better to stay at home, than here among people who do not seem friendly disposed."

"They are the same as your brothers," Panda replied, now laying aside somewhat of his insolence. "Surely an American should be a welcome visitor, for it is that

country which we believe will free us from Spanish rule."

"If this is the way of showing friendliness, I wonder to what lengths they might go in case of meeting with an enemy," Ray added, with a laugh, and I understood that he was beginning to grow more comfortable in mind.

"The day may come when you shall see that," Panda said, with an ominous shake of the head, and I interrupted him by insisting that he lead us to where we might find a steamer on which we could take passage back to Manila.

"You must go to my brother's house," he replied, much as if we were under his command. "I have told these good friends that the Americans will thus honour us, and you cannot well force me to break my word."

Whether he gave a signal to the throng around us, or they, understanding somewhat of the conversation, acted upon an impulse, I cannot say; but certain it is that Panda had no sooner spoken than we were surrounded in such manner that escape would have been impossible, and immediately every man, Ray and I in the centre of the crowd, moved away from the shore toward what appeared to be a suburb of the town.

CHAPTER II.

WITH THE INSURGENTS.

IT seemed ridiculous to suppose for a single instant that we were prisoners, and yet it amounted to very much the same thing, since we were literally forced to go whithersoever these excited friends of Panda's chose to direct their steps.

I was not disposed to let Ray know all that was in my mind, fearing lest he would laugh at me for being a coward; but I glanced at him now and then as we were forced through the outskirts of the town toward the country beyond, until coming to understand that he was by no means pleased with the general situation of affairs.

Then I said in what I intended should be a careless tone:

"These people of Cavité are disposed to be very friendly."

"I wish I could think they had no other feeling toward us, Ernest, for just now it seems much as if we had been captured."

"One might think that but for such an idea being ridiculous," I said, sharply, hoping to convince myself in persuading him that there was no danger in the situation.

"Why should the Filipinos, and particularly friends of Panda, have any care concerning us?"

"That is a question which I cannot answer, but would give much to know exactly why they are so careful regarding our welfare. Do you think it would be of any avail if we should make stout resistance just now?"

I glanced quickly around us. At the lowest estimate there were not less than a hundred and fifty who thus forced us along at a pace so rapid that at times we were obliged to break into a run lest we be overthrown.

It would be folly to think of making a stand against them, unless it so chanced they really were in a friendly mood, and in such case I had no desire to make myself ridiculous even in the eyes of a Filipino.

Ray read what was in my mind, and the knowledge of our helplessness aroused him to anger.

"I will soon know what they mean! Panda shall make some kind of an explanation, if it so be he can!"

Then he raised his voice, calling upon the lad by name, and those nearest began gesticulating wildly, pointing repeatedly toward Corregidor Island, much as if to say that he who brought us into this snarl had gone in that direction.

Now for the first time I realised that we were indeed alone with these natives to whom the shedding of white men's blood is no real crime, and, despite all efforts to the contrary, my courage oozed away until I was thoroughly alarmed.

During all this time we had been proceeding, as I have

said, at a rapid pace toward the country immediately behind Cavité, and were now well beyond the town.

Ray, no less disturbed than I, began to look about for something in the situation which might appear less dark ; but his speculations were not well calculated to relieve my anxiety of mind.

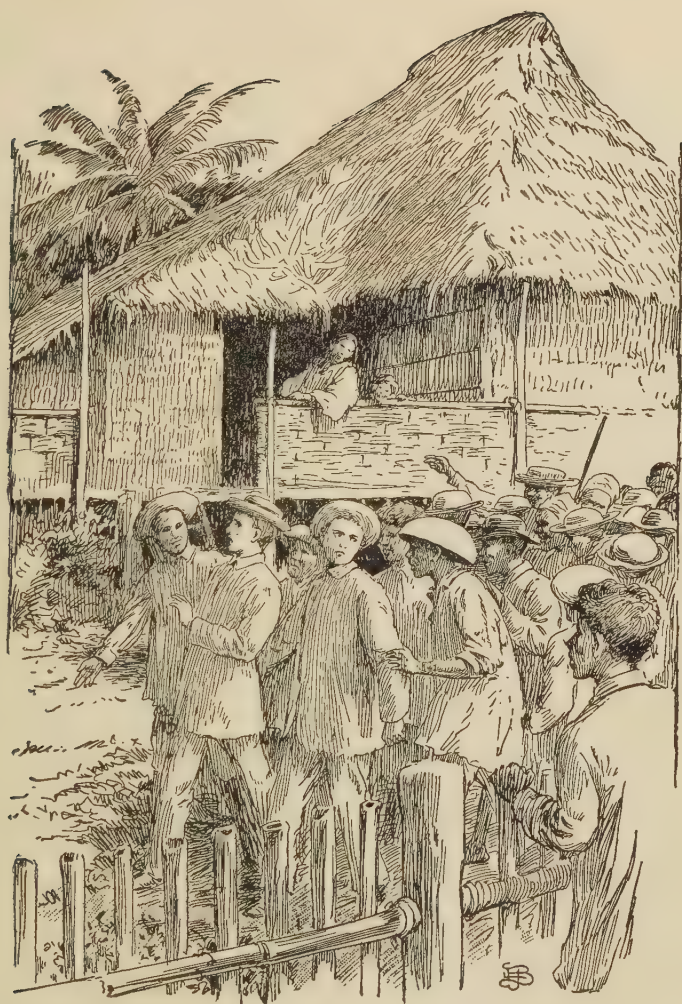
“If there had been any danger in our coming here with Panda, father would have known it, and put a stop to the excursion when it was first mentioned ; but yet, if everything is as it should be, why have that miserable little Filipino and his brother suddenly disappeared ? Why has this crowd of villainous-looking natives brought us away when it must have been known we counted on going back to Manila ?”

As a matter of course I could not answer these questions. For a moment came the thought that I would force the affair to an issue by refusing to go a single step farther.

Then, when I made as if to halt, those in the rear pushed me forward roughly, and yet with every indication of mirth.

It was a singular situation, to say the least, and would have puzzled many an older and brighter lad than myself.

If the excursion had been arranged several days in advance, it might seem as if this were a scheme to take us prisoners for some especial purpose. Perhaps that we might be held for ransom, or to force our father, one of the leading American residents in Manila, to use his





influence in favour of Aguinaldo's plans. But from the moment we had decided to go, until embarking on the banca, Panda had not so much as left our dwelling.

Puzzle over it as we might, the only certainty about the situation was that we must, for the time being, do whatsoever those who virtually held us prisoners commanded, for we had seen no white man to whom an appeal could be made, and even though we met one it was doubtful if, in case this throng of Filipinos permitted an interview, we should be able to make ourselves understood, because neither Ray nor I spoke Spanish.

As we advanced more slowly now that we were clear of the town, men left the throng to run hurriedly back, while others joined us with what was evidently important and pleasing information. Their movements reminded me of a swarm of bees, and the sound of their conversation was not unlike the buzzing of these insects when they set out in search of a new home.

During fully half an hour we were urged forward, and then the party had arrived at the bank of a small, swiftly running brook, on either side of which could be seen crops of hemp or groves of cocoa palms, while directly in front one might look through the narrow pathway of green cut in the foliage, until he saw the mountains beyond.

A short distance from where we had halted were several dwellings with thatches of nipa palm; but for the time being these appeared to have no occupants, and none of our captors made any attempt at entering them.

The Filipinos squatted down by the side of the brook,

still talking loudly and without paying any apparent attention to us; but I was quick to note the fact that we were surrounded, although not quite so closely as when we were forced to make the journey from the shore.

The men fell back with a sort of respectful manner, leaving us comparatively alone; but they took good care to form a circle completely around us, so that any attempt at escape—I use the word because in my mind there was no question but that we were prisoners—would have been absolutely in vain.

In view of the wonderful things we saw shortly afterward, and the many dangers which beset us, the time spent here amid the Filipinos seems now to be but a trifling matter, but yet at the moment it appeared most serious.

Therefore it is that I will say no more concerning our fears and forebodings, nor set down that which we said one to another, for both of us believed our lives were in peril.

We finally solved the matter in our own minds, and then came a decided sense of relief at being able, as we believed, to penetrate the mystery, by deciding that we were really prisoners, to be held until father could effect our release by ransom, or whatsoever else it was the natives were eager to obtain.

We were given food and fruit in plentiful abundance; no one ventured to come nigh us, save in order to bring something which we might need, and thus did we remain until sunset, when, to our great surprise and yet greater

relief, Panda and his brother, in company with half a dozen others, came up.

Immediately I began to reproach the miserable Filipino lad for his treachery; but there was on his mind something of such vast importance that he gave no heed to the angry words which sprang to my lips.

"We must not go back to Manila until morning, and perhaps not then," he said, excitedly, while those who accompanied him were talking vehemently to their acquaintances.

"Why do you say that we must not go back?" I cried, in anger. "Do you believe it possible that we can thus be spirited away, and without danger to yourself? You shall pay for this outrage with your liberty."

Panda looked at me in mute astonishment, and I knew full well that the expression on his face could not have been assumed.

"Have you been treated ill?" he asked, solicitously.

"What else can you call it, when we are thus held prisoners?"

Panda looked around him as if asking what might have happened during his absence, and Ray, shaking him by the arm, said, hotly:

"Do not think to deceive us by such a show of ignorance! We were forced to come to this place, as you know full well, when it was our desire to go back to Manila."

"But you cannot go back, señor," the boy said, quite innocently. "It is not safe when the American war-

vessels may sail into the bay at any moment. Why not remain here until the fight is ended?"

"What fight?" I asked, now thoroughly bewildered, and after many an attempt to hit upon the right word to express his meaning, Panda finally told a story which seemed to me, at the moment, to be positively incredible.

It would be useless to make any attempt at repeating it after his fashion, for many times was it necessary to go over certain statements several times, that we might come at the true meaning; but in substance, this was the marvellous tale he told:

Word had been brought by some of the insurgents that an American fleet was rapidly approaching Manila Bay, and, since war was declared between Spain and the United States, there could be no question as to the purpose of these naval vessels in coming this way.

So nearly as we could gather, this information had been kept a profound secret by the Filipinos lest the Spaniards, getting wind of the intended attack, should be prepared. The insurgents' great hope was that the Americans would win a decided victory, and thus give them liberty.

Panda had even more important news to tell, or, at least, so it seemed to him, for his people stoutly affirmed that no less a person than Aguinaldo himself would be on board one of the vessels to pilot the fleet into the bay.

Try as we might, it was impossible to get a clear idea of how this startling information had been received. One version of his story was that some fishermen, sighting the squadron, had paddled with all speed to Cavité, and there

told those who were known to be true to the cause of freedom of the great deliverance which was apparently at hand. Then again he spoke of runners, coming over land, who had seen the vessels off Point Subic, but whether the information had been brought by one or both of these messengers, we could not determine.

At all events, Panda was certain that within a very few hours, perhaps before we could return to Manila, the American squadron would enter the bay, and now that this explanation had been made, we could well understand the excitement which prevailed among those who had escorted us hither.



After the lad told the news, I demanded to know why his people had made us prisoners, and he gave such explanation as seemed satisfactory, — an explanation which I doubted not was the truth.

With his brother and four or five others he had been sent along the shore to warn the insurgents, for it seemed that these humble fishermen were leagued with those who would throw off the yoke of Spain, even as we of the United States had thrown off that of the British. His

departure was necessarily hurried, and he, thinking to return within an hour, charged those nearest at hand that special care be taken of Ray and myself.

The Filipinos, believing a desperate battle was about to be fought, perhaps within a very short time, and knowing that Cavité, as the naval station, would be one of the points of attack, had simply sought safety in this secluded retreat, bringing us with them apparently by force, because of their inability to explain why it seemed necessary we should accompany them.

Now, as I have since learned, there had been much talk in Manila concerning the possibility that the city might be attacked, and my father regretted sorely having sent for his family; but once they were arrived, he kept all such information from them, believing there was no good reason why my mother should be alarmed because of what might perhaps be only idle rumour.

Had Panda told his story to my father, it would have been believed at once; but to Ray and me, who had heard of the war only in a general way, and, being taken up with the novelty of the journey, had given but little heed to the statements, the information given by the Filipino seemed incredible.

However, here we were half an hour's tramp from Cavité, and the night had already come.

Unless Panda or his brother could be persuaded to return with us, there seemed little chance we would find our way back without some mishap, unable as we were to speak the language of the country.

From this point of view, it appeared best we should remain quietly where we were until morning; but, knowing how great must be our parents' anxiety, for it was supposed we would return before nightfall, it seemed absolutely wicked for us to thus delay.

Both Ray and I urged this upon the Filipino lad, demanding that he go with us as guide; but he, magnifying the dangers, as I believed then, stoutly refused, declaring it was necessary for our own safety that we remain with his friends, who, as he said, would keep us from all harm.

The boy's story had been interrupted from time to time by those around us, who appealed to him for information concerning the force at Manila, or regarding messages sent by their insurgent friends along the shore, and thus, in addition to the difficulty of understanding all he said, was the tale delayed in the telling fully two hours.

Half as much more time was spent in trying to persuade him to go back with us, and then it was so late that, even had we agreed, we questioned whether transportation might be readily procured.

"There is no other way for us than to stay where we are," Ray said, at length. "It will soon be daylight, and we'll get back as best we can, leaving Panda and his friends to recover from the shock which this news seems to have given them."

There was no other conclusion to be arrived at, and we strove to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, by putting resolutely from our minds all thoughts con-

cerning the anxiety from which our parents must be suffering because of our absence.

After a time, and while the Filipinos were discussing the position of affairs as excitedly as ever, we two fell asleep, lying there by the side of the brook, and it seemed as if my eyes had but just closed in slumber when we were aroused by Panda.

"Our friends have decided that we shall go back to Cavité," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, as if Ray and I could have no voice in the matter.

"If it was so dangerous to remain there at nightfall, why should you do such a thing?" I asked. "Has it suddenly been discovered that the American fleet is not near the port?"

"There is no thought of going into the city, señor. We will make our way to the high land just beyond, and there it will be possible to see General Aguinaldo when he shows the enemies of Spain how they may advance to victory."

"You won't see your general near the American fleet. If there is any idea of going back to Manila, we'll start; otherwise, I count on finishing my nap," and Ray laid himself down again as if determined to remain where he was.

At these words Panda showed great alarm, and began to talk rapidly in a mixture of Spanish and English, until he would have been good at language who could have understood the purport of his words.

Then Panda's brother, hearing what must have sounded

much like an altercation, came up and added his entreaties, until Ray cried, petulantly :

“Very well, we’ll go with you, for there’s little chance of my falling asleep again after such a row.”

The remainder of the throng, and it seemed to me that the number had been increased very sensibly since we lay down to sleep, came forward with a rush, forcing us onward as they had when we believed ourselves prisoners.

At a violent pace were we swept onward by this living tide, until finding ourselves upon the brow of a slight elevation, half a mile or more beyond Cavité, where could be had an unobstructed view of the city and the entrance to the bay.

Tired from much walking, and fretted by loss of sleep, Ray and I decided that all this excitement, which must have occasioned our parents great anxiety, had no foundation in fact. The story of an American fleet coming into Manila Bay had been invented by some of the insurgents to bolster up the weak-kneed ones in that city, and it was folly for us to put any faith in it.

“I am going to lie down here, and if you are awakened when day breaks, rouse me ; we’ll start for home as soon as there is a hope of finding our way,” Ray said, as he lay down upon the ground, while the throng of natives squatted here and there in such position as would give them the best opportunity for looking out over the waters.

I would have followed my brother’s example, but by

this time all desire for slumber had left my eyelids, and I crouched by his side, involuntarily looking seaward, although positive nothing of importance would be seen in that quarter.

It was when the silence seemed most profound that a great shout went up from those around me, and in an instant that hilltop was covered with dancing, screaming beings, while I gazed around in bewilderment.

The noise awakened Ray, and as he leaped to his feet in alarm, Panda ran up, throwing his arms around our necks as he screamed incoherent words, at the same time pointing seaward.

Then, far away in the distance, we saw tiny flashes of light at brief intervals, and heard a faint rumbling as if of thunder.

"Can it be possible that our ships are really coming into the bay?" Ray asked, as soon as we could shake off Panda and stand face to face.

There was no question but that heavy guns were being discharged far away in the vicinity of Corregidor, and I believe the time never passed so slowly to any one as it did to us two lads, who stood there on the brow of the hill amid that throng of excited Filipinos, waiting for the day to break.

Now and then, when the cries of the men died away for an instant, I fancied I heard the thud, thud of a steamer's screw upon the water, but yet not a light could be seen.

If an attack was about to be made on the Spaniards,

our people would try to steal quietly into the bay, and as this thought came to me I glanced toward the right, down at the quiet city of Cavité.

Then it was I understood that we upon the hilltop were not the only ones who believed a fleet of war-vessels was advancing with deadly intent.

The *Reina Christina*, on board of which we knew was the Spanish admiral, lay just off the arsenal, and astern of her was the *Castilla*. This much I remembered full well, and now as I looked at these two vessels in particular, giving but little heed to the others which lay farther outside, I saw lights flash here and there along their decks, sparks coming from their smoke-stacks, and heard the clanking of iron cables as if the anchors were being raised.

There was no longer any doubt in my mind as to the truth of Panda's story.

The Americans were come into Manila Bay, incredible though that had seemed, and my heart sank within me, because in my ignorance I believed it would be impossible for any fleet of vessels to capture a place so well fortified as was the city of Manila.

It must have been that Ray had thoughts similar to mine, for he said, almost in a whisper, as we stood watching the lights dance to and fro upon the Spanish vessels :

"If there is to be a battle here, and our people are defeated, what will become of the few Americans in Manila?"

"We won't think of anything like that," I replied,

speaking as bravely as was possible. "We should be able to whip the Spanish fleet."

"And that done, what of the forts? Do you believe they can be taken?"

I made no reply, and he failed to notice the fact, for just then we saw that they were astir on the other ships; we could hear the sound of oars, and fancied it was possible to distinguish the outlines of small boats as they sped to and fro from one vessel to the other.

Then we looked seaward again; but nothing met our gaze, and I failed to hear even that faint noise which we had believed might be the churning of a steamer's screw.

Had our people gone back, or was it all a fancy, in which the Spaniards were tricked as well as ourselves?

It seemed as if I ceased to breathe, save at rare intervals, during the next hour, and then, suddenly, as is the case in the tropics, the light of day flashed out.

In two or three minutes, where had been darkness, was that gray mist which tells of the sun's coming, and a moment later the waters of the bay were lighted up.

Now it was that Ray and I cried quite as loudly and quite as wildly as did the Filipinos, for we saw, seemingly very near the shore, although perhaps it may have been five or six miles away, a noble fleet of mighty ships, from each of which could be seen floating the stars and stripes.

As we afterward came to know, the one nearest at hand was Commodore Dewey's flag-ship, the *Olympia*, then the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Petrel*, the *Concord*, the *Boston*, and lastly the revenue cutter *McCulloch*.

“Aguinaldo! Aguinaldo!” went up from full two hundred throats, and I saw on the bridge of the commodore’s vessel a figure smaller than those around him, who may have been, for aught I know, the insurgent leader; but at the time I gave no heed to those tiny specks which represented men, for before us were the vessels of my own country, come, as I then foolishly believed, to meet destruction in an enemy’s waters.

And after that destruction, what might be the fate of my father’s family?

CHAPTER III.

A NAVAL BATTLE.

IT was a glorious sight which we saw from that hill just beyond Cavité on the morning of the first day of May, and the lad who has never been in a foreign country fails to realise what a thrill comes upon him when he sees flying from the masthead of a ship the star-spangled banner.

If one flag will awaken enthusiasm, fancy what unspeakable sensations must have come upon Ray and me as we saw our flags upon all those noble ships which advanced as if disdainful of such an enemy as they were about to meet.

It was no longer possible for me to unite with the Filipinos in shouts of joy; there was in my heart such a fear for what the future might bring, as held me silent and motionless.

It would be impossible for a lad like me to describe in any fitting way that which followed, when the greatest naval victory the world ever knew was won before noon.

I can only write of what I saw, without attempting to describe the emotions which were awakened by the scene, and leave to the reader, if it so chance there

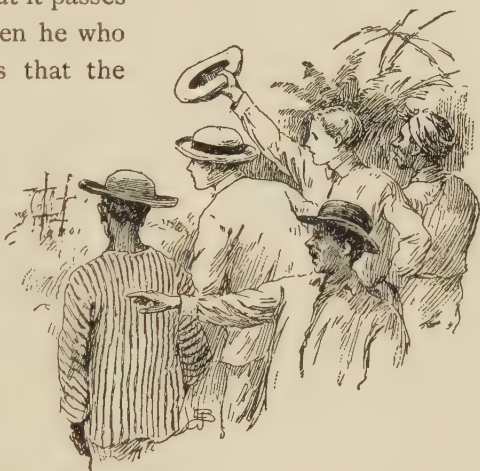
be a reader of these lines outside of my own family, to imagine how we two Boston boys must have felt during that forenoon in May.

To witness a naval engagement, when the spectator has no interest whatsoever in either force, cannot fail of being thrilling ; but it passes beyond words when he who looks on believes that the lives of those dear to him, as well as his own, depend upon the result.

Our vessels were drawn out in line, heading straight up the bay as if to pass Cavité and the Spanish fleet without giving any heed to them whatsoever.

Below us, almost at our feet, the enemy's vessels were steaming slowly to and fro like fighters who await an opportunity to gain some slight advantage in the first grapple, and even the Filipinos were awed into silence by the view of these mighty war-machines making ready to go into action.

Our vessels were moving slowly, as if courting an attack, when suddenly, with a boom and a roar that



caused me to start in alarm, came the report of a gun from the arsenal.

We on the hillside could see the enormous shot as it sped its way through the air, and I gripped my hands hard until my finger-nails were pressed into the flesh, expecting to see the missile crash into one of those gallant craft whereon floated the stars and stripes.

It fell far astern of the *Boston*, as if to show how poorly the Spaniards could aim.

Then came another roar, and it was as if the hill on which we were standing trembled; a huge volume of smoke went up, and we knew a second gun had been discharged.

Yet there was no answer from our vessels, and Ray, clutching me by the arm with a force which left the imprints of his fingers for more than two days after, cried, nervously:

"Why don't they fire? Our ships will be destroyed without having done the enemy any damage!"

He had no more than spoken when a line, made up of tiny specks of colour, was strung aloft from the *Olympia*, and, although knowing but little regarding warfare, we two understood that the commodore was giving some order to the other vessels of the fleet.

Now we expected to see the flame and smoke belch forth from those mighty ships, and yet they steamed on quietly and silently as if their mission were simply to gain an anchorage off Manila.

Ahead of them, from the direction of the city, came

shot after shot, and the Spanish fleet was hidden in a cloud of smoke as they added to the shower of missiles.

The ground trembled as if smitten by an earthquake, and the roar and rumble of guns was deafening; but yet our fleet steamed straight ahead, with nothing to show that there was life on board, save those bits of colour on the *Olympia*, the commodore's flag, and the glorious stars and stripes.

On they steamed without quickening the pace, but bearing slightly to the left, the Spanish line all aflame from Cavité to Manila, and yet, so far as we could see, not one of all those shots struck its target.

During five minutes or more it appeared to Ray and me as if the Americans were bent on gaining the opposite shore of the bay out of range; as if, after viewing the fortifications and the enemy's fleet, they would retreat, understanding that defeat must follow an attack, and I believe the tears came into my eyes as this thought formed itself in my mind.

We were standing, Ray and I, with clasped hands, and around us were the Filipinos, now suddenly grown silent because it seemed as if the Americans flinched from the combat, when I saw the prow of the *Olympia* turn slightly shoreward. Nearer and nearer on the arc of a circle she bent, until the entire line of vessels was rounding to opposite Manila.

Then it was that Ray and I shouted more loudly than any Filipino could have done, for the battle was on!

Our people were not to be provoked into opening fire until they had made ready, and were in such position as best pleased them. This evidence of cool bravery sent the blood bounding through my veins, and from that moment I ceased to fear the result.

It had seemed certain that the Americans, disregarding the Spanish fleet, counted on opening fire upon Manila, and yet the fleet was swung into line again, heading straight for Cavité without a shot having been fired from the Yankee guns.

Then, and before the battle had opened on our side, occurred what at the moment seemed to me like a strange thing.

Directly in front of the second ship, which was the *Baltimore*, a huge column of water shot up, rising to twice the height of her short masts, and the thunder of the guns was drowned by the rumbling roar which seemed to come from the very bottom of the bay.

Then, and even while we were trying to decide what had caused that sudden up-shooting of the waves, there was another spouting of water, — another shock as if the earth itself had come in contact with some heavier body, and it appeared to us on shore as if the waves dashed directly over the third vessel in line.

“The torpedoes!” Panda shouted. “It is said there are many of them between Manila and Cavité.”

Surely the Spaniards, with their batteries, fleet, forts, and submarine torpedoes, should be able to beat off that slender line of vessels which had come so far to avenge

the dastardly deed that had been perpetrated in the harbour of Havana.

To us on shore it was as if the vessels carrying the stars and stripes were close upon Cavité before any sign was made that they proposed to notice the Spanish fleet.

At this time every battery along the shore, so far as we could see, was hurling shot and shell at the American line, which was advancing as if bent only upon a voyage of sightseeing.

Then, and while the Filipinos were shouting words which I could not understand, but believed they expressed impatience or anger because of the delay, from the forward part of the *Olympia* came a jet of smoke, a tongue of fire, and I distinctly saw an iron missile strike the aftermost part of the *Castilla*, ploughing its way through the deck as if through so much paper.

At the same instant another line of fluttering flags went up on the commodore's vessel, and they had no more than been flung out by the breeze before great clouds of smoke arose from our fleet, and we heard the pounding of shot against the hulls of the enemy's vessels even above the roar of those thundering guns.

Now the Filipinos' cries of impatience and anger were suddenly changed to shouts of rejoicing, in which Ray and I joined without really being conscious of what we were doing.

The battle was on, and, however much damage might have been inflicted upon our ships, of a certainty the

enemy was getting a punishment so terrifying that they could not long withstand it.

Now and then, as the clouds of smoke lifted, I counted the leaden-coloured hulls, fearing lest one or another — perhaps all — had been sunk by that furious rain of iron which came from the shore and the Spanish vessels ; yet each time I did so the number was complete.

There was no sign of disaster, no increase of speed, nor lessening of it. All, so far as the manœuvre was concerned, remained the same as when we first saw the squadron.

Would that I could describe the spectacle so that he who reads might see it in his mind's eye, as our fleet steamed past Cavité Point, circling to the right only a mile or more beyond, and coming down again in line of battle, dealing death and destruction at every discharge of the rapidly served guns.

The morning was blazing hot ; but we on shore heeded it not. Now and then a missile, as like from one fleet as the other, would strike within five hundred yards of where we stood ; but it caused us no alarm.

We had ceased to have any other sense than that of sight. Personal discomfort was entirely forgotten. The heat and the mental strain caused the perspiration to run down my face in tiny streams, and I was conscious of it only because my eyes were suffused with moisture.

We had lost sight of town and of ship and of battery, in the sulphurous smoke which hung over all, when the cloud was wafted aside by a gentle breeze from the shore,





and we saw two small steamers putting out from the shore at full speed, heading directly for the American flag-ship.

I wondered if they were carrying a message from the Spanish admiral, when Ray shouted in my ear :

“They are torpedo-boats ! They are torpedo-boats, and in the smoke our people will fail to see them !”

Again it was as if my heart literally stood still, — as if my breath ceased to come because of the fear which beset me that his words might prove true.

Then suddenly, almost at the same instant the terror had come upon me, I saw one of the little craft disappear beneath the waves as if forced down by some giant hand. The other, turning swiftly, while the black smoke which poured out of her stack evidenced the frantic efforts of her firemen, headed for the shore, eager to escape that murderous rain of shot and shell which had destroyed her companion.

The smoke shut down once more, and when it lifted again we saw a Spanish shot strike the second vessel in the line, the *Baltimore*, fairly on her side, and disappear within the iron armour.

It was when the ships were steaming back toward Manila again that this was done, and from the Filipinos, as well as us two American boys, a cry of horror burst forth.

But no more than five minutes later we saw her again, apparently uninjured, and doing as much execution in the fight as either of the other vessels.

Until our people came back past Cavité again the Spanish fleet remained close inshore, moving slowly back and forth, but evidently taking good care not to increase the distance from the land, and then it was that the *Reina Christina* went swiftly out toward the *Olympia* as if challenging her to a duel.

And the challenge was accepted.

It seemed to me as if I had no more than time to count a hundred before the enemy's flag-ship was steaming back at full speed to get under the shelter of Cavité Point, while the flames were bursting out from her stern.

"The Spaniards are getting the worst of it all along the line, and our people appear to be as bright and smiling as ever," Ray yelled in my ear, apparently unable to remain silent any longer.

The smoke settled down again; the roar of the guns and the tremor of the earth seemed to have increased. The very air quivered under the terrifying concussions, and while enveloped in this cloud, American and Spaniard, from vessel and fort and battery, did their full part in the horrible din.

It seemed to me as if a very long time passed during which we saw nothing and heard nothing distinctly, because the heavy thundering had destroyed our sense of hearing, and then I realised that the noise had abated.

It became less and less until finally ceasing entirely, and we on the shore anxiously asked ourselves who had come off conquerors in this battle, wherein it seemed as if the odds were heavily against the Americans.

Gradually the smoke lifted, and we saw, to our surprise and consternation, those vessels flying the American flag headed directly for the opposite shore of the bay as if in full retreat.

I looked around about me, and at that moment felt a certain sense of affection for those Filipinos, whom, a few hours before, I had considered my enemies, for on the face of each was written deepest sorrow.

They also believed the battle was lost, and we stood staring after that retreating line of noble vessels, not one of whom appeared to have received serious injury, until Panda burst forth in a perfect explosion of noise.

He was dancing to and fro on the hill, as if unable to remain quiet a single moment, and pointing with both hands at the enemy's fleet below us.

Lying close under Cavité Point was the *Reina Christina*, the black smoke pouring up from her decks telling of the enemy which she had within her hull. The *Castilla* appeared to be in flames from stem to stern, and one of the other vessels, the *Velasco*, I afterward came to believe it was, gave good evidence that she would soon be destroyed.

Every vessel in our fleet was steaming away in much the same order and at the same pace as when she entered the bay, while no less than three of the Spaniards were the same as destroyed, and I asked myself, involuntarily speaking aloud, why our people were running away.

It was a question none of us could answer, and for ten minutes or more we stood there in a most singular frame of mind.

On one hand was that which caused us keenest satisfaction and joy, — not because of the loss of human life, but that our people had whipped their enemy. On the other hand we saw the stars and stripes in what seemed like full retreat, and we were gladdened and perplexed, and sorrowful and wondering, all at the same instant.

While we stood there in a maze of bewilderment the flames burst out from the *Isla de Cuba*, and on nearly all the other vessels in Cavité Bay were the men running to and fro as if in dire distress.

We had fresh cause for wonderment when our fleet, steaming slowly around, came to a standstill opposite the city, but so far away that, so far as fighting was concerned, it might as well have been at the other end of the bay.

There the vessels remained silent and menacing, as if having steamed off simply to watch the work of destruction which was being continued even after they had withdrawn from the fight.

After a time — perhaps half an hour — we came to understand, or believed we did, that our fleet had simply retired to allow the flames opportunity to complete the work they had so well begun, and once this satisfactory idea gained lodgment in our minds we were able to speak with some degree of calmness concerning the wondrous spectacle which had been witnessed.

The Filipinos were literally wild with delight. They knew beyond a question that, if the Spanish fleet had not been absolutely destroyed, it was so far disabled as to be

virtually out of the fight, and the victory was with the Americans.

To a man they insisted that Aguinaldo himself was on the bridge of the *Olympia* when she first steamed past Cavité, and equally positive were they that freedom from



foreign rule was near at hand for the inhabitants of the island.

Ray and I had a very good idea as to how lively was their sense of thankfulness, when each in turn insisted upon embracing us, simply because we had come from the United States, and before that time of hugging was at an end we knew that the noise and smoke of battle had not deprived us of all our senses.

The evidences of disaster to the enemy increased each

moment, until before the end of an hour I think no less than five vessels were in flames to a greater or less degree, and the forts and water batteries showed signs of much suffering from Yankee shot and Yankee shell.

Several of the more venturesome among our Filipino companions would have advanced nearer the city, bent, evidently, upon some concerted plan, of which Panda professed himself to be in ignorance; but the cooler heads pointed to the war-vessels lying just beyond range, suggesting, with apparently good reason, that there might be more fighting in the vicinity of Cavité Point.

As for Ray and myself, we had no desire to approach nearer the enemy, feeling quite certain that if we showed ourselves to the Spanish soldiery just at this time we might receive exceedingly rough handling. We no longer felt that our parents were in great anxiety concerning us, for surely now the cause of our delay must be in some slight degree understood, although it was reasonable to suppose father would fail to guess exactly why we had not returned home early the previous afternoon, and it seemed in every way wisest and safest to remain on the hill until the Spaniards were more thoroughly beaten than at that time was evident.

How the moments dragged after we had settled in our own minds the precise condition of affairs on both sides! How eagerly we gazed at the American vessels for some signs of their return, and how keenly we watched the enemy's ships lest one or more of them should make an attempt at escape!

It seemed to me as if one whole day passed while we remained inactive there, looking out over that terrible picture, and then it was with a sense of deepest relief, as if some terrible time of trial and suffering were about to be brought to an end, that I saw the ships, which had been lying in wait, begin to move toward us once more.

I think at this moment black smoke was pouring up from no less than four of the Spanish fleet, and it seemed much like striking a man after he was down, to pour shot and shell into those disabled vessels; but it was necessary because the royal flag was still flying — because they did not choose to acknowledge themselves beaten when they were well-nigh destroyed.

Steadily our vessels advanced, and this time the enemy was not eager to renew the conflict.

Commodore Dewey's fleet steamed gradually up into position, opening fire with such precision that we could distinctly see the first half-dozen shots as they fell upon the uninjured of those vessels lying in Cavité Bay.

Then the smoke of battle covered everything once more.

The thunder of the guns drowned all other noise, and the tremor in the air caused one to experience a sensation of giddiness.

It was noontime. The heat was so intense as to be painful to us on the hillside.

There was no breath of air stirring, and one could well imagine what must be the sufferings of those gallant lads

confined between walls of iron, heated inside by the fires of the furnaces and the discharges of the guns until such a temperature as caused us suffering was like unto cool air.

Before the cloud of wool-like vapour shut out the fleet from view, we saw the *Baltimore* standing well in toward the shore to begin a deliberate attack upon the fortifications on Cavité Point, stopping after the first discharge to pour a broadside into the *Reina Christina* that seemed literally to blow her to fragments.

Some one farther down the hill passed back the word — for one could not shout with any hope of being heard a yard away — that the *San Juan de Austria* was sunk, and after that we saw no more until the firing ceased.

This time we did not suffer from suspense as before, for we knew beyond a question that all the Spanish vessels and fortifications were disabled or had surrendered, and we waited with more of curiosity than of eagerness to learn which it might be.

What we saw when the clouds of smoke passed away was almost appalling.

The forts and batteries within our range of vision were silenced, and where the Spanish fleet had floated so proudly only a few hours before, there was nothing but blackened hulls, half submerged or beached upon the shore.

Three vessels were missing, and we knew they had been sunk. Eight were quite or nearly consumed by the flames, and a number of small craft which had plied be-





tween Manila and Cavité were following in the wake of our fleet, flying American instead of Spanish flags.

As for our vessels, they were steaming in the direction of Manila, with the exception of one which was yet behind the point pouring shot into two or three small gunboats that were huddled together in shallow water as if for mutual protection.

I gave little heed to this last work, so deeply was I interested in the further manœuvres of our ships, and, as might have been expected, we presently saw them come to anchor off the city of Manila.

As for the town and arsenal of Cavité, they were still in the possession of the enemy; but that seemed at the moment of small importance, for we knew they could be captured whenever Commodore Dewey was minded to go back to his work.

It was at this time, while the Filipinos were given up to a delirium of triumph and joy, that Ray and I mutely questioned each other as to what we should do.

Under the present condition of affairs, while the American fleet lay off the city, it was not probable we would be allowed to enter, for unquestionably the Spanish troops were guarding it as closely as might be.

This also was the case with the city at our feet, and there seemed to be no choice left us but to remain with our Filipino companions, sharing such quarters as they might be able to provide us with.

I do not think either Ray or I spoke while we stood facing each other with such thoughts in our minds. It

was as if I could read readily the perplexities which beset him, and he was not at a loss to understand me.

It was Panda who settled the matter for us by coming up excitedly as he embraced us once more, crying, in a tone of deepest affection :

“The Americans and the Filipinos are brothers ! You shall remain with my people until the red, white, and blue flag is hoisted over Manila. We will care for you as we would for our best beloved, for it is your people who have given us freedom !”

CHAPTER IV.

IN CAVITÉ.

IT was all very well for Panda to talk about the Filipinos being our brothers, and that sort of thing, but it did not go far toward relieving our minds.

To the right of us, and directly below on the shore, we could see the Spanish flags still flying. The inhabitants of both cities were shut in until it should please the military authorities to allow them to depart, and we were shut out.

No one could say how long a time might elapse before we could be with our parents again, and it was this fact which dampened the joy that had come to us at the moment of victory.

The longer I thought of the situation the more unpleasant, even dangerous, did our position appear, until I was resolved to put it out of my mind for the time being, and I said to Ray, with as much of cheerfulness as it was possible to assume :

“Since we cannot mend matters, there is no good reason why we should borrow trouble by imagining that all sorts of evil must come upon us. Father will surely find some means of communicating with the commander

of our fleet, and before many hours have passed we shall see him."

"That might be true if he knew exactly where to find us; but how is it possible for him to learn that we are skulking in the hills back of Cavité, or how may he send a message to us while the Spaniards hold possession of the shore?"

"Both cities must be surrendered before a great while, now that the fleet has been destroyed," I replied, trying to make what seemed very dark to me appear bright to him.

Then Panda interfered, and it was well he did, for we had almost forgotten the glorious victory in our own personal troubles. Had we been left alone a few moments more both of us would have been plunged into utter despair.

The Filipinos were making ready to approach the city, confident that the insurgents would be nearabout awaiting the landing of their leader, for, as I have said, every one was confident Aguinaldo had entered the bay on board the American fleet.

Panda insisted, with somewhat of authority in his tone, that we accompany the throng, and indeed there seemed to be no other course for us to pursue. To separate ourselves from those who were willing to give us shelter and food would, at this time, have been little less than folly, and I was determined to appear brave even while I felt cowardly.

"We will go with Panda," I said to Ray, "and forget,

so far as possible, all disagreeable matters. Neither our parents nor ourselves are in any danger — ”

“How can you say that?” my brother asked, bitterly. “After what our vessels have done this day, do you believe the life of an American is safe?”

“Who would do them harm?” I asked, stoutly, but with an inward tremor, for a yet greater fear suddenly came upon me. “Surely the natives will be friendly, and if the lower classes of Spaniards in the city should attempt to commit murder, the English would take sides with the Americans.”

It was well this discussion was not allowed to proceed further, else might we have worked ourselves into such a frame of mind as would have unfitted us for that which followed, when it became necessary we be keenly alive to all the surroundings.

Panda’s friends were eager to approach the city, and not disposed to spend much time in persuading us to accompany them. In fact, the Filipino lad himself, growing impatient because of the delay, plumply told us that we must set out with him at once, or go our way without further expectation of assistance or guidance from him.

The victory, which these natives believed would be of such wondrous benefit to their cause, made them all exceedingly valiant, and just at this time their General Aguinaldo was a greater man than the American Commodore Dewey.

Ray and I followed the party down the hillside, and then along the plain until we had come to the suburbs of

the city, when the majority of them halted while a few went forward to reconnoitre, for there were too many Spanish soldiers in and about Cavité, every one of whom was probably in a bad humour, to render it safe for a party of insurgent sympathisers to show themselves boldly.

We had halted under the shade of a nipa-thatched warehouse, and there the party remained upwards of an hour before any of the scouts returned.



The arsenal, the navy yard, and the water batteries on the point were yet in possession of the king's forces, so the spies reported, and it would be in the highest degree unsafe to enter the city until the Americans should complete their work.

As a matter of course there was no possibility we might get transportation to Manila, even had we been disposed to run the risks of the short passage, and with such good grace as could be called up we submitted ourselves to the inevitable. In other words, we bowed to the fact that

we must remain away from our parents for at least twenty-four hours longer.

Had we been less troubled in mind, this delay would not have seemed unpleasant, because of what was occurring around us.

The insurgents and their friends had begun to gather in expectation of seeing Aguinaldo; and the disaffected natives joined the rapidly increasing throng from motives of curiosity or policy, for now had come the time when they must declare for or against those who styled themselves patriots.

We came down from the hillside perhaps two hundred strong, and in less than an hour after arriving at the warehouse I believe there were more than a thousand in the immediate vicinity.

At first we saw weapons in the hands of a few; but as night approached nearly every man armed himself after some fashion or other, until the throng presented a most formidable appearance.

Even Panda, boy that he was, carried a sword-like knife, and would have pressed upon us something of the same kind but that we refused to accept arms of any sort.

"Weapons would be of but little use to us, either against these people or the Spanish soldiers, and we are safer while defenceless," Ray whispered to me when the party began to take on a warlike appearance.

I was of the same opinion, and therefore did we refuse Panda's offer.

There was no lack of food. The people nearabout, and

even for several miles back in the country, rejoicing because of the downfall of their ancient enemy, brought out all their stores, and had Aguinaldo appeared then he would have found at his call a full regiment of armed men, provisioned for two or three days.

Until late in the night Ray and I spent the time in watching these people, but understanding not a word that was said, and seeing Panda only at rare intervals.

The cook's son had suddenly become a person of importance, in his own eyes at least, and gave but little heed to us.

We were not troubled by his neglect for the time being ; but promised each other that we would keep a watchful eye on him next morning, so that he should be forced to act as guide. It seemed probable that then we might succeed in getting into Manila, for I believed the city would speedily surrender to Commodore Dewey after such an exhibition of his power as had just been given.

We remained in the warehouse all night, for the very good reason that there was no other convenient place near at hand, and slept as best we could while a thousand or more natives moved restlessly to and fro, brandishing weapons and giving vent to what we believed were threats against the government which had so long held them in subjection.

With the first light of dawn Ray and I were where we could command a view of the bay in the direction of Manila, and to our great relief we saw one of Commodore Dewey's vessels get under way and steam toward us.

Now was come the time, as we believed, when all our troubles would be speedily ended, but we were not so fortunate.

It was the *Baltimore*, as we afterward learned, which had left her anchorage, and, instead of stopping at Cavité even long enough to throw a shot or shell into the fortifications, she steamed directly past us in the direction of Corregidor, and more than one of the natives believed she was leaving the bay to summon assistance.

"Our people will give no attention to Cavité until after Manila has surrendered," Ray said, despondently, and I was of the same mind until a few moments later, when we saw another vessel leave her anchorage to come in our direction.

It was the *Petrel*, and the fear flashed upon me that all of the squadron would leave us; that the destruction of the Spanish fleet was Commodore Dewey's only purpose in visiting the bay, and, the task having been accomplished, he was about to return to his former rendezvous.

This time, however, we were happily disappointed.

The *Petrel* steamed nearer inshore than had the *Baltimore*, and came to a full stop within a distance of five or six hundred yards of the arsenal.

Then a boat was lowered, and we two lads, together with all the Filipinos, watched eagerly to learn the meaning of this manœuvre.

Our curiosity was not gratified for some time. After perhaps half an hour had been spent on shore, the

small boat pulled off to the *Petrel* again, and matters appeared to be in the same condition as before her arrival.

Surely it was perplexing, and the natives exhibited quite as much disappointment as did my brother and I.

Now came a long time of waiting, or, at least, so it seemed to us, although no more than three hours elapsed before the word was passed from one to the other of the Filipinos that the Spanish troops were marching out of the fortifications.

Cavité was being evacuated, and our time of deliverance seemed near at hand.

"We are all right now," Ray said, joyously, throwing his arms about my neck as if only by some display of affection could he show his great relief of mind. "We're all right now, for as soon as these Spaniards have quitted the town we can make ourselves known to the commander of the war-vessel, and he must take us on board. Fancy the sensation of being among our own countrymen, rather than this rabble, any one of whom appears ready to commit murder!"

The Filipinos moved yet nearer the city, and we followed eagerly, for it was our purpose to show ourselves in the front as soon as it might be safe, in order to attract the attention of the Americans.

We were come into what appeared to me to be a market-place, when the party halted, and from where we stood — a motley gathering of men, women, and children, for by this time our numbers were added to by the inhabi-

tants — a good view could be had of the retreating Spaniards, who were marching out fully armed.

Here and there was a native venturesome enough to raise his voice in cries of triumph; but those nearest quickly checked such an outburst, which was in the highest degree dangerous, for men in such mood as were these vanquished soldiers would not hesitate to send a volley among a throng like ours as a means of relieving their own feelings.

Less than half an hour after we were arrived, the last of the troops disappeared in the distance, marching in the direction of Manila, and there was no longer anything to restrain the Filipinos, who, with loud shouts of triumph and menacing cries, rushed forward into the city.

Ray and I went with them because we could do no less while in the midst of such a gathering, and would have done so even had it been possible to choose our own course, for we were advancing toward that point where I believed the Americans were most likely to come ashore.

It had been an hour or more since we last saw Panda; but I had little care as to his absence, because now we needed no guide.

Once we had made ourselves known to the boys in blue, all troubles would be at an end.

While we were crossing the market-place the Filipinos contented themselves with uttering joyous or menacing cries; but once the leaders of the throng were in the vicinity of stores and dwellings their evil instincts burst forth.

In an instant what had been a crowd of people happy in the belief that the cause of freedom was triumphant became a howling, shrieking mob, ready for mischief of any kind, and seeking some living thing on which to wreak revenge for the wrongs endured so long in silence.

It seemed almost incredible that all those men could have changed in appearance, as well as intent, so suddenly. At one moment I saw about me only friendly faces, and in a twinkling Ray and I were surrounded by brutes in human form who panted for blood.

We stood appalled, not knowing which way to turn, when shrieks of pain from a dwelling near by caused us to leap forward, believing it possible to relieve a fellow creature in distress.

There was no question as to the distress ; but it was beyond our power to lend a helping hand.

The Filipinos had come upon an old Spaniard, one who, perhaps, had insulted or wronged some of them, and were dragging him from his dwelling that all might participate in the revenge.

The Indians of America could not have been more cruel, or looked upon human agony with greater zest. Even the women tried to force their way among the crowd which surrounded the prisoner, and, failing, threw whatever came nearest at hand at the old man, who was being dragged by the heels back to the market-place.

Ray and I, knowing full well that we could give no aid to the poor wretch, would have gone in the opposite direction, hoping to escape a view of what we knew only too

well must follow ; but so dense was the throng that we were forced along with that yelling mob despite our frantic efforts to the contrary.

We saw all that followed, for while so many were brandishing weapons it seemed in the highest degree dangerous to close one's eyes even for an instant, and neither of us will ever be able to forget it.

To describe how that old man was tortured would be too horrible even for words, and I rejoiced when death finally came to his relief.

The people were massed so closely around us that we could not move half a dozen inches in either direction until after the terrible spectacle had come to an end, when loud shouts in the distance told that another victim had been found.

The bloodthirsty brutes ran eagerly in the direction indicated by the cries of joy and triumph, and on the instant Ray and I set our faces toward the hills, for we would not advance on a course where we might witness another scene of horror, even in order to meet those who would rescue us from these so-called patriots.

"I had rather skulk around the country a week, or take the chances of making our way back to Manila, than stay here a single minute," Ray said, with a convulsive tremor, which told how deeply the cruel death of the old man had affected him, and I was ready to go wheresoever he proposed, providing the course led us away from these wretched Filipinos.

Hand in hand we ran, believing there would be no

difficulty in finding the warehouse in which we had spent the night, and from there we could readily gain the open country.

The streets were thronged with people, some, like ourselves, frightened; others triumphantly noisy, and yet more breathing threats of vengeance against those of Spanish blood.

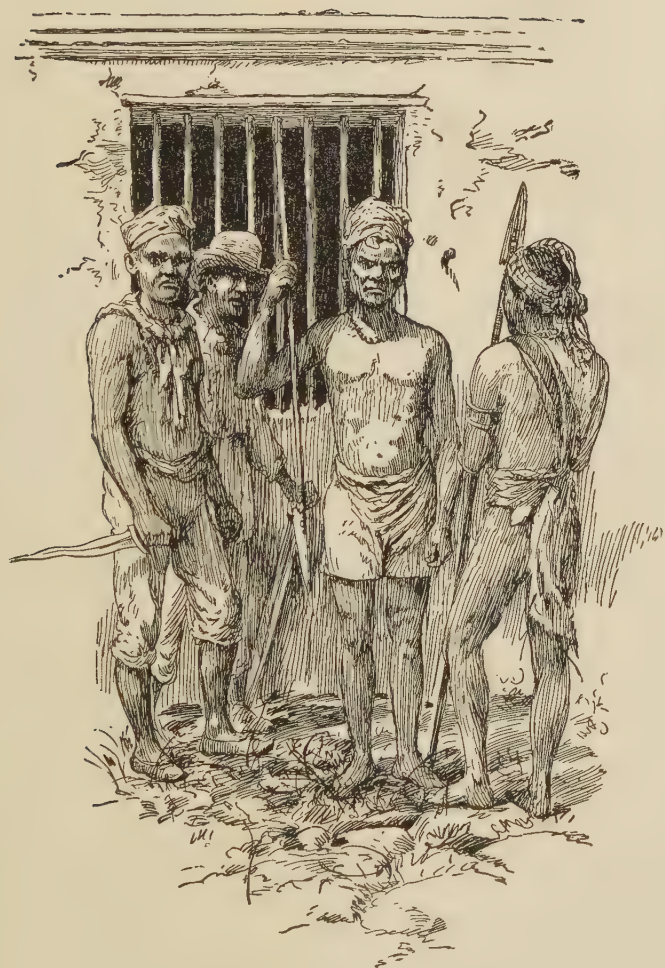
If our squadron accomplished no more than the freeing of such as these, then to my mind it was worse than a waste of ammunition.

The multitude that continued to flow into the city may have confused us, or, in our agitation, we forgot the direction, turning to the right when we should have gone to the left; but whatever the cause we failed to find the way out of the city, and instead of arriving at the warehouse, we found ourselves in an open square, where a hundred or more half-naked men were sacking stores and houses.

These people differed in appearance from Panda's friends, and I fancied they had come from the interior of the island, attracted by the reports of the heavy guns; but there was no thought either in my mind or Ray's that we were in any danger from them.

During two or three minutes we stood at one side of the square trying to determine in which direction we should proceed, and then I observed four evil-looking fellows eyeing us in anything rather than an agreeable manner.

"Look over there!" I whispered. "Those men are





talking about us, and it may not be well to loiter here."

"Surely none of the Filipinos would harm an American after what our vessels did yesterday," Ray replied, with a nervous laugh.

"That may be true; but yet I had rather not have too close an acquaintance with such vicious-looking fellows. A moment ago I hoped we should never see that wretched Panda again; but now I would feel more safe if he were here."

"There is no reason why we should stay, if you are afraid," Ray replied, seizing me by the hand as one would a child, and turning to retrace his steps.

I followed meekly, expecting to feel the blade of a knife in my back at any instant, and wholly unnerved.

Before we had taken a dozen steps the sound of hurried footsteps from the rear told, as plainly as if I had seen all the movements, that we were being pursued.

Now I was the one to lead the way, and at full speed I ran, literally dragging Ray after me, until a hand roughly grasped my shoulder, pulling me backward so violently that I was thrown from my feet.

A cry of anger rather than fear burst from Ray's lips, but I was literally unable to make the slightest sound.

That horrible deed we had witnessed near the market-place was before my eyes, and I believed we were doomed to suffer as had the old man.

Ray, who had managed to retain his footing when the fellows seized us, turned with a brave show of courage,

as if ready to meet them empty-handed, facing the gleaming knives without a tremor.

Even though believing absolutely that we would be killed without a show of mercy on the part of any in all that throng, I overcame the stupefaction of terror sufficiently to cry :

"Be careful, Ray, dear! Do not enrage them yet further!"

"Get on your feet and stand by my side!" he cried, sharply. "I'm not minded to hold my head down that these villains may cut my throat the more easily. Stand by me, and we will back them down."

"What can we do against a thousand?" I moaned, in despair.

"Die fighting, if no more!" and the dear boy struck out with his right fist, tumbling one of the half-naked brutes over with a blow full on the neck.

It was the younger who had taken the part of leader, and from that moment until we were finally escaped from danger, I obeyed on the instant any and every order he gave.

His display of bravery had given me some slight show of courage, although the despair in my heart was not lessened, and, regardless of the flourish of knives, I managed to regain my feet, standing close by Ray.

"Get behind me!" he cried. "It must be back to back now, for these brutes would sooner strike a foul blow than a fair one."

"If we can gain time Panda may come up," I whim-

pered, for I am free to confess that at this trying moment I was a rank coward.

“There’s little hope of that, and even if he should let us see his brown face here, I’m uncertain whether it wouldn’t be as an enemy. After what our sailors did yesterday, an American should be ashamed to show the white feather, however great the danger, so hold your ground to the last minute.”

I was not so terrified but that I could note a certain change of expression on the face of the man directly in front of me when Ray spoke the word “American,” and instantly the thought came that it might be possible to make known who we were. Then I cried, at the full strength of my lungs, repeating the words again and again :

“We are Americans ! Americans !”

Ray meanwhile was warding off an attack, apparently giving little heed to my shouts.

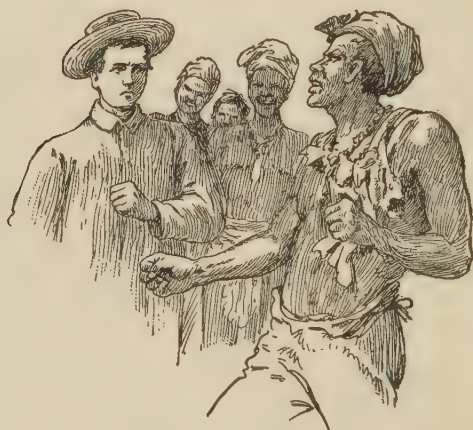
The foremost of the pursuing party was evidently bent on making us yet closer prisoners, in order, most likely, that we might be the more readily tortured, and had dropped his long knife for the time being.

At such a game my brother could hold his own with any ordinary Filipino, and right manfully was he doing it, dealing a blow now and then with such vigour that the villain was rapidly getting the worst of the battle. Strange as it may seem, his discomfiture pleased those who had gathered to have a share in our death.

Every one of them stood by watching the battle, and my cries were no longer heeded.

"Look out for yourself!" Ray shouted, when I had half turned to aid him, if necessary. "You should be able to do something of this kind if any of them come too near!"

To my mind this was but prolonging the agony, and by thus struggling we were affording amusement for the savages, who at any moment might put an end to our



weak defence by attacking us with their knives, when a single thrust would disable one or both.

Therefore it was I continued to cry out that we were Americans, regardless of whether they

heeded me, and as I did so there came the hope that the sailors from the war-vessel might soon come this way.

Surely a landing would be effected once it was understood that the Spanish forces had evacuated the place, and even at this moment they might be on shore.

This much I said to Ray, hoping to cheer him who had vainly been trying to cheer me, and he replied, panting with the severe exertion of keeping the supple Filipino at a proper distance :

"I can't hold out much longer, Ernest, and it isn't

likely this murderer will be willing to play at such a game a great while. Once his temper gets the best of him we are done for ! ”

If Ray was growing disheartened, surely the end was near at hand, for I could not hope to make so brave a showing, and once more I gave way to cowardice.

I thought of mother and of father, wondering if they would ever learn how we had died, and as the tears came into my eyes there was a prayer in my heart that we might not live as long under the torture as had the old man whose murder we had witnessed.

CHAPTER V.

THE PETREL.

AS we stood there, Ray battling manfully but nearly breathless because of the severe exertions, and I in the last stages of despair, believing there was no hope our lives might be spared, the thought came to me that if by a sudden dash we could make our way to the waterside it would be possible to attract the attention of those on board the American war-vessel.

For a single instant this idea revived me, and then, looking around upon that mass of brown faces which surrounded us, for the crowd of spectators had rapidly increased, I realised that fifty men would not be able to force a passage through, therefore what could two lads hope to effect?

It was when the last vestige of hope was swept away that almost unconsciously I raised my voice once more in the cry:

“We are Americans! Americans!”

Amid the hum of voices and the laughter of those who were enjoying this badgering of two boys before murdering them, I caught a cry in the distance which had a friendly ring, and in the stupefaction of despair which was

creeping over me I wondered why it should be, when all were seeking our blood, that any would answer in such a tone what I believed to be my last declaration.

Again was the cry repeated, and Ray, who, because of his courage, was more keenly on the alert, shouted, as he struck his antagonist a blow that would have sent him headlong but for the throng in the rear :

“That was Panda who cried ! There may be a chance for life yet, Ernest ! Take my place until I can get breath !”

His words had a marvellous effect. In an instant the cowardice and despair had left me, and I thought no longer that we were doomed ; but only of how I might best get the advantage of that half-naked Filipino who was striving to show his followers that he did not deem a weapon necessary in order to overpower two lads like us.

Ray and I changed places in a twinkling, some of the throng giving vent to cries of anger as if they saw in such a move something savouring of foul play ; others cheered, jabbering in such manner as caused me to believe they were insisting that, while the odds were so strongly against us, we should be allowed to carry on the battle in whatsoever manner we pleased.

For a moment the fellow who had pitted himself so unsuccessfully against Ray stood hesitating, breathing heavily as if nearly winded, and for an instant I fancied he was about to retire from the contest, or, perhaps, end it quickly with the long knife which was held conveniently at hand by one of the bystanders.

Then those in the rear urged him on, as I judged from the tone of the voices, and as he advanced, more warily this time, understanding that the lad before him was fresh for the fray, Ray took up the cry which I had been repeating again and again, and immediately was it answered.

There could be no question now but that Panda was coming with all speed to our relief, for his voice sounded nearer than before ; but I had no opportunity to speculate upon the matter, because the Filipino rushed toward me savagely.

At boxing Ray is my superior, although younger, but I knew enough regarding self-defence to hold my own against a man who had most likely never fought save with weapons in his hands, and I could do little more.

The fellow counted on putting an end to the battle quickly by rushing in and seizing me, therefore was I forced to exert all my strength and knowledge.

How long we thus fought at close quarters I know not ; it seemed to me that ten minutes must have elapsed, although probably not more than one-third of that time was spent in warding off his savage rushes, and then, to my intense relief, Panda, with a following of not less than twenty, forced his way through the throng, making such a diversion as caused the brute who counted on taking our lives to fall back momentarily.

There was no longer any idea in my mind that Panda was insolent, or disposed to take advantage of our helplessness, for never before had I seen a face so friendly — certainly never one that was more welcome.

Ray and I received no immediate benefit from the coming of this relief party, however, for during five minutes it appeared as if we were in even greater danger than while alone.

Those who had surrounded us were not inclined to give way, evidently holding to it that our lives belonged to them, and weapons were flourished in such reckless fashion that it seemed as if blood would be spilled unwittingly, because the people were pressed so closely together.

It was Panda's brother who acted as spokesman, and Ray and I fancied he was telling these fiendish Filipinos from the interior that we were Americans, and, consequently, friends; but his appeals, if indeed such they were, failed of success.

First one party would surge toward us, and then the other, until finally, through skilful manœuvring, we were surrounded by Panda's following, and then our would-be protectors grew more bold, massing themselves in a circle, and by their gestures inviting an attack.

"Can't you make them understand who we are?" I asked of Panda, as he turned his head for an instant to look at us.

"My brother has told them again and again; but these people are not Manilamen. They are half Malay, half Chinamen, and see in every white face an enemy."

"Haven't the Americans landed yet?"

"No; they still remain on board their vessel, and the city is being looted by the patriots. Cavité will be destroyed unless your people come on shore soon."

There was no time for further conversation. Panda's brother had given the word to advance, and these brave fellows, who were ready to protect us at the cost of their lives, advanced step by step, still presenting to the enemy a complete circle of steel, with Ray and myself in the centre.

We moved forward no more than twelve inches every minute; but yet it was progress, and once the Malays were giving way it might be possible that we could continue on until a place of safety was gained.

But where should we find such a place until after our troops had landed?

I hoped we were moving toward the water's edge, opposite where the *Petrel* lay; yet I knew she was so far toward the arsenal that a journey of such length, at the snail's pace we were moving, would occupy many hours.

The street in advance and behind us appeared literally choked with human beings; but fortunately not all were bent on our murder. Hundreds upon hundreds were occupied with sacking the stores and the dwellings, and, while giving no heed to such a trifling matter as the slaughter of two lads, they unwittingly impeded our progress by throwing household furniture and goods into the street.

Before ten minutes had passed we were halted, absolutely unable to go farther because the throng in advance was so dense it could not be forced back, and now it was that I saw an expression of apprehension upon the faces of those who guarded us.





Panda's brother spoke sharply and hurriedly to his men, and Ray said to me :

"We are coming to the end of this business very soon. These fellows cannot hope to fight long against so many, and the knowledge that others are getting much plunder only serves to make our enemies the more eager to bring the matter to a finish."

"We will make a stand in this house," Panda said, turning his head ever so slightly toward us. "Be ready to rush in as soon as we gain the door."

He motioned toward a small stone building, on the threshold of which could be seen broken furniture and articles of wearing apparel, showing that it had been gutted by the mob, and although not such a place as one would select for a fort, it looked wonderfully inviting to us at the moment.

Our people, meaning those who were protecting Ray and me, massed themselves yet more closely together for a rush, and then at a signal struck out in every direction.

I saw half a dozen evil-looking faces smeared with blood ; we heard cries of rage which told that the battle would come to a speedy end unless the odds could be made more nearly equal, and then came the rush, during which Ray and I were literally shoved into the dwelling.

For the moment we were safe again, — safe if we could hold our position here until the Americans took possession of the city, which I doubted not they would before many hours elapsed.

In a twinkling the doors were closed, shutters fastened,

and guards stationed at every point where an attempt at forcing an entrance might be made.

Now we had a breathing spell, and it was needed, for Panda's followers had been indulging in most severe exercise.

The Filipino lad took no heed to his own comfort until after making certain we were uninjured, and even then seemed to consider it necessary to assure us again and again that he was sorely grieved because we had been so badly treated.

"Why did you leave us?" Ray asked, speaking more sharply than I believed to be necessary.

"To see the American vessels. We, all of us Manila-men, believed the soldiers would come on shore at once, and it was not in our minds that these miserable half-breeds would attempt to destroy the city. Wait till General Aguinaldo comes, and you shall see them flogged."

"He, like our own people, seems to be a long while in making his appearance. Cavité is likely to be laid in ashes before the Americans take possession."

"It may be that the commander of the vessel has sent to the fleet for orders," Panda suggested; but this did not seem to me probable, for, on knowing that the natives were sacking the city, he would first set ashore troops to protect it, and afterward learn what his superior officer thought about the matter.

"How far from here is the American ship?" Ray asked.

“More than four miles.”

I was astounded by this information, for Ray and I had believed her to be close at hand. It no longer seemed strange that a delay was made in the landing; those on board could not know how desperate was the situation on shore.

Ray looked at his watch, believing it to be nearly night-fall, and again we were surprised. It lacked a quarter of an hour of being ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Only five hours since we began to approach the city! It was to me as if a full day had passed from the moment when the first victim of this mad, purposeless rush was killed.

I looked around the apartment in which we two lads had taken refuge, leaving to the Filipinos the outer rooms where they might keep watch over the mob, and here could be seen evidences of that blind, unreasonable spirit of destruction.

The furniture had been hacked and hewed with swords until not one article remained whole; rugs were slit into ribbons, and even the hard wooden floor was dented and scratched in such manner as told that one insane with passion had spent both time and labour upon a task which could have no results. It was a scene of wanton destruction such as I do not believe could have been found anywhere outside these islands, and well calculated to alarm those in a position similar to that which we were in, for it showed that murder would be done simply for the sake of killing.

Outside the mob yelled and raved, frenzied because we two lads had for the moment escaped them, and at frequent intervals showers of missiles were sent against the doors and windows, telling that those who thirsted for blood were on the alert.

"Can Panda's friends hold this place?" Ray asked, with a certain tremor in his voice which told that even his courage was giving way under the strain.

The same question had been in my mind from the first moment we sought refuge here, and now as the lad spoke I remembered having seen, before the old man was put to death, certain men tear out blocks of stone from such buildings as showed signs of decay. This was done simply in the spirit of destruction; but it was to me good proof of what might be accomplished in case the howling Malays persisted in their desire to kill us.

"It cannot be long now before troops are put ashore from our vessel," I replied, giving words to the hope in my mind. "Surely we can hold out here until nightfall, and —"

I stopped speaking very suddenly, for at that instant there came a shock, as if the building had been struck by some heavy object, and Panda ran into the room, his face of that grayish hue which bespeaks terror in one of a coloured skin.

"What is it?" Ray cried, seizing the Filipino by the arm, and unconsciously I echoed the words.

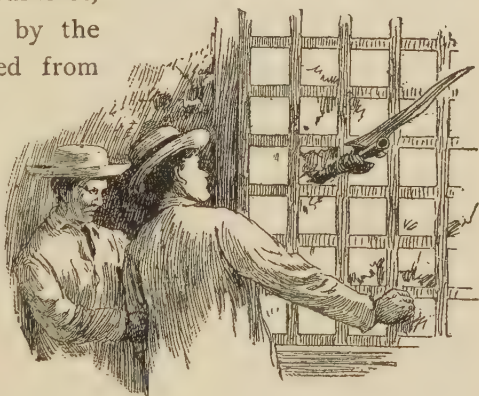
"The miserable Malays are striving to destroy the building. Two stones have been removed by force, and

this moment a large portion of the corner wall fell down."

He would have said more, but his brother summoned him, and Ray and I, unable to remain where it was impossible to see what might be done, followed him into that apartment overlooking the street.

While we had remained in safety these Filipinos had been battling for our lives, as could be seen by the blood which flowed from more than one wound.

I wondered how it might be that wounds were received when a wall of stone separated us from the en-



emy, and would have approached one of the windows in order to look out, but Panda's brother pulled me back.

Surely he saved me from an ugly cut, if not from death, for at that instant a knife, lashed to a long length of bamboo, was thrust through an aperture in the thin shell at the very point where I proposed to look out.

The trampling as of many feet on the floor above, and a cry of mingled anger and pain, caused me to look up at

the ceiling as if expecting the enemy might appear from that quarter.

"Our friends are up there trying to make payment for some of the wounds we have received," Panda said, and, seizing me by the arm as I turned to ascend the stairs, he added, "It is not for you to join them; the windows are open, and the Malays must not see you for whom they are seeking."

"We may as well show ourselves as stay here until the house is torn down," Ray cried. "It is better to do something in our own defence than cower here in idleness."

Another shock, and at one corner of the room appeared an aperture in the outer wall through which a man might have crawled.

If the enemy were allowed to work unmolested we must soon be forced to flee to the chamber above, where death would speedily follow.

Then came a great crash; cries of pain; a noise as of scampering from the throng outside, and Panda cried, his eyes all aflame with excitement:

"They have thrown out the bed-posts, and some of the villains have been caught napping!"

It seemed impossible for me to remain there in ignorance of what was being done, and, shaking off the light grasp which Panda had of my arm, I ran up-stairs, Ray following close at my heels.

Now indeed could we see evidences of battle; two of the Filipinos lay in one corner of the room disabled; at

least five others were covered with blood, and the floor was strewn with stones, fragments of furniture, and even knives, which had been flung in by the mob.

We had come at that moment when a slight advantage had been gained, and, therefore, could approach the open window with some degree of safety.

So far as could be seen in either direction, the streets were literally packed with howling, yelling natives. The work of sacking the city had been abandoned for the moment in order that the villains might enjoy the sport of unearthing two lads whom they probably believed to be Spaniards.

Little chance for life would Ray and I have now if we were in their midst.

It was terrible to look upon those brown-skinned men, knowing that every one was eager to have a hand in the spilling of our blood.

Panda had followed us, and now he pulled me back when I would have lingered at the window.

The attack was about to be resumed; the Malays were drawing near the building once more, and our Manila-men looked about for something more which would serve as weapons.

The huge bedstead, such as is to be found in nearly every house in Luzon, had been thrown out piecemeal, and we had good reason to believe it was not destroyed in vain.

The room was bare of furniture; but there were many rocks on the floor.

These last our men gathered up, each getting one or more, and, standing near the side of the window in such manner as to shield their own bodies, they fired with wonderful accuracy of aim upon those below.

I saw one of our defenders knock down three Malays with as many stones, each of which could not have weighed less than ten pounds, and yet the mob was not checked.

What was the disabling of three men, when a thousand were pressing forward to the attack?

"However bravely these Manilamen may fight, there can be but one ending to such a battle," Ray said, despondently. "In less than an hour the building will be in possession of those fiends, and we shall have left this world!"

Now it was my turn to cheer him, even as he had cheered me when my courage failed.

Flinging my arm around his neck, I forced him to the floor below, saying, as we descended the stairs:

"The American troops will have landed before those fellows can tear this house down. It must soon be known to the commander of the *Petrel* that the city is in the hands of a mob, and he will take speedy steps to save it."

"Perhaps he has no troops, but must send back to Manila for men," Ray replied, despondently, and at this suggestion, which seemed most reasonable, I very nearly lost heart again — should have done so, in fact, but for the necessity of cheering my brother.

There was nothing in the room on the ground-floor to





revive our spirits. The corner of the building had been torn away yet further, until now it was possible to look into the street through the aperture, and I could see more than one of the Malays stooping low in order to fling a knife after the fashion of a spear.

There was an expression of fear on the face of Panda's brother, and I knew he had begun to despair of holding the enemy in check much longer.

The Manilamen no longer sought an opportunity to strike effective blows, but crouched against the wall, beyond range of the opening.

They had lost heart, and were nerving themselves for the death which would come to them because of having dared shield two white lads from harm.

It seemed, indeed, as if the supreme moment had arrived, and I threw my arms around Ray's neck once more, hugging him close in what I believed to be a last embrace, when suddenly the cries of anger from without were changed to shouts of fear and surprise.

There was no longer any attempt to pull away the wall; no more rocks were thrown in through the open windows above. Instead, the throng took to their heels, and before one could have counted fifty the streets were cleared as if by magic.

"They have found a victim that can be come at with less labour," I said, despondently, and then I pricked up my ears as a great hope, a great joy and relief came into my heart, causing the blood to bound through every vein.

From the distance, and yet not so far away but that we

could distinguish the tramp, tramp of many feet, came the beat of a drum, the shrill notes of a fife, and this is the tune we two lads, who had believed ourselves face to face with death, heard in the city of Cavité, as we stood within the half-ruined house gripping each other's hands :

“Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony ;
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni !”

Never before had I thought there was anything very beautiful in that song ; but now it seemed the sweetest I ever heard, and since then it amuses me as can no other combination of notes.

Singing at the full strength of our lungs, what was at the same time a song of triumph and of thanksgiving, Ray and I flung open the door, for the Filipinos had begun to unbar it instantly the shrill notes of the fife were heard, marching into the street, with the Manilamen at our heels, to meet our countrymen.

I wish it might be possible for me to set down all that followed after we made ourselves known ; but it cannot be done, and for the good reason that neither Ray nor I have any very clear idea of anything until we found ourselves on the deck of the *Petrel*, explaining to Commander Lamberton how we two Yankee lads chanced to be in Cavité.

Within forty-eight hours we were with our parents again, and there is no need for me to set forth at any very great length our joy at meeting them once more.

As is well known, Manila did not surrender for some time after the city of Cavité was taken possession of by our forces, and if it should chance that this poor story of mine is ever printed, I shall request permission to try my hand at story-writing again, in order to set down the part Ray and I played in the capitulation of the port, for we had no mean adventure in the island of Luzon after the rescue of Cavité, as is known already to very many.

At present it is sufficient to say that we were present when the Spanish forces finally capitulated, and we met Aguinaldo face to face many times more than was really agreeable; but all this occurred after we had our experience among the Filipinos, when Dewey came to Cavité, therefore it is not anything which can properly be set down here.



OFF SANTIAGO WITH SAMPSON



OFF SANTIAGO WITH SAMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

"KEEP OUT."

IT was a small but by no means feeble-looking boy who stood in front of a driveway disclosed by the opening of huge gates which, until they had been swung inward, appeared to have been a portion of the high fence of boards.

There was seemingly no inducement for a boy to linger in this vicinity, unless, indeed, it might have been the sign posted either side the gate, on which was painted in letters rendered conspicuous because of the vivid colouring, the forbidding words, "Keep Out."

"I'll not keep out 'less I'm minded to, an' him as can hold me this side the fence needs to be spry on his feet," the small boy said, half to himself, and with a gesture of defiance which told he had not been accustomed to obeying commands that might be evaded.

Through the gateway nothing could be seen save enormous heaps of coal, some enclosed in pens formed of

planks as if to prevent them from mingling with the others, and between all a path or road of no more than sufficient width to permit the passage of a cart. In the distance, a rough building abruptly closed the view, and

beyond it the puffing of steam and rattle of iron implements told of life and activity.



Outside the fence, it was as if this certain portion of the city had been temporarily deserted ; but one could hear the rumble of wheels over the pavements on either hand, giving token that the coalyard was situated just beyond the line of city traffic.

The boy gazed into the uninviting-looking place as if fascinated, only glancing up now and then at the signs which mutely forbade his entrance, and,

as if unconscious of his movements, stole slowly nearer and nearer the gateway until he stood directly on the line that separated the yard from the sidewalk.

"If I wanted to go in, it's more'n a couple of signs that could keep me out," he muttered, threateningly, and then,

with one backward glance to assure himself that no unfriendly policeman was watching from the distance, the boy darted forward, taking refuge behind the nearest heap of coal, lest an enemy should be lurking near at hand.

Save for the hum of labour everywhere around, he heard nothing. No guardian of the smutty premises appeared to forbid his entrance, and after waiting a full minute to make certain it was safe to advance yet farther, he left one place of partial concealment for the next in his proposed line of march.

So far as he could see, there was no other guardian of the yard save the two signs at the entrance, and the only purpose they served was to challenge him.

Grown bolder as the moments passed without bringing to light an enemy, the lad advanced more rapidly until he stood, partially concealed by one of the pens, where it was possible to have a full view of all that was being done in this place to which the public were not supposed to be admitted.

If the intruder had braved the unknown dangers of the yard simply in order to gratify his curiosity, then had he paid a higher price than the view warranted.

The building, which from the street appeared to mark the end of the enclosure, was a structure wherein puffing engines, grimy men, long lengths of moving chains, and enormous iron cars or boxes were sheltered from the sun or rain. In front of it a wooden wall extended down into the water, — a pier perhaps it might be called, — and

at this pier, held fast by hemp and iron cables, lay a gigantic steamer built of iron.

The intruder gave no heed to the busy men and machinery within the building. The vessel, so powerful, but lying there apparently helpless, enchained his attention until he had made mental note of every spar, or boat, or cable within his range of vision.

Then, suddenly, from somewhere amid the chains, and cars, and puffing steam, came the shrill blast of a whistle, and as if by magic all activity ceased.

The engines no longer breathed with a heavy clank ; cars and chains came to a standstill, and men moved quietly away here or there as if having no more interest in the hurly-burly.

One of the weary labourers, his face begrimed with coal-dust until it was not possible to distinguish the colour of his skin, took from its near-by hiding-place a dinner-pail, and came directly toward where the small boy was overlooking the scene.

Within two yards of the lad the dusty man sat down, brushed the ends of his fingers on his trousers, rather from force of habit than with any idea of cleansing them, and without further delay began to eat his dinner.

The boy eyed him hungrily, looked around quickly to make certain that there were no others dangerously near, and stepped out from behind his screen of coal.

"You'd better keep an eye out for the watchman," the man said, speaking indistinctly because of the bread in his mouth, and the boy replied, defiantly :

"I'd like to see the watchman 'round here that I'm 'fraid of, an' besides, he couldn't catch me."

"What'er you doin' here?"

"Nothin'."

"A boy of your size has got no business to be loafin' 'round doin' nothin'."

"I might be eatin' if I had a chance; but there hasn't been much of an openin' for me in that line this quite a spell."

"Hungry?"

"Give me a piece of that bread an' I'll show yer."

"Don't you do anything for a livin'?" the man asked passing the lad a generous slice from the loaf.

"Course I do."

"What?"

"Anything that pays. I've sold papers some since the Spaniards got so funny; but it ain't any great snap, only once in awhile when the news is humpin' itself. A feller gets stuck mighty often, an' I'm thinkin' of tryin' somethin' else."

"Where's your folks?"

"I ain't got any to speak of now, since my father got giddy an' went off to war."

"Out for a soldier, eh?"

"Not a bit of it! He shovels coal aboard one of them big steamers that's down smashin' the life out'er Cuby, that's what he does, an' he's nobody's slouch, dad ain't!"

"What's your name?"

"Teddy Dunlap."

"Want more bread?"

The boy leaned over in order to look into the dinner-pail, and then said, promptly :

"I've had enough."

"Don't think you're robbin' me, 'cause you ain't. I believe in feedin' well, an' this is only my first pail. There's another over there that I'll tackle later."

Teddy glanced in the direction pointed out by his new acquaintance, and, seeing a pail half concealed by some loose boards, at once stretched out his hand, as he said :

"If you've got plenty, I don't care if I do have another piece of that bread."

"Can't you earn enough to keep you in food?" and the man gave to the boy a most appetising sandwich.

"Say, that's a dandy! It's half meat, too! Them you get down-town don't have more'n the shadow of a ham bone inside the bread! Course I make enough to buy food; but you don't think I'm blowin' it all in jest for a spread, eh?"

"Runnin' a bank?"

"Well, it's kind'er like that; I'm puttin' it all away, so's to go down to Cuby an' look after the old man. He allers did need me, an' I can't see how he's been gettin' along alone."

"Where's your mother?"

"Died when I was a kid. Dad an' me boomed things in great shape till he got set on goin' to war, an' that broke it all up."

"Did he leave you behind to run wild?"



"Not much he didn't, 'cause he knows I can take care of myself; but he allowed to make money enough so's we could buy a place out in the country, where we'd have an imitation farm, an' live high. Oh, I'm all right, an' every time I catch a sucker like you there's jest so much more saved toward goin' down to Cuby. You see I never did take much stock in dad's kitin' 'round fightin' Spaniards, an' since he left it seems as if I was mighty foolish to let him go, so I'm bound to be where he is, when things come my way."

"Look here, Teddy," and the dust-begrimed man spoke in a more kindly tone to the boy, "If your father is a coal-passer in the navy, an' that's what he seems to be, 'cordin' to your story, you couldn't see very much of him, even though you was on board his vessel all the time."

"Don't yer s'pose I know that? I ain't sich a baby that I count on bein' right under his nose; but I'm goin' to be somewhere near the old man in case he needs me."

"It seems as if you might get down to Cuba easier than earnin' the money to pay your passage."

"How?" and Teddy ceased eating for the instant to look at this new friend who had made a suggestion which interested him more than anything else could have done.

"Why don't you try to work your passage? Now, here's this 'ere steamer, loadin' with coal for the navy — perhaps goin' to the very ship your father is on. If you could jolly the captain into takin' you to do odd jobs, it would be a

snap, alongside of payin' for a ticket an' trustin' to luck after gettin' there."

"Well, say! That would be a great racket if it could be worked! Is it a dead sure thing that the steamer's bound for our war-vessels?"

"That's what, though it ain't to be said that she'll be goin' to the very craft your father's on. All I know is Uncle Sam has bought this coal, an' it's bein' taken out to our navy somewhere 'round Cuba."

"I don't reckon any but them what enlists can go aboard the steamer, an' the snap can't be worked, for I've tried four times to get taken on as a sailor."

"But bless your heart, this 'ere craft is only a chartered collier."

"A what?"

"I mean she's only a freighter that Uncle Sam has hired to carry coal. You won't find enlisted men aboard of her."

"An' do you really think there's a chance for me?"

"I can't say as to that, lad; but I'd make a try for a berth aboard if my mind was set on goin' into that part of the world, which it ain't. The captain went below not ten minutes before the noon-whistle sounded, an' he's likely there this minute."

Teddy gazed inquiringly at this new acquaintance for an instant, as if suspicious that the man might be making sport of him, and then marched resolutely toward the end of the pier, with the half-eaten sandwich almost forgotten in his hand.

After perhaps five minutes had passed, he returned, looking disappointed, but not disheartened, and seating himself by the side of the owner of the two dinner-pails, resumed operations upon the sandwich.

"See the captain?"

"Yep."

"Didn't want a boy, eh?"

"Guess not; he said he'd give me two minutes to get out of the cabin, an' I thought perhaps I'd better go."

"Quite natural, lad, quite natural; I'd done the same thing myself. There couldn't have been any very great harm worked, though, in askin' the question."

"It stirred him up considerable; but I guess he'll get over it without any very bad spell," Teddy said, grimly, and after a brief pause, added, reflectively, "It seems as though some men hated boys; I've seen them as would take a good deal of trouble to kick a feller if he stood the least little bit in the way, an' I never could understand it."

"Perhaps there's more'n you in the same box; a brute's a brute whether he be old or young, an' age always makes 'em worse. It's a pity, though, that you didn't strike one of the right kind, because if you're set on gettin' down where the fightin' is goin' on, this 'ere steamer would have been the safest way."

"Do you know when she's likely to leave?" Teddy asked, after a long pause, during which he had been gazing intently at the gilt letters, *Merrimac*, on the vessel's rail.

"Some time to-night, I reckon. We've been workin' night an' day at the loadin', an' it's said that she'll leave

the dock within an hour after the last scoopful has been put aboard."

"How long will it take her to get there?"

"I can't say, lad, seein's I don't rightly know where she's bound; but it shouldn't be a long voyage at the worst, for such as her."

Again Teddy gazed at the gilt letters on the rail, as if



in them he saw something strange or wonderful, and when the owner of the dinner-pails had come to an end of his meal, the boy said, abruptly :

"Do you know the watchman here?"

"Watchman! I haven't seen any yet, though I reckon likely there is one around somewhere; but he ain't agitin' himself with doin' much watchin'."

"Is the yard open all the time?"

"I haven't seen the gates closed yet ; but most likely that's because the work has been pushed on so fast, there hasn't been time to shut 'em. Look here, lad ! " and now the man sat bolt upright, staring as intently at the boy as the latter had at the gilt letters, " Is it in your head to stow away on that steamer ? "

" Sim Donovan did it aboard a English steamer, an' I've heard it said he had a great time."

" Yes, I reckon he did, if the captain was the usual sort," the dust-begrimed man replied, grimly.

" I could keep out of sight a whole week, if it was for the sake of comin' across dad," the boy added, half to himself.

" That's what you think now, lad ; but it ain't the easy work you're countin' on. As a general rule, stowaways get it mighty tough, an' I'd sooner take my chances of swimmin', than to try any such plan."

" If a feller kept under cover he couldn't get into much trouble."

" But you can't stay in hidin' any great length of time, lad. You'd have to come out for food or water after a spell."

" Not if I took plenty with me," Teddy replied, in the tone of one who has already arrived at a conclusion.

" It looks easy enough while you're outside ; but once shut in between decks, or cooped up in some small hole, an' you'd sing a different tune."

" I wouldn't if it was a case of seein' dad when we got there."

"But that's the trouble, my boy. You don't know where the steamer is bound. She might be runnin' straight away from him, an' then what would you do?"

"You said she was goin' to carry the coal to our vessels, didn't you?"

"Yes; but that don't mean she'll strike the very one your father is workin' on."

"I'll take the chances," and now Teddy spoke very decidedly.

For an instant it was as if the owner of the two dinner-pails would attempt to dissuade him from the hastily formed determination, and then the man checked himself suddenly.

"I like to see a boy show that he's got some backbone to him, an' it may be you'll pull out all right. It'll be an experience you'll never forget, though, an' perhaps it won't do any harm."

"How can it?" Teddy asked, sharply.

"Them as have tried it might be able to explain more'n I can; there's no call for me to spend wind tryin' to tell what you won't listen to, so I'll hold my tongue. I'm bound to say this much, though, which is that you're certain to catch it rough when the time comes for showin' yourself."

"That'll be all right; I can stand a good deal for the sake of seein' the old man once more."

Having said this, Teddy turned his head away as if no longer inclined for conversation, whereupon the owner of the two dinner-pails surveyed him admiringly.

"I wouldn't wonder if you had considerable sand in you, Teddy Dunlap," he said, musingly. "An' even though it seems a queer thing for a grown man to do, I'm minded to give you a lift along what's goin' to prove a mighty hard road."

"Meanin' that you're willin' to help me?" the lad asked, his face brightening wonderfully.

"It's little I can do, an' while I ought'er turn you over to the police in order to prevent your makin' a fool of yourself, I'll see the game out so far as I can. What have you got by way of an outfit?"

"I don't need any."

"You must have food and water."

"I ain't broke, an' it won't be any great job to buy as much grub as will keep me goin' for a spell."

"That's the same as all stowaways figger, an' the consequence is that they have to show themselves mighty soon after the ship sails. I ain't advisin' you to try the game; but if you're set on it, I says, says I, take all you'll need for a week, an' then perhaps there'll be a turn in affairs that'll help you out of a bad hole. Here are my pails; they're yours an' welcome. Fill 'em both with water, or perhaps cold tea would be best; buy whatever will be most fillin', an' walk aboard as bold as a lion within the next hour. Them as see you are bound to think you're waitin' upon some of the workmen, an' not a word will be said. The hidin' of yourself is easy enough; it's the comin' out that'll be rough."

"Say, you're what I call a dandy!" and Teddy laid his

hand on the man's knee approvingly. "I was mighty lucky to come across one of your kind."

"I ain't so certain about that. Before twenty-four hours have gone by you may be wishin' you'd never seen me."

"I'll risk that part of it, an' if you really mean for me to have the pails, you'll see me go aboard the steamer mighty soon."

"They're yours, my boy, an' I only hope you'll come out of the scrape all right."

"Don't worry 'bout that; it'll be a terrible spry captain that can make me cry baby when I'm headin' toward where dad is. Be good to yourself!"

Teddy took up the pails, and as he turned to go out of the yard his new acquaintance asked, solicitously:

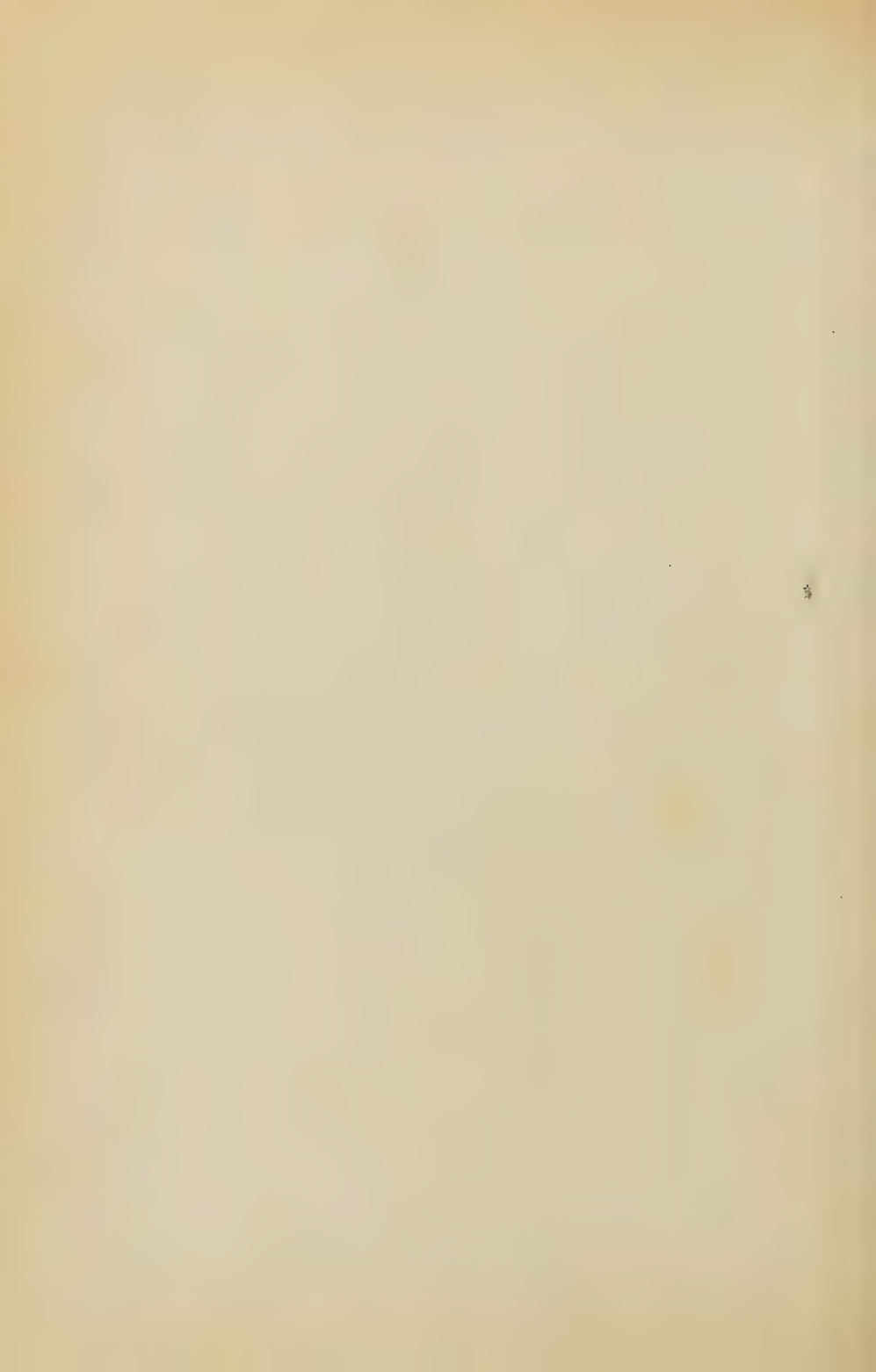
"Got money enough to buy what'll be needed? If you haven't there's some odd change about my clothes that —"

"I'm well fixed, an' that's a fact. Ever since the idea came to me of huntin' dad up, I've kept myself in shape to leave town on a hustle. You're mighty good, just the same."

"I'm makin' an old fool of myself, that's what I'm doin'," the man replied, angrily, and then turned resolutely away, muttering to himself, "It's little less than sheer cruelty to let a lad like him stow away on a collier. There ain't one chance in a thousand of his findin' the father he's after, an' the odds are in favour of his havin' a precious hard time before gettin' back to this town."

Then a whistle sounded as a warning that the labourers





must return to their tasks, and a moment later the building was alive once more with the hum and whirl of machinery, the clanking of great chains, and the voices of men.

One of the steamer's hatches was already on and battened down. A second was being fastened in place, and the final preparations being made told that the enormous hold had been nearly filled with the black fuel needed by the war-ships.

Every man, whether a member of the vessel's crew, or one of the labourers employed for the lading, was intent only on his own business, and among all that throng it is probable that but one gave any heed to a small boy who came rapidly down through the yard carrying two tin pails in his hands, and a large paper parcel under his arm.

That single workman, who was giving heed to other than his own special work, nodded in the most friendly fashion as the lad passed near where he was standing, and whispered, gruffly :

"God love you, lad !"

The boy winked gravely, and then, setting his face seaward, marched boldly up on the steamer's deck, glancing neither to the right nor the left, lest it should be observed that he was not familiar with his surroundings.

The man, who a few moments previous had been the possessor of two dinner-pails, watched carefully as the small lad walked rapidly forward, and only when the latter was lost to view did he give heed to his own work, saying half to himself as he took up the task once more :

"I've half a mind to blow on the boy even now, for it's

a cruel shame to let him take the chances of stowin' away with but little hope of ever findin' his father."

As if in pursuance of this thought he took a step forward, and then checked himself, adding, thoughtfully :

"It would be more cruel to stop the little shaver just when he believes he's workin' his plan so smooth. Better let him go his own course, an' trust that them he comes across will remember the time when they were lads."

CHAPTER II.

KEEP IN.

TEDDY DUNLAP'S father was formerly a coal-passer on a steam-tug, and many times had the lad, while spending the day with his parent, seen an ocean-going steamer at close range, while the small craft went alongside the larger one for business purposes.

At such times the boy seldom lost an opportunity of boarding the big vessel, and thus it was that he had a general idea of where he might the most readily find a hiding-place this day when he was venturing so much in the hope of meeting his only relative.

The dinner-pails and the parcel under his arm would have done much toward warding off suspicion as to his purpose, had any one observed him; but every person on deck, whether member of the crew or temporarily employed to make the ship ready for sea, was so intent on his duties as to have no thought for a lad who appeared to be attending strictly to his own business.

Even if any one aboard had observed Teddy particularly, the natural thought would have been that he had come to deliver the parcel and pails to one of the workmen, and so long as the boy had been permitted to come over the rail,

it was reasonable to suppose he had due authority for being there.

Teddy knew full well that his chances for successfully stowing away in the vicinity of the main cabin, the engine-room, or the deck-houses, were exceedingly slight, for such places were visited by many; but down in the very eyes of the ship, where were located the quarters for the seamen, was more than one dark, out-of-the-way hole into which he could creep with but little fear of being discovered.

Turning his head neither to the right nor the left, and moving rapidly as if it was his desire to be ashore again as soon as possible, the boy went into the forecabin — the sailors' parlour.

The dark, ill-ventilated place, filled with noisome odours, had at that moment no living occupants save the rats who had grown bold through long tenancy. The crew were all on deck, for at this time, when quick despatch was necessary, no skulking would be allowed, and had Teddy's friend with the dinner-pails attended to the arrangements, the boy could not have had a better opportunity.

He might be even boisterously noisy, and there was little likelihood any would come to learn the cause of the uproar until after the steamer had left the coal-sheds to begin her long voyage straight toward the enemy's islands.

Being in a certain degree aware of this last fact, Teddy set about making his arrangements for the ticketless voyage in a methodical fashion, there being no reason why he should allow himself to be hurried.

The crew on board the good steamer *Merrimac* had

neither better nor worse quarters than those to be found on any other craft of her class; but to a lad whose experiences of seafaring life had been confined to short excursions around the harbour, this "sea parlour" was by no means inviting, and save for the incentive which urged him forward, Teddy Dunlap might have allowed himself to become disheartened even before it had been proven that he could take passage secretly.

"It ain't so *awful* tough," he said to himself, "an' daddy will be all the more glad to see me after knowin' I've had a hard time gettin' to him."

This last thought was sufficient to strengthen his failing courage, and straightway he set about searching for a hiding-place where he might remain concealed until the steamer should come alongside Commodore Schley's flagship, the *Brooklyn*, whereon was his father.

Then — but there would be time enough to form plans for showing himself when he had nothing better with which to occupy his attention.

The forecastle was well filled with sea-chests, bedding, which as yet had not been put in place, and such like goods as seamen would naturally bring with them on a reasonably long voyage, therefore Teddy found it difficult to judge as to what might be the general arrangements for stowage after the steamer should be under way; but he had good reason to believe it was necessary to find some place so small that it could not well be utilised by the men.

When, after some search, he came upon a narrow, dark,

doorless closet, partially filled with coils of rope, bolts of canvas, and what appeared to be a general assortment of odds and ends, it seemed as if he had indeed found that for which he was looking.

There was little chance this small den would be required for other than what it was then used, and he had only to



fear that some of the articles it contained might suddenly be needed, when he must of a necessity be discovered by whosoever should be sent to overhaul the goods.

"I'll have to take the chances," Teddy said to himself, having considered well this possibility of dis-

covery. "It ain't likely they'll want anything out of here till after the steamer is at sea, an' then it'll be too late to send me ashore."

Once having decided that this was to be his abiding-place during the time he could remain in hiding on board the *Merrimac*, Teddy set about making such bestowal of the goods as would best serve to his comfort, arguing with

himself that he might not have another opportunity for putting the new quarters into decent shape.

Understanding that once the steamer was at sea she would be tossed about by the waves until it might be difficult for him to remain in whatever place he pleased, the boy's first care was to make of the rope and canvas a barricade to hold the remainder of the goods in proper position, and, this done, there was little else possible, save to unroll a bolt of the sail-cloth that it should serve as a bed.

"It's a good deal snugger than I expected, an' the dark part of it don't count," he said to himself, contentedly, as he wedged the two tin pails filled with water, and his store of provisions, inside the largest coil of rope. "When there ain't too much noise I can hear the crew talkin', and that'll help out big if a feller happens to get lonesome. Them signs on the coal-yard said 'keep out,' an' I come in; now I ought'er put up one that says 'keep in,' an' perhaps I'll go out quicker'n I'm countin' on. Anyhow it's a case of keepin' in mighty snug, 'less I want to run up against that captain once more, an' I'm thinkin' he'd be an ugly customer."

Teddy Dunlap was well content. He believed his store of provisions and water was sufficient to keep both hunger and thirst at a distance during such time as it might be necessary for him to remain there in hiding, and when the short term of imprisonment should come to an end, he would be with his father.

What more could any twelve-year-old boy ask for?

It was while counting up his reasons for being thankful that the stowaway fell asleep, the heat, the darkness, and the comparative quiet all contributing to make his eyelids heavy, and he was yet unconscious when two noisy, bustling little tugs, one either side of the big vessel, towed her down the harbour.

The voyage had begun, and, apparently, there was no suspicion in the minds of the officers that the *Merrimac* had on board other than her regularly shipped crew.

When Teddy awakened he felt comfortable both in mind and body; the steamer was rising and falling on the ocean swell, but not to such a degree as inconvenienced him in the slightest, and the many odours with which his nostrils were assailed passed almost entirely unnoticed.

He believed, because of the pounding of the waves, that the *Merrimac* was rushing through the waters at a sharp pace, and this supposed fact was in itself sufficient to counterbalance any defects he may have discovered in his hiding-place, for the greater the speed the sooner he might see his father.

Not until after he had been awake several moments was it possible to distinguish, amid the varied noises, the sound of human voices; but he was finally able to do so, and became greatly cheered thereby.

"Now, this ain't goin' to be so bad," he said to himself, contentedly. "I'll know everything that's goin' on, 'cause it won't be a big job to crawl out far enough to hear the men talk, an' a feller couldn't be better fixed, not if he'd paid two prices for a ticket."

Then the idea came to Teddy Dunlap that he was hungry, and he laughed gently at the thought that it was only necessary to stretch out his hand in order to satisfy the desire.

“Talk 'bout your palace-cars! They ain't a marker 'longside this way of travellin'. I don't have to wait for any tousled-headed nigger to bring my order, 'cause here it is!”

Straightway the boy began to satisfy his hunger, doing it in an economical fashion, for he was not minded to exhaust his supply on the first day of leaving port.

He drank sparingly of the water, but yet taking sufficient to quench his thirst, and when the meal was come to an end lay back on the canvas bed luxuriously, congratulating himself again and again, upon his determination to go in search of his father.

The motion of the steamer grew more violent; but Teddy was proof against such rolling as the *Merrimac* was indulging in then.

There remained the same buffeting of the waves which told of progress; told that the distance between himself and his father was rapidly being lessened, and this was sufficient for the stowaway.

The plunging of the steamer was to Teddy Dunlap no more than the violent rocking of a cradle would be to an infant; it prevented him from remaining quiet as would have been pleasant, but did not drive slumber from his eyelids.

In less than ten minutes after having partaken of the

meal he was again wrapped in slumber, and during a full twenty-four hours he alternately slept and ate; but at the end of that time was more than ready for a change of programme.

Then it was that his eyes refused to close; the folds of canvas, which at first had seemed as soft as any fellow could have asked for, became hard as iron, and he suddenly discovered that he was sore and lame from having been flung about when the vessel rolled.

The hardships of a stowaway's life suddenly became a reality, and instead of congratulating himself upon being on board the *Merrimac*, he began to speculate upon the probable length of the voyage.

He hungered to hear the voices of the men more distinctly, and spent full two hours gently moving the dunnage around so that he might crawl out near the entrance to this seeming cave.

When he had gotten so far into the fore-castle that no more than two coils of rope hid him from view of the watch below, and understood it would be dangerous to advance any farther, he learned that it was impossible to hear any more than such words as were spoken in the loudest tone. There was little hope of being able to realise what might be going on around him by such means.

Then came a most dismal twenty-four hours, when the *Merrimac*, met full in the teeth by a gale of wind, staggered, plunged, and rolled her way along, every wave striking the iron hull with a force that caused Teddy to

wince, and then came that deathly sickness which those who sail upon the sea are sometimes forced to endure.

There were many hours when the stowaway believed the steamer was about to go to the bottom, and he fancied death was the only relief from his agony. He even ceased to think of his father, and considered no person save himself, wondering why he had been so foolish as to believe it might be wise to search for Commodore Schley's flag-ship.

More than once while the malady had a firm hold upon him, did he decide to throw himself upon the mercy of whosoever might chance to be in view when he emerged from the hiding-place, and perhaps if the sickness had been less severe, his adventures would have ended as do the greater number of such exploits.

Once having recovered, however, his heart became braver, even though he learned that nearly all the water had been spilled while the steamer was tossing about so wildly, and his store of provisions, which had seemed so large when he came on board, was nearly exhausted.

After this the hours passed more slowly, and each moment the imprisonment seemed more irksome.

It was only with difficulty he could force himself to remain screened from view, and more than once did he venture dangerously near the entrance to his floating cave in the hope of seeing a human face, but yet he kept his secret forty-eight hours longer, when the provisions, as well as the water, had come to an end.

He had ceased to speculate upon the meeting with his

father, but thought only of how long he could endure the pangs of hunger and thirst, and even the fear of the commander's possible brutality faded away as he dwelt upon the pleasure of having sufficient to eat and drink.

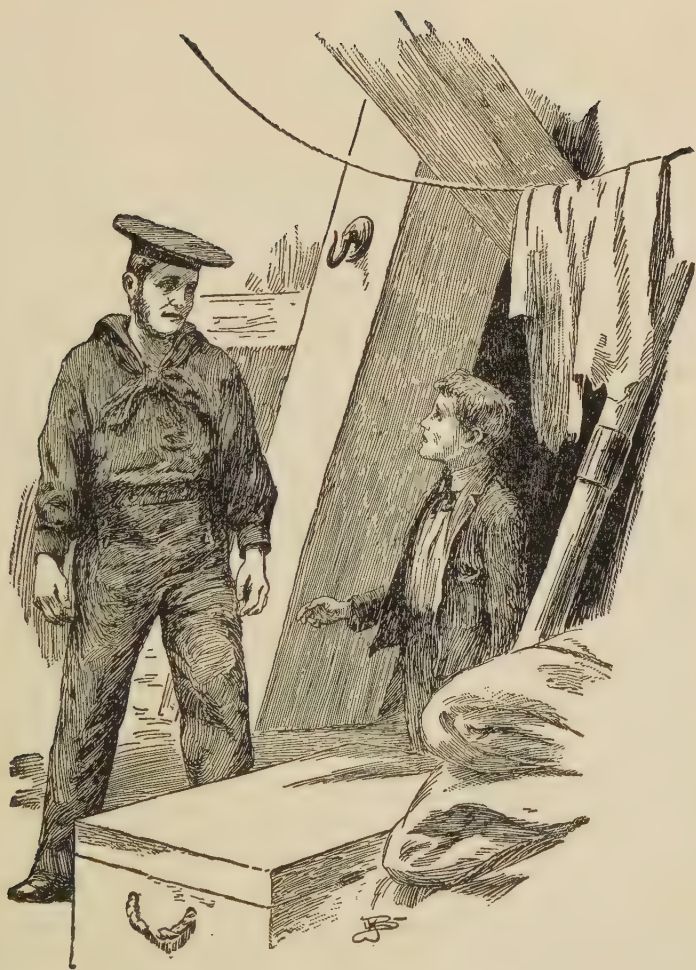
And finally, as might have been expected, the moment arrived when he could no longer hold his courage against the suffering, and he made preparations to discover himself.

How long he had been cooped up in that narrow place it was impossible for him to so much as guess; he did not try to compute the number of hours that had elapsed since he last tasted food or water; there was only in his mind an intense desire to receive the punishment for having stowed away, in order that he might the sooner satisfy the cravings of his stomach.

"It's no use to hold on any longer; the voyage ain't comin' to an end for weeks an' weeks, an' I'll be dead in another day if I don't have somethin' to eat. I'll go out this minute, an' take whatever they give me in the way of a floggin', for waitin' won't make things any better."

Having arrived at this decision, Teddy Dunlap began to attack the cordage which screened the entrance to his retreat as if each strand of rope was a deadly enemy to be overcome without loss of time, and when he had thrown down the last obstacle he stood blinking and winking in the not overly strong light of the forecastle, confronted by a short, round-faced sailor, who surveyed him in mingled fear and astonishment.

"Where — who — what — oh, a stowaway, eh?" the



little man cried, after having expressed on his glistening face, in rapid succession, fear, astonishment, and bewilderment. "Well, I'll eat my hat if I ever heard of a lad stowin' away on a collier what's out on an errand like ours!"

"Yes, I'm a stowaway, an' I don't care who knows it!" Teddy cried, in a tone of desperation. "I held in just as long as any feller could, an' it seems as if I was next door to bein' dead, I'm so thirsty an' hungry!"

"You won't count triflin' things like that after you've come face to face with the captain, lad," and the little man appeared as truly sorrowful as any one of a like jolly countenance ever can, however saddening the situation.

"Will he let in to me pretty tough?"

"I'm thinkin' that anything else you've had in that line will seem a good deal like a joke, alongside of what he'll deal out, an' that ain't the worst of it."

"What else can he do?" and Teddy looked up timidly, absolutely frightened out of his hunger.

"This 'ere is the next thing to a government steamer, seein's we're on naval service, an' the captain is like to turn you over to the first cruiser we meet, for extra punishment. I don't know how Uncle Sam treats them as stows away on his vessels, but I'll go bail it ain't with any very tender hand."

Teddy Dunlap looked around the forecandle, searching for some one to whom he could appeal, for he believed this jolly-looking little sailor was trying to play upon his fears; but the sea-parlour was empty.

If he had waited forty-eight hours for an opportune time in which to make his appearance, he could not have come at a better moment.

"What's the use tryin' to scare a feller almost to death?" he asked, piteously. "I've got to take the dose, of course; but there's no need of your rubbin' it in."

"I ain't comin' any game on you, lad, an' that's the solemn truth. While I never saw the captain of this 'ere steamer till I came aboard, I'll eat my hat if he ain't a tartar when you rub his fur the wrong way, an' I'm tryin' to think if there ain't some way of gettin' you out of the scrape."

"I'd go back into my hole if I had somethin' to eat an' drink."

"Where'd you come from?"

Teddy pointed to his late place of concealment, and the jolly little man said, quite cheerfully:

"That's the very thing for you to do, my son. I don't want to see you abused, an' it'll be hard lines if between us you can't be got off this bloomin' steamer without everybody's knowin' that you've cheated Uncle Sam out of a passage."

"Can you get me somethin' to eat?" Teddy asked, imploringly.

"I will if it takes every cent that's comin' to me in the way of wages, to square the cook. Tell me what brought you here, sonny? You can stand jest behind this dunage, an' we'll be able to talk quite comfortable."

That the little man would be a real friend there could

be no doubt, and without hesitation Teddy told him the whole story, neither adding to nor taking therefrom, and saying, by way of conclusion :

"Of course it'll be all right when I come across daddy, for there ain't no captain of a coal-steamer who'd dare give it to me very rough while he was around."

"An' your father is aboard the *Brooklyn*, eh?"

"Yes; he shipped as coal-passer."

"Well, I don't rightly know what he'll be able to do for you in case we come across him, which is doubtful; but from what I've seen of skippers since this war begun, I'm thinkin' our captain will swing a pretty heavy hand, unless he meets some other feller who holds a bigger commission."

"You talk as if I couldn't find daddy," Teddy interrupted. "He's aboard the flag-ship."

"That's what I heard you say; but it ain't any proof we'll come across him. This 'ere cargo of coal is goin' where it's most needed, an' we may never find any of Schley's fleet."

"But we're goin' right where the war-vessels are."

"See here, my son, Commodore Schley's fleet ain't the only squadron in this war by a long chalk, an' we might work at coalin' the navy from now till we're gray-headed without comin' across him. I'm afraid the chances of findin' your father are slim; but I'm bound to help you out'er the snarl that bloomin' longshoreman got you into, if it so be I can. Get back into the hole, an' I'll see what can be found in the way of grub."

Teddy, more disheartened because of the doubt expressed as to the possibility of finding his father, obeyed the little man's order without remonstrance, and once alone again, gave himself up to the most disagreeable thoughts, absolutely forgetting for the moment that he had supposed himself on the verge of starvation a short time previous.

As yet he had not absolutely divulged his secret, save to the little sailor who had promised to be his friend, and it might be possible that at some port he could slip on shore without the knowledge of any save this one man.

But all such counted for nothing at the moment, in view of the possibility that he had, perhaps, made the venture in vain.

There was another and yet more alarming view to be taken of the situation. He might be forced to go ashore in a strange harbour, for it was hardly within the range of probability that he could return in the *Merrimac* to the home port, and then there was the ugly chance that possibly there would be great difficulty in finding his way back.

"I've made the biggest kind of a fool of myself!" he wailed, very softly; "but I won't let anybody know that I'm willin' to agree to it. When a feller gets into a muss he's bound to crawl out of it an' keep his upper lip stiff, else folks will have the laugh on him. It ain't so certain but I'd better go straight on deck an' take my dose; the captain won't be likely to kill me, an' the sooner it's over the easier I'll feel."

It is not certain but that Teddy Dunlap might have put this new proposition into execution at once, had it not been for the coming of the little sailor, who said, in a cheery tone :

"Here you are, my hearty, salt horse an' tea ! I reckon you can worry along on that for a spell, an' meanwhile I'll keep my weather eye liftin' for you. Things may not be more'n half as bad as they look, an' even that'll be tough enough."

"I've been thinkin' I'd better have it out with the captain now, an' then I wouldn't be dreadin' it."

"What's the sense of picklin' a rod for your own back when you may run away from it ? Hold on here for a spell, an' I'll get the lay of the land before anything foolish is done."

"You're mighty good to me," Teddy murmured, softly, as he took the hook-pot of tea and strip of cold meat from the sailor's hands. "What's your name ?"

"Bill Jones — Snippey, some of the hands call me when they want to be funny. I reckon we'd best not do any more chinnin', for the port watch will be in here precious soon, an' there's more'n one man who'd make life hot for you if he had the chance. I know what sailors are, lad, seein's I've been one myself, man an' boy, these thirty years, an' their foolin' is pretty tough play for one like you. Lay low till I give the word, an' if there don't seem to be any way out of this snarl within the week, then it'll be time enough to let the old man have a whack at your hide."

CHAPTER III.

OFF SANTIAGO.

IT was really wonderful how changed everything appeared to Teddy Dunlap after his interview with Bill Jones.

As a matter of course there had been no enlargement of his hiding-place, and yet it seemed as if he could move about more freely than before. He was forced to remain in quite as cramped a position, but it no longer seemed painful.

Although the sailor had given him no encouragement that he might succeed in the task he had set himself, but, on the contrary, appeared to think it a hopeless one, Teddy felt positive that the moment was very near at hand when he would be clasped once more in his father's arms.

He had come out from his hiding-place weak and despairing, choosing the most severe punishment that could be inflicted rather than longer endure the misery which had been his constant companion during so many days, and now, even before partaking of the meat and tea, all was forgotten in the belief that he would soon be with his father.

It was as if some other boy had taken Teddy Dunlap's place, and this second lad was strong where the other had been weak.

He made a hearty meal, rearranged his bed so that he might be nearer the entrance to the hiding-place in case the sailor found it necessary to communicate with him hurriedly, and then indulged in more refreshing sleep than had visited his eyelids during the past forty-eight hours.

When Teddy awakened, however, much of this new courage had vanished, and again he allowed himself to look forward into the future, searching for trouble.

He had no means of knowing whether it was day or night, for the sunlight never came into this hole; but, because of the silence in the fore-castle, it seemed probable the crew were on deck.

The steamer rode on an even keel, save for a sluggish roll which told she was sailing over calm seas, and the air had suddenly grown stifling hot.

Creeping so near the entrance that there was great danger of being discovered by such of the men as might come that way, Teddy waited with feverish impatience for some word from Bill Jones, and it seemed as if a full day must have passed before the voice of the jolly little sailor was heard.

"Well, my hearty, you're in great luck, an' no mistake. I wouldn't have believed things could have gone so nearly your way, if I hadn't seen 'em with my own eyes."

Before the sailor ceased speaking, Teddy had come

out from his hiding-place regardless of possible discovery, and appeared to be on the point of rushing up the narrow companionway.

"Hold on, you young rascal! Do you count on jumpin' right into the captain's arms?" and Bill Jones seized the lad by the shirt collar, pulling him backward with no gentle force. "Where was you headin' for?"

"Ain't it time for me to go on deck?" Teddy asked, speaking with difficulty because of the sailor's firm clutch.

"Time? I reckon not, unless you're achin' for a taste of the rope's end. Our skipper ain't any very mild tempered man at the best of times, an' this is one of his worst days, for everything has been goin' wrong end foremost jest when he wants to see the ship in apple-pie order."

"I thought you said somethin' about my bein' in luck, an' the only thing of the kind that could come to me, would be to know father was on deck."

"I don't reckon you'll see him aboard the *Merrimac* for some time to come, though you're nearer to him this minute than I ever allowed you'd be in this part of the world."

"What do you mean?" and Teddy literally trembled with the impatience of anticipation.

"Sampson's fleet is dead ahead. His vessels are the very ones we've come to coal, an' if that ain't luck enough for a stowaway, I'd like to know what you could call it?"

"Is the *Brooklyn* anywhere near?" and Teddy did his best to speak calmly.

"Dead ahead, I tell you."

"Will we run right alongside of her?"

"I don't allow you've any claim to count on luck like that; but we're hard by Sampson's fleet, and it'll be strange if we can't find a chance of lettin' your father know where you are."

"Find a chance? Why, I'll go right on deck an' yell to him. He's bound to come out when he hears me."



There was in this remark something which struck Bill Jones as being so comical that he burst into a hearty laugh, and then, realising that his messmates on deck might come down to learn the cause of such unusual mirth, he partially checked himself, gurgling and choking in the efforts to suppress his merriment, until it appeared that he was on the point of being strangled.

"Go on deck an' yell to him," he muttered in the intervals between what appeared to be spasms. "Say, lad, it's precious lucky the weather is so hot that the crew

have been driven out, else we'd had 'em all down on us, for I can't hold in, no matter how hard I try. So you think it's only a case of goin' on deck an' yellin', to bring your father right over the rail!"

"He'd come if he heard me," Teddy replied, sharply.

"I ain't so certain 'bout that, for coal-passers don't have the choice of promenading a battle-ship's deck. The officers generally have somethin' to say about capers of that kind. Besides, you might yell yourself black in the face, even if the *Merrimac* was layin' close alongside the *Brooklyn*, an' he'd never be any the wiser. You seem to have the idee that one of Uncle Sam's vessels is built something after the pattern of a tugboat."

"But I've got to get at him somehow," Teddy said, in perplexity, the new and great joy which had sprung up in his heart dying away very suddenly.

"True for you, lad; but it ain't to be done in the way you're figgerin' on, an', besides, havin' come along so smooth this far, I'm not countin' on lettin' you run your nose against such a thistle as the captain is like to be. It ought'er be enough that we've struck into the very fleet you wanted to find, an' a boy what can't wait a spell after all the good fortune you've had, ain't fit to be scur-ryin' 'round here huntin' for his father."

"I'll go right back into the hole, an' wait till you tell me to come out," Teddy said, meekly, understanding full well what his plight would be should this friendly sailor turn against him.

"Now you're talkin' sense," Bill Jones said, approv-

ingly. "I was countin' on cheerin' you up a bit, by tellin' of where the *Merrimac* had fetched up, an' didn't allow to set you off like a wild Injun. Hot down here, eh?"

"It's kind'er warm, an' that's a fact."

"So much the better, because the crew will stay on deck, an' you'll have more of a chance to move around. It's only a case of layin' low for three or four days, an' then we'll see what your father can do toward gettin' you out."

"How will you let him know where I am?"

"There'll be plenty of show for that if we come alongside the *Brooklyn*; I can manage to send him word, I reckon."

The conversation was brought to an abrupt close by the appearance of a sailor's feet as he descended from the deck, and Bill Jones turned quickly away, pretending to be overhauling his sea-chest, while Teddy made all haste to regain his "hole."

Now it was that the stowaway had every reason to congratulate himself upon the fair prospects which were his, when it had seemed positive that much trouble would come before the venture was ended, and yet the moments passed more slowly than at any time since he had voluntarily become a prisoner.

With each hour his impati  nce increased, until it was with difficulty he could force himself to remain in hiding.

While he believed his father was very far away, there appeared good reason for remaining hidden; but now,

with the *Brooklyn* close at hand, it seemed as if he must make his whereabouts known without loss of time.

Fear as to what terrible punishment the captain of the *Merrimac* might inflict, however, kept him in his proper place, and before many hours passed Bill Jones brought him further intelligence.

"The *New York* is to take on the first of the coal," he said, leaning over the barricade of rope, and whispering to the impatient prisoner. "I'm thinkin' we'll get around to the *Brooklyn* before all the cargo is gone, an' then this game of hide will come to an end — if your father is a smarter man than the average of us."

The jolly little sailor had no time to say more, for one of the petty officers interrupted the stolen interview by calling loudly for "Bill Jones," and while obeying the summons the sailor muttered to himself, "I wish the boy was well clear of this steamer; it seems as if he was under my wing, so to speak, an' I can't make out how any man, lower in rank than a full-fledged captain, can take him aboard one of Uncle Sam's ships."

Fortunately Teddy had no misgivings as to the future, after his father had been made aware of his whereabouts.

He believed it would be the most natural thing in the world for him to step on board the *Brooklyn* as a guest, and the possibility that a coal-passer might not be allowed to invite his friends to visit him never entered the lad's mind.

Bill Jones, however, was seriously troubled as to the outcome of the affair, as has been seen.

He had promised to aid the stowaway, as he would have

promised to aid any other lad in trouble, for the jolly little sailor was one ever ready to relieve the distress of others, no matter how great might be the cost to himself; and now, having taken the case in hand, his anxiety of mind was great, because he was by no means as certain of his ability to carry it through successfully as he would have Teddy believe.

Within four hours after the sailor reported that the *Merrimac* would speedily begin to take out her cargo, the prisoner in the forecastle became aware that the steamer was at a standstill.

For the first time since leaving port the screw was motionless, and the absence of that pounding which marked the revolutions of the shaft caused a silence that for a few moments seemed almost painful.

Shortly afterward, when Bill Jones came to bring a fresh supply of provisions and water, he reported that the *New York* was taking on coal.

"The other ships are certain to need a supply, an' we're bound to come alongside the *Brooklyn* sooner or later," he said, cheerily, and Teddy replied, with a sigh:

"It seems like a terribly long while to wait; but I s'pose I can stand it."

"I reckon it's a case of havin' to, lad, unless you're willin' to take the captain's medicine, an' that's what I wouldn't like to tackle."

"It's as if I'd been here a full month, an' accordin' to what you say I'm mighty lucky if I have to stay only two or three days more."

"You're lucky if you get out in a week, so don't go to countin' the minutes, or time will be long in passin'."

Twice during the next twenty-four hours did Teddy have an opportunity of speaking with his friend, and then he knew that the *Merrimac* was alongside the *Massachusetts*.

"You see we're goin' the rounds of the fleet, an' it's only a question of the coal holdin' out, to finally bring us to the *Brooklyn*," Bill Jones said, hurriedly, for there was no opportunity of lengthy conversations while the crew were engaged in transferring the fuel.

Another long time of waiting, and Bill Jones appeared at the entrance to the hiding-place in a state of the greatest excitement.

"Somethin's got to be done right away, lad, an' I'm clean beat as to how we'll figger it out. This 'ere steamer is goin' to be sunk!"

"Sunk!" Teddy cried in alarm, clutching Bill frantically by the arm, as if believing the *Merrimac* was even then on the point of going down.

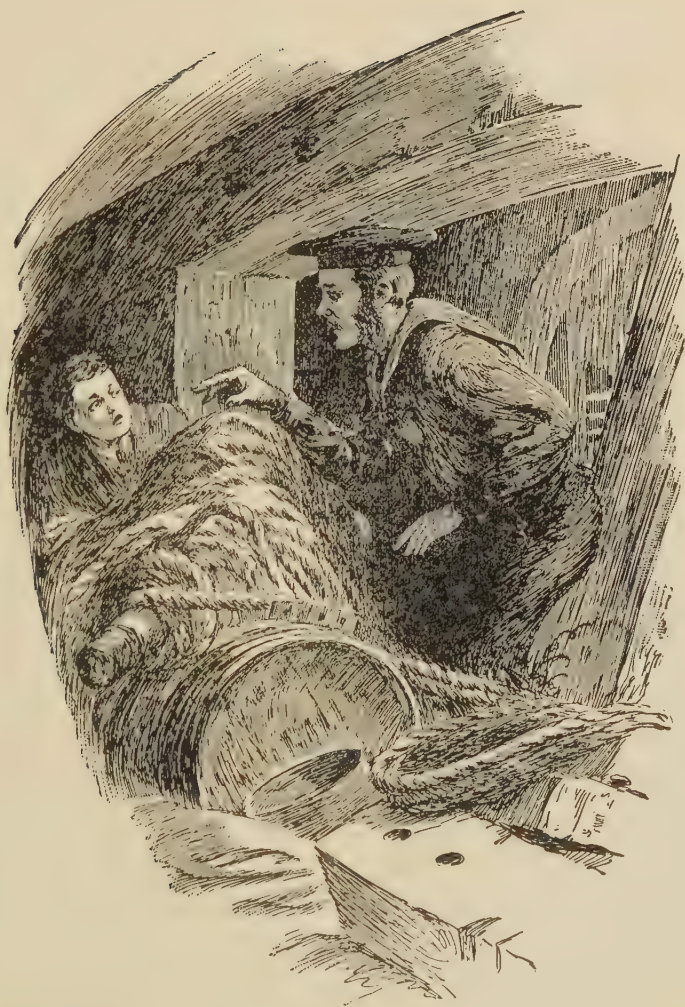
"That's jest it, an' we're to be shifted to the other vessels, gettin' a berth wherever one can be found."

"What will make her sink?"

"She's to be blowed up! Wrecked in the harbour of Santiago de Cuba, so the Spaniards who are inside can't get out!"

Teddy looked around him in bewilderment and alarm, understanding not one word of the brief explanation.

"You see the Spanish fleet is inside the harbour, and the



mouth of it ain't more'n three hundred feet wide. This steamer will be blowed up right across the channel, an' there the Spaniards are, bottled up tight till our fleet gets ready to knock 'em into splinters."

"But what'll become of me? I'll have to face the captain after all!"

"I reckon there's no help for it, lad, because it don't stand to reason that you want to go down with the ship."

"How long before you'll sink her?"

"*We* sha'n't have anything to do with it, lad. It's what you might call a precious fine job, an' 'cordin' to the way everybody looks at it, them who do the work ain't likely to come back again."

"Why not?"

"Look here, lad, if you was goin' on deck an' set off three or four torpedoes under your very feet, what do you think would be the show of gettin' ashore alive?"

Teddy made no effort to weigh the chances; his own affairs were in such a precarious condition that there was no room in his mind for anything else.

"I'd better have gone to the captain when I first made up my mind that it had to be done, an' it would be over by this time," he said, with a long-drawn sigh.

"It wouldn't have been over till you got ashore, because pretty nigh every sailor thinks it his bounden duty to make things lively for a stowaway. You've saved yourself from bein' kicked an' thumped jest so many days as I've been coddlin' you up, an' there's a good deal in that."

"Are we anywhere near the *Brooklyn*?"

"She was five or six miles away when I saw her last —"

"Five or six miles!"

"Yes; did you allow she laid within hail?"

"I thought from what you said that we was right among the fleet."

"So we are, lad; but these big ships don't huddle very close together, an' ten miles off is called bein' mighty near at hand. I can't stop here chinnin' much longer, so listen sharp. When the time comes, an' it's precious near at hand now, you'll have walk up to the medicine-box like a little man, so kind'er be bracin' yourself for what's sure to happen. I'll watch till the captain appears to be in good humour, an' out you pop."

Teddy nodded his head; there was too much sorrow and disappointment in his heart to permit of speech, and Bill Jones was so pressed for time that he failed to give due heed to the boy's mental condition.

"Be ready when I come back next time!" the sailor whispered, warningly, and then ran on deck, leaving the stowaway in a most unenviable frame of mind.

When Teddy's mouth was parched with thirst, and his stomach craving for food, he had brought himself to believe that he could submit without a murmur to whatever punishment the captain might see fit to inflict; but now it seemed different. During a very long time he had been cheering himself with the belief that before the close of this hour or the next he would be with his father, and such a sudden and startling change in affairs caused him deepest despair.

Crawling into the narrow hiding-place, he gave full sway to the grief which had come upon him like a torrent, for once Captain Miller knew of his having stowed away, so he argued to himself, there would no longer be any hope of communicating with his father.

To his mind he had not only failed in the purpose set himself, but would be more widely separated from his father than ever before, and it is little wonder, with such belief in his heart, that the boy ceased longer to battle against his sorrow.

He was lying face downward upon the canvas when Bill Jones came to announce that the moment had arrived when he should brave the ordeal of facing Captain Miller, and the sailor was forced to speak several times in a loud tone before the lad realised that his friend was near at hand.

"Come, Teddy," the little sailor said, soothingly, "it'll be over after awhile, an' perhaps won't be so bad as we've figgered, for the old man ain't tearin' 'round dreadful mad. Let's get on deck in a hurry, so's not to think about it too long, an' I'll stand right by your side till matters are settled one way or the other."

"I might as well stay right here, an' be sunk when the steamer goes down," the boy wailed.

"Nonsense, lad; after havin' the pluck to come thus far in search of your father, you mustn't lose heart now. Be a man, Teddy, an' count on me for a friend so long as the trouble lasts."

It was not possible for Bill Jones to arouse the boy to a

proper show of courage until after fully half an hour had passed, and then the two came out into the sunlight, both looking much as if having just been detected in the most heinous of crimes.

The dazzling sunlight nearly blinded the boy, who had been shrouded in darkness so many days, and forced him to cover his eyes; therefore he failed to see the look of surprise and bewilderment on Bill Jones's face immediately they came on deck.

During several moments he was in such a daze as to be virtually unconscious, and then he heard his companion ask :

"Where is the *Merrimac's* crew?"

"They've been set aboard the *New York* for a spell, seein's how this ain't likely to be a very pleasant craft to sail in after we get through with her," a strange voice replied, and Teddy opened his eyes.

The deck of the collier appeared to be thronged with sailors in naval costume, all of whom were apparently bent on doing the greatest amount of destruction in the shortest possible space of time.

Not far away to windward was a huge war-vessel, looking more like some submarine monster than anything built by man, and in the distance others of the same kind, cruising to and fro, or lying quietly upon the ocean, rising and falling with the heavy swell.

All this picture Teddy took in with a single glance, and then his attention was diverted by Bill Jones, who said to the sailor with whom he had first spoken :

"Ain't we to take our dunnage out?"

"I reckon that'll be done after a spell; but just now it's a case of hurry, an' what a few old shellbacks like you may consider dunnage, ain't taken into account."

"Where is Captain Miller?"

"I saw him goin' toward the flag-ship. It seems he's got the biggest kind of a bee in his bonnet because Lieu-



tenant Hobson is to be given the chance of killin' himself an' his crew, when he claims the right because of havin' been in command of this 'ere collier."

Teddy was wholly at a loss to understand the meaning of the conversation, and he looked at the little sailor, who now appeared perplexed rather than jolly, until the latter said, speaking slowly, as if in a maze of bewilderment and doubt :

"I'm all at sea, lad, about this 'ere business ; but it begins to look as if you wouldn't have any very hard time with the old man to-day. He's got somethin' else on his mind that's of more importance than a worthless little stowaway like you."

"He'll come back, won't he?" Teddy asked, yet unable to gather any clear idea of the situation.

"Unless he comes soon, there won't be anything left of the *Merrimac*, an' that's a fact," Bill Jones replied, pointing here and there to where a hundred men or more were busily at work, seemingly trying to make a wreck of the collier. "I s'pose they're bent on gettin' out of the old hooker all that's of any value, before sinkin' her, an' it looks as if they'd finish the job in a jiffy."

"Where's the *Brooklyn*?"

"See here, my son, we've no time to bother our heads about her just now. It's enough for you that we can't get speech with your father, an' unless I'm way off my reckonin', here's the chance to pull out of what promised to be a bad scrape for you."

Teddy remained silent, for the very good reason that he was at a loss for words, and after a short pause, Bill Jones exclaimed, as if a happy thought had at that instant come into his mind:

"Hark you, lad, our men have gone over to the *New York*, an' so long as we don't follow them it'll be plain sailin'. We'll watch our chance, go aboard the nearest ship, so it ain't the admiral's flag-ship, as bold as lions, an' it'll be believed that you belong to our crew. Unless

Captain Miller shows himself, you'll be livin' on the fat of the land."

"But when he comes?"

"We won't bother our heads about anything of the kind. It's enough for us to know you've slipped out of the smallest kind of a hole without a scratch, and we'll take all the enjoyment that comes our way, at Uncle Sam's expense."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MERRIMAC.

THERE was no good reason why, as Bill Jones had suggested, Teddy could not successfully pose as one of the *Merrimac's* crew.

The undertaking in hand was so important, with such great advantages to be derived from its accomplishment, that for the time being it was as if every officer and man in the American squadron had no thought save concerning the work upon the steamer to be sunk.

That the situation may be made more plain, as it was to Teddy before he had been on board the *Texas* two hours, the following description of the daring venture is quoted from an article written the very day Bill Jones and his protégé sought shelter on the battle-ship :¹

"The mines in the narrow, tortuous channel, and the elevation of the forts and batteries, which must increase the effectiveness of the enemy's fire, and at the same time decrease that of our own, reinforced by the guns of the Spanish fleet inside, make the harbour, as it now appears, almost impregnable. Unless the entrance is countermined

¹ "The Boys of '98."

it would be folly to attempt to force its passage with our ships.

"But the Spanish fleet is bottled up, and a plan is being considered to drive in the cork. If that is done, the next news may be a thrilling story of closing the harbour. It would release a part of our fleet, and leave the Spaniards to starve and rot until they were ready to hoist the white flag.

"‘To drive in the cork,’ was the subject nearest Rear-Admiral Sampson’s heart, and he at once went into consultation with his officers as to how it could best be done. One plan after another was discussed and rejected, and then Assistant Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson proposed that the big collier *Merrimac*, which then had on board about six hundred tons of coal, be sunk across the channel in such a manner as to completely block it.

"The plan was a good one ; but yet it seemed certain death for those who should attempt to carry it out as proposed. Lieutenant Hobson, however, claimed that, if the scheme was accepted, he should by right be allowed to take command of the enterprise.

"The end to be attained was so great that Admiral Sampson decided that the lives of six or seven men could not be allowed to outweigh the advantage to be gained, and Lieutenant Hobson was notified that his services were accepted ; the big steamer was at his disposal to do with as he saw fit."

This was the work which had been begun when Bill

Jones brought Teddy Dunlap on deck that he might confess to being a stowaway, and it is little wonder that matters on board the collier were in seeming confusion.

On the night previous Lieutenant Hobson had received the notification that his services were accepted, and at an early hour next morning the work of making the *Merrimac* ready for destruction had begun.

A dozen boys would have attracted no attention just then, and the lad, who had mentally nerved himself to meet the captain of the steamer, failed in finding any one

to hear his confession.



Bill Jones, however, was quick to see the possible advantage to be gained, and Teddy had

not fully recovered from his bewilderment before the little sailor was forcing him over the rail into one of the *Texas's* boats, which had just come alongside.

"Turned out of house an' home, eh?" one of the sailors asked, with a laugh, and there was no question but that the boy, as well as the man, had a right to be taken aboard the battle-ship.

The officers had all left the boat, therefore the two were not subjected to any searching examination, and once on board the big vessel, it was supposed, as a matter of course, that they had been regularly detailed to that ship.

Strange as it may seem, these two who had but just come from the *Merrimac* knew less regarding her proposed ending than any other, and, therefore, were most deeply interested in such information as was to be picked up from the crew.

Before having been on board an hour they knew as much as has been set down at the beginning of this chapter, and, for the time being at least, they, like all around them, had little thought save for the daring adventure which was to be made by Lieutenant Hobson and six men.

"It's a mighty brave thing to do," Bill Jones said confidentially to Teddy as the two were on the gun-deck, having concluded a most satisfactory repast; "but I wouldn't want a hand in it."

"Why not?" Teddy asked, in surprise, for he had been turning the matter over in his mind until having come almost to envy those who were to brave death in the service of their country.

"Because I ain't what might rightly be called a fightin' man; owin' to my bein' undersized, most likely. I take real pride in the deeds of others, but can't seem to get my own courage where it belongs. I'm only what you might call a plain, every-day sailor, with no fightin' timber in me, else I'd been in the navy long before this."

"Do you think they will live to sink the *Merrimac*?" Teddy asked, thoughtfully.

"There's no doubt in my mind but that they'll hold on to life long enough to do the work, but it's afterward that the trouble will begin. Every Spanish gun within range

will open fire on 'em, an' what chance have they got of comin' out alive?"

"When will they start?"

"It'll be quite a spell before they get the steamer ready to make the dive, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin'. In the first place, as I'm told, there are to be plenty of torpedoes put in position inside the old hooker, an' it'll take some time to made them ready. Anyway, you're snug as a bug in a rug now —"

"Until Captain Miller comes aboard," Teddy interrupted.

"Have no fear of him," the little sailor said, as if the subject was not worthy of consideration. "When he comes, if he ever does, it isn't to this part of the ship that he'll pay a visit. Officers spend their time aft, an' small blame to 'em. It may be, Teddy Dunlap, that he'll see you; but the chances are dead against it, so take all the comfort you can —"

"I ought to be huntin' for daddy."

"Well, you can't, leastways, not while we're aboard this craft, but you can count on comin' across him before this little scrimmage is ended off Santiago, an' then I warrant there'll be all the chance you need."

"But what am I to do on board here?" Teddy asked, anxiously. "It don't stand to reason that we'll be allowed to loaf around as if we owned the whole vessel."

"That's the way you look at it; but my idees are different. Uncle Sam will keep us for a spell, that's certain, an' until he gets tired of the job we needn't worry our

heads. You might live to be a thousand years old without strikin' another job as soft as the one we've got on our hands this blessed minute, so I say, make the most of it."

"It's different with you; but I'm only a stowaway, an' stand a good show of gettin' into a heap of trouble when the officers of this ship find out that I've no business to be here."

"I don't figger that way," Bill Jones replied, with a light and airy manner. "It doesn't stand to reason you should have been left aboard to go down with the steamer, eh?"

"They might have set me ashore."

"An' had a precious good job doin' it. Look ye, Teddy Dunlap, are you countin' yourself of so much importance that a battle-ship is to leave her station for no other reason than to put you ashore?"

"I didn't mean it that way. You see they ought to do somethin' with me —"

"Then wait till they get ready, an' don't borrow trouble. This crossin' of bridges before you come to 'em is likely to make life mighty hard for a young chap like yourself, an' considerin' all you've told me, I wonder at it."

Teddy could say nothing more. It surely seemed reasonable Bill Jones knew what it was proper he should do, and from that moment he resolved to "take things easy," as his friend advised, rather than fret over what couldn't be mended.

Therefore it was he ceased to worry, although at the

same time keeping a sharp watch over the *Brooklyn*, and by such a course saw very much of what happened off Santiago during those months of June and July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

Surely the stowaway had no cause to complain of his treatment by the crew of the *Texas*.

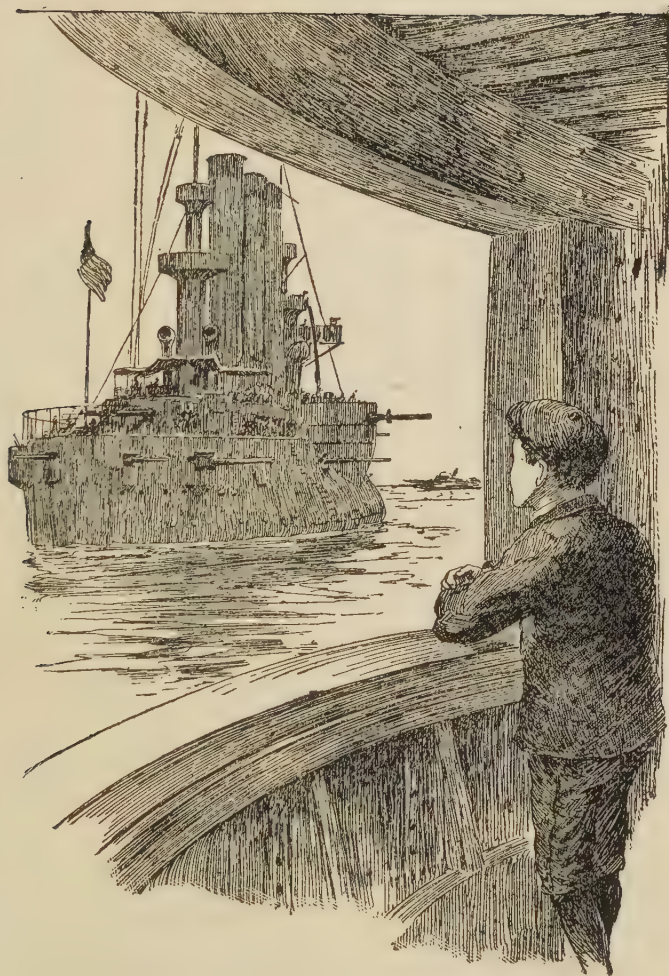
Every man did his best to make these waifs from the doomed steamer feel perfectly at home, and when Bill Jones brought his sea-chest aboard, as he did the day following their abandonment of the *Merrimac*, there was not a man on the battle-ship who did not suppose Teddy's dunnage was in the same capacious receptacle.

Rations were served to the stowaway the same as to any member of the crew, and then he and Bill Jones were called upon for some trifling duty, but as the latter said, there was no more work than was good for them by way of exercise.

In the most pleasant fashion possible the time passed until the *Merrimac* was made ready for her doom, and these two comrades, for it can well be supposed they were become fast friends, saw all the preparations without being obliged to do any of the disagreeable work.

There was hardly an hour during these days of labour when the two did not hear Lieutenant Hobson's plans discussed, and they knew to the slightest detail all he proposed to do.

"Here is the way he'll sink our craft, 'cordin' to all I've heard," Bill Jones said to Teddy when the two were alone for a short time on the afternoon after it had been



reported on board the *Texas* that everything was ready for the desperate venture. "He'll run at about ten-knot speed until four hundred yards or less past the Estrella battery, or, in other words, till he's in the narrowest part of the channel. Then he'll put the helm hard aport, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open the sea connections, touch off the torpedoes, an' leave the old hooker blockin' up the entrance to Santiago Harbour."

"He can't do all that alone," Teddy suggested.

"Of course he can't, else why is he takin' a crew with him? I'm told that this is the exact way he counts on workin' it. There'll be four men on deck besides himself, an' two in the engine-room; all of 'em will be stripped down to their underclothes, an' with revolvers an' ammunition strapped in water-tight packin' to their waists. One will be forward with an axe to cut the lashings of the anchor when the word is given. Of course Hobson signals the engineers to stop the engines, then the fellow forward cuts the anchor loose; some one below smashes the sea connections with a sledge-hammer when the machinery stops, and all hands jump overboard, countin' on swimmin' to the boat that's bein' towed astern. The lieutenant himself touches the button that explodes the torpedoes, an' then over he goes; it's a case of every man for himself once the work is begun. The steamer is bound to go down athwart the channel, an' there you have the entrance to Santiago Bay shut up as tight as Admiral Sampson can wish."

Teddy did not venture any criticism. He had heard

the subject discussed so often that there was nothing new he could suggest, and it seemed wisest to hold his tongue.

On the close of this day word was passed among the crew of the *Texas* that the venture would be made during the coming night, and the two visitors from the *Merrimac* were on deck from sunset until sunrise.

The work of preparing the big collier was continued throughout the entire night, and just at daybreak she got under way, as if to begin the voyage which it seemed certain could end only with the death of all; but before the men on the battle-ship had time to give her a parting cheer, she put back to her station, because, as some of the men declared, the admiral had given positive orders for her to wait until another night.

Twenty-four hours of additional preparation; as many of speculation and discussion among those who were refused an opportunity to offer their lives as a sacrifice, and then came the moment when Teddy was awakened from his sleep by Bill Jones, who said, as he shook the lad roughly:

"Get on deck, my hearty, get on deck! This time there'll be no mistake as to the sailin', an' if you want to see the last of the *Merrimac*, now's your chance!"

The stowaway did not wait for a second invitation, and a moment later he formed a small portion of the human fringe which overhung the *Texas's* rail, peering out across the waters where, by the pale light of the moon, could be seen the doomed steamer.

It was even possible to distinguish the forms of her

crew as they stood well forward, much as though taking a last look at the fleet, and, near at hand, the tiny launch from the *New York*, which was to follow the collier in with the hope of picking up some of her brave crew when they leaped into the water.

Among all that throng of men on the *Texas* hardly a word was spoken as the *Merrimac* slowly got under way. Every one remained silent as if under the spell cast by the bravery of those who were literally taking their lives in their hands that the starry flag might wave triumphant.

Boldly the collier steamed in toward the coast, being lost to view immediately she got under the shadow of the high hills at the entrance of the bay, and a mile or more astern the tiny launch puffed her way along as if conscious that this morning's work was of extreme importance.

Then both craft were swallowed up by the gloom, and yet that throng of men overhanging the *Texas's* rail remained motionless, waiting with an anxiety that was most intense for some sign which would give token of their shipmates' fate.

During half an hour every man waited in keenest suspense, never one venturing to so much as speak, and then from the heights at the entrance of the harbour the flash of a gun streamed out.

It came almost in the nature of a relief, for every one knew that the *Merrimac* was nearing her destination at last.

The suspense was at an end, whatever might be the result, and even Teddy Dunlap believed he could predict the close of that most desperate venture.

Within ten seconds after the first flash, another was seen, then a third, and a fourth, until it was no longer possible to count them.

The heights guarding the channel appeared to be ablaze; but yet not a sound could be heard.

The blockading squadron were so far away that the reports were lost in the distance.

Then the eager men found tongue, and it was as if each spoke at the same instant, giving no heed as to whether his neighbour replied.

During full twenty minutes these silent flashes could be seen in the distance, and then they died away just as the gray light of the coming dawn appeared in the eastern sky.

"It's all over!" Bill Jones said, as he laid his hand on Teddy's shoulder. "I reckon the old *Merrimac* is layin' in the channel to keep the Spaniards from sneakin' out; but them as carried her in so bravely are past all troubles of this world's makin'. It's great to be a hero; but the glory of it is soon over!"

"Do you suppose they've all been killed?" Teddy asked in a whisper, for it was much like speaking in the presence of the dead.

"There's little doubt of it, lad. Think you a craft like the *Merrimac* could stand the storm of shot and shell that was poured on her from the time we saw the first flash? Just bear in mind that every puff of flame betokened a chunk of iron large enough to sink this 'ere battle-ship, if it struck her fairly, an' you can have a fair idee of how much chance those poor fellows stood."





Among all the crew there was hardly one who did not share this opinion with Bill Jones. To them, the heroes who went smilingly to their death had left this world for ever, and yet the men continued to overhang the rail, awaiting the return of the launch, with the idea that when she arrived they might hear something of importance.

Not until three hours later did the little craft show herself, and then she came out from under the shadow of the land followed by a shower of missiles from the big guns ashore.

The men on the *Texas* were forced to wait some time before learning what information she brought, for the launch went directly to the *New York*, as a matter of course, and several hours elapsed before the crew heard all that could then be told.

This was to the effect that the tiny boat followed the collier until fire was opened upon the doomed steamer, and she was so enshrouded by smoke as to be lost from view. Then the launch was headed in under the batteries, where she remained until daylight on the lookout for a swimmer.

At five o'clock in the morning no sign of life had been seen, and the little craft made for the fleet, followed by a rain of shot from the shore batteries.

While crossing the harbour entrance one spar of the *Merrimac* was seen sticking out of the water, and thus it was known that the little band of braves had done their work faithfully, at whatever cost to themselves.

There was neither jest nor careless word among the crew of the battle-ship during this forenoon; even Bill Jones remained almost absolutely silent. It seemed that they stood in the presence of death, and more than one acted as if believing he was taking part in the funeral services of those who had so lately been among them.

Teddy had seen every man who went to make up that devoted crew, and to him it was as if his personal friends had met their death; but in such a brave fashion that it would have been almost a crime to mourn their taking off.

Then, like a flash of lightning from a clear sky, came the joyful news that every man among that band who had devoted themselves to death, was yet among the living, and comparatively uninjured.

It was almost incredible information, and yet, because of its source, no one could doubt it.

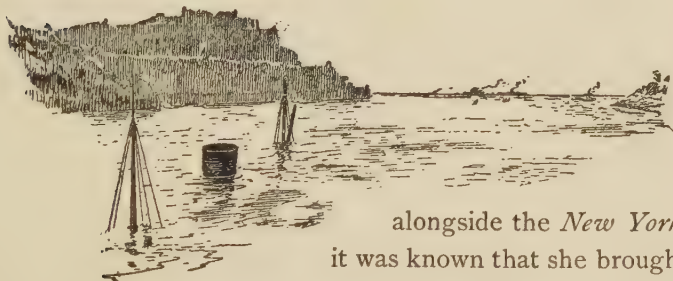
At two hours past noon, while the men of the *Texas* were sheltering themselves from the burning rays of the sun and discussing for the hundredth time the last probable moments of their shipmates, a steam-launch, carrying a white flag, put out from the harbour, making directly for the flag-ship *New York*.

At the time no one fancied for a single moment that the coming of this craft could have any connection with those who had left the station to wreck the *Merrimac*, but there were some who suggested that the Spaniards were ready to surrender, and, in support of this theory, cited the fact that the royal squadron was bottled up

so tightly it could never be used against the United States.

Others declared that the Spanish admiral was about to make an offer of compromise, and not a few believed the flag of truce had to do with the capitulation of the city of Santiago de Cuba.

Not a man was prepared for the news which floated from ship to ship, no one could say exactly how; but in less than an hour from the time the launch made fast



alongside the *New York*,
it was known that she brought
a message from Admiral Cervera,
commander of the Spanish fleet, to the effect that the
crew of the *Merrimac* had been captured, and were held
as prisoners of war.

Lieutenant Hobson was uninjured, and only two of the party had been wounded slightly.

It seemed too good to be true, but when the men realised that this information must be correct, that it had been sent by a generous enemy, they spent a good five minutes cheering alternately for those who had escaped after having gone down into the very jaws of death, and

for that gallant Spaniard who, recognising bravery even in his foe, had taken the trouble to announce the safety of those who were battling against him.

"It's what I call a mighty fine thing for the old admiral to do," Bill Jones said, as he held forth to a gun's crew with whom he and Teddy messed. "It ain't every officer as would go out of his way to send such news as that, an' if Admiral Cervera should ever fall into my hands as a prisoner of war, he can count on bein' treated like a white man."

There was a roar from Bill's auditors at the intimation that the commander of the Spanish fleet might ever be captured by that sailor, for by this time all had come to know him as a "plain, every-day sailor, with not a fightin' timber in him;" but not a man within sound of his voice cared to contradict him.

On that night, after the subject of the venture and its sequel had been discussed until worn threadbare, the little sailor said to Teddy, as if telling him some important truth:

"You'll see great doin's now, lad, an' it wouldn't give me such a terrible surprise to know that the war was ended within the next twenty-four hours, for them bloomin' Spaniards in Santiago must understand by this time that the sooner they give in whipped, the less of a lickin' they're like to get."

And Teddy, thinking more of his own condition than the glory of the country, asked, with no slight distress of mind:

"If it should come to a stop as soon as that, how could I ever get word to father? Of course the *Brooklyn* would go right home, an' I'd be left here."

"I'll take care of that, lad," Bill Jones replied, in a tone of assurance. "Never you have a fear but that I'll see she don't leave this station till you've had a chance to go on board long enough to sort out the coal-passers."

CHAPTER V.

THE CHASE.

BILL JONES found time to change his opinion as to the speedy termination of the war after the *Merrimac* had been sunk at the entrance of Santiago Bay.

Instead of displaying any anxiety to surrender, the Spaniards on the island appeared to be making every preparation for a stubborn defence, and the fleet of war-vessels had little opportunity to do much more than blockade duty.

Teddy Dunlap, looked upon by the crew of the *Texas* as a lad who had every right to be among them, might have enjoyed this cruising to and fro, keeping watch over the entrance to the harbour, now and then overhauling a suspicious-looking vessel that ventured too near, and at times throwing shells ashore from the big guns, but for the fact that he burned with impatience to be with his father.

The *Brooklyn* remained in view nearly all the time, now so close at hand that it seemed as if the two ships must immediately come within hailing distance, and again so far away that she appeared only as a tiny speck against the white sky, yet the stowaway was as completely

separated from his father as if they were thousands of miles apart.

"If only the captains couldn't talk with those little flags, it might be that the ships would come side by side!" he said, with a long-drawn sigh, to Bill Jones. "There'll never be any need for them to sail nearer than within sight, an' I won't get a chance to speak to father, — perhaps not this year."

"The prospect don't look very encouragin' just at the present time, an' that's a fact," Bill said, thoughtfully, filling his pipe with unusual care. "Two or three days ago it seemed as if the war was mighty nigh at an end; but now there 'pears to be a good deal of fight left in the Dagoes."

"An' while we're loafin' 'round here, Captain Miller will come aboard some fine day. Then where'll I be?"

"Right here, my lad, an' there's no use lookin' ahead. He won't come the sooner, or stay away any longer, no matter how much you fuss, so why not save the wear an' tear of thinkin'?"

"See here," and Teddy leaned forward to look the little sailor full in the eyes, "do you believe I'll ever have a chance of lettin' daddy know where I am?"

"It stands to reason there must be a show for it in course of time."

"When?"

"Now you're askin' me a question I ain't in condition to answer. It may be two or three weeks, or, then again, the show might come sudden, within an hour. At sea

you can't ever tell what's goin' to happen, Teddy Dunlap, an' there's nothin' for it but to keep your ears an' eyes open all the time, ready to jump on the first promisin' chance that comes your way."

There is no good reason why such a conversation as this should be set down, save that it is similar to a hundred others which were held between the two comrades during the weeks which followed the sinking of the *Merrimac*, when Teddy Dunlap, without effort on his part, was transformed from a stowaway to a lad apparently in the employ of Uncle Sam.

Never for a single moment did he lose sight of the possible fact that either the *Brooklyn* or the *Texas* might be ordered away from this particular station, in which case it was reasonable to suppose that many months must elapse before he could inform his father of his whereabouts.

There was grave danger the two might be separated so widely that months, perhaps years, would elapse before they could meet again, and Teddy was never comfortable in mind, but, despite all the good advice given by Bill Jones, continued to look out into the future, searching for trouble.

Meanwhile both he and the little sailor were kept at work on board the *Texas* exactly as if they had been regularly enlisted; but the duties were so light among such a large number, that he who complained of the work must indeed have been an indolent fellow.

And while Teddy worried over his own seeming troubles,

the two nations continued at war, killing and wounding men at every opportunity, and ever striving to strike some decisive blow.

As a matter of course Teddy and Bill Jones took their small part in the bombardment of the batteries at the entrance to Santiago Harbour two days after the *Merrimac* had been sunk.

The *Texas* was the third vessel in the first column, headed by the *Brooklyn*, when, shortly after sunrise, the fleet steamed inshore and opened fire with the heavy guns.

It was to the boy as if he went into action almost by the side of his father, and he worked with a will at whatsoever was set him to do, although at times the terrific roar literally stunned him, while the heat was so great that it seemed as if he was on the verge of suffocation during every moment of the four hours the bombardment continued.

Then the squadron steamed back to its blockading station, and at no time had the *Brooklyn* and *Texas* been so near each other as to have rendered it possible for Teddy to see his father, even though the latter had stood on the battle-ship's deck every moment.

Again and again, as the days passed, did the *Texas* go into action, and at no time were the little stowaway and his small comrade remiss in their duties.

They did their full share of the work, despite Bill Jones's assertion that he was only a "plain, every-day sailor with no fightin' timber about him," and as the weeks

wore on these two became more and more closely identified with the battle-ship to which chance had sent them.

When the ship was sent to bombard the works at Matamoras, and a Spanish shell struck near the stern on the port side, passing through the hull three feet below the main-deck line, and exploding on the berth-deck, killing one man and wounding eight, Teddy's search for his father nearly came to an end.

A fragment of the shell passed within ten inches of the



boy's head, striking down a sailor just beyond him, and Teddy won the admiration of every man on board by springing to the relief of the poor fellow whose leg

had been shattered, instead of taking flight, as might quite naturally have been expected.

Later, when the *Texas* had withdrawn from the action, man after man congratulated the lad upon his behaviour, predicting that he would in time prove himself worthy of serving under such a commander as Captain Philip, and otherwise bestowing so much praise that at the first opportunity he said confidentially to Bill Jones:

"It makes me ashamed to have them say so much about how I acted. It wasn't different from what any other

feller would have done, because I forgot all about the danger when Baker fell."

"I'm thinkin' you're out of your reckonin' there, lad, for accordin' to my idee, there ain't a boy in a thousand who'd handled himself as well as you did. Now I'm no fightin' man, as I've said before, but your keepin' such a stiff upper lip, when there was precious good chance of bein' killed, did me solid good. I knew you had sand, from the first minute of settin' eyes on you, but never suspected there was so much of it."

"You're talkin' worse than the others, even when I'm tellin' the truth about not knowin' there was any danger. I only saw poor Baker, an' thought I might help him."

"It ain't what you thought, lad, but what you did, that counts, an' now if Captain Miller comes aboard I'm willin' to guarantee he won't be allowed to kick up any row because of your stowin' away on the *Merrimac*. The crew wouldn't allow any funny business with you, after this day's work. Don't you see how much nearer your father we are than we were this mornin'?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, lad. You've made for yourself a standin' on board this ship, an' now when the time comes right I'm goin' to tell your story to one of the petty officers, askin' him to see it reaches Captain Philip's ears. Once that's been done, Teddy Dunlap, we'll be hailin' the *Brooklyn* with signals flyin' to tell the coal-passers that one of 'em has got a son on board this craft."

"Do you suppose any such plan might work?" Teddy asked, breathlessly.

"There ain't a shadow of doubt about it in my mind."

"Why don't you do it now? I've given up hopin' this war is pretty near at an end, an' am hungry to see daddy."

"Better wait awhile longer, my boy. It's a little too soon to show ourselves very big, 'cause it ain't no ways certain the captain has had time to hear of what you did. We'll hold off a spell, an' then, when the signs come right, you'll see me put this business along in great shape."

Because of this promise, and also owing to the many words of praise which were showered upon him by the men, Teddy Dunlap believed, as he had several times before, that the hour was very near at hand when he would be with his father once more; but, as in the past, he was doomed to disappointment during more days than he cared to count.

The "signs" never came so nearly right as to give Bill Jones courage to take the responsibility of telling Teddy's story to those who would repeat it to Captain Philip, and these two refugees from the *Merrimac* remained aboard the *Texas*, much to the satisfaction of the crew.

It was known to them, as to every one on the warships, that hot fighting was going on ashore in the vicinity of Santiago, and at frequent intervals the big vessels steamed toward the land, in this direction or that, to shell the Spanish camps; but they were at such a distance from the scene of action that such work had little the appearance of warfare.

In fact, the air of plain, every-day business about the operations rendered it difficult to believe the huge shot and shell which were hurled landward carried in their wake death and destruction to many.

When one of the *Texas's* big guns was discharged, Teddy could hear the roar, and feel the concussion, as a matter of course; he could also see the missile as it sped through the air; but he had no means of knowing where it struck, neither did he have a view of the desolation and ruin it caused, therefore, like many another man aboard the battle-ship, he came to look upon this work of war as nothing more than harmless practice.

The day was near at hand, however, when the stowaway and his little comrade were to have all too good a view of the butchery and inhumanity of war.

It was on Sunday morning, the third day of July.

The crew of the *Texas* had been mustered for religious services, and while Bill Jones and Teddy waited in their proper places for the coming of the chaplain, the sailor whispered:

"To-morrow mornin' I'm goin' to start in on your business, lad. So far as I can see, the fleet is likely to be here a year or more before the Spaniards are ready to surrender Santiago, and if I don't bring you to the captain's notice soon, all your good behaviour when the shot came aboard will have been forgotten."

"I'm afraid we've waited too long already," the lad replied, with a sigh, for the hope had been so long deferred that his "heart was sick" indeed for a sight of his father.

"I reckon not, Teddy; but if I've made a mistake in holdin' off, it was done through fear I might speak too soon."

"Don't think I'm blamin' you," the boy replied, quickly, pressing his comrade's arm in a friendly fashion. "If you never did anything more, I'd feel as if you'd been mighty good to me, for I couldn't have run across many sailors who'd lay themselves out to help a stowaway."

"That part of it is —"

Bill Jones was interrupted by a shout, — Teddy will never know who uttered it, or what the words were, — and instantly, without the slightest apparent cause, all was seeming confusion on board the ship.

It was to the lad as if the very air bristled with excitement; he saw men darting here and there, heard sharp, quick words of command, and as if at the very same instant, the *Texas* seemed to leap forward with a bound, huge clouds of black smoke suddenly pouring out of her stacks.

"The Spaniards! The Spaniards!" Bill Jones yelled in the lad's ear, at the same time pointing toward the entrance to the harbour, from out of which could be seen the dark hull of an enemy's ship.

It was as if in that small fraction of time very much took place.

Teddy saw long lines of signal-flags run up to the *Brooklyn's* masthead; he heard the roar of a 6-pounder as the *Iowa* fired the first shot at the foe, and understood, rather than saw, that every vessel in the squadron was under a full head of steam almost immediately.

At one instant the blockading squadron lay motionless and apparently lifeless off the harbour, rocking lazily on the long swell, and then, before one could speak, as it were, every listless hull was a war machine, quivering with life, and pouring forth deadly shot and shell.

The transformation was so sudden and complete that it is little wonder Teddy and Bill Jones stood transfixed with astonishment until the chase was well under way.

One after another of the Spanish cruisers came at full speed out of the harbour which it had been believed was closed by the hull of the *Merrimac*, and as each ship rounded the point her guns were discharged at the Yankee squadron. The dense smoke pouring out of their stacks ; the clouds of spray from their bows, glistening like diamonds in the sunlight of that Sabbath morning as it was thrown aft by the fierce impetus of the huge vessels to mingle with the smoke that came from every gun ; the roar and thunder of the discharges ; the shrieking of the missiles, and the spouting of water as the metal fell short, made up a scene of war in its most terrific phase.

On the other side, three battle-ships and an armoured cruiser dashing forward at the full speed of their engines ; the heavy reverberations of guns ; black clouds and white of smoke from coal and from burning powder ; men stripped to the waist and working at the pieces with a fury, haste, and energy that could not have been increased had each individual member of the crew been fighting against a personal foe, and words of command, encouragement, or hope, which were heard on every hand, thrilled the boy

who had trembled before the supposed wrath of a collier's captain, until each nerve was tingling with excitement, — each pulse bounding with the hot blood that leaped in feverish throbs from artery to artery.

Teddy Dunlap was in the very midst of what but few had ever seen, — a sea-battle with the mightiest ships in the world as combatants.

It was while the lad and his elderly comrade stood like statues, gazing at the wondrous, terrible sight around them, that the former saw a huge shell leave the turret of the *Iowa*, rise on the arc of a circle in the air, cleaving its way directly toward the *Teresa*, the foremost of the fleeing ships.

Teddy was still following the missile with his eyes when it struck the Spaniard's hull, cutting its way through as if no resistance was offered, and it seemed that the huge mass had but just disappeared when great volumes of smoke and flame burst from the aperture made by the shell, telling that the first of the enemy's fleet was already vanquished.

Then came a mighty yell from every man aboard the *Texas* as well as the *Iowa*, for the gun had been aimed with a precision worthy a Yankee gunner whose forefathers, perhaps, had been forced to shoot accurately in order to save their scalps from the lurking Indian.

This cry of satisfaction had not yet died away when the *Maria Teresa* was headed for the beach, with smoke and flame enveloping all her after part, — a wreck before she had more than cleared the harbour's mouth.

"There's one of 'em done for, an' in short order!" Bill Jones screamed, dancing to and fro like a crazy person, and if he made any further remark Teddy failed to hear it, because of the cheers of triumph which came from every vessel in the American fleet.

The enemy had counted on cutting his way through the blockading squadron, but the first of his vessels had come to grief before the chase was fairly begun.

As the *Teresa* swung round in order to gain shoal water before the fire should completely envelop her, Teddy saw two small, swift, low-lying steamers come out from behind her with a speed which seemed like that of the wind, and the little sailor cried, in tones nearly resembling fear :

"There are the destroyers ! The *Pluton* and *Furor* ! Our ships are not speedy enough to keep out of their way ! Now is the Spaniard's chance to pay for the loss of the *Teresa* !"

Teddy had heard of these torpedo-boats, and knew what it was possible for them to do unless, perchance, they might be checked at long range, and yet the commanders of the Yankee battle-ships apparently gave no heed to the dangerous enemies which had been designed for the sole purpose of destroying such as they.

Straight toward the *Brooklyn* these formidable craft were headed, and the stowaway involuntarily cried aloud in terror, for was not his father on board that vessel which appeared to be in such peril ?

Then, coming up swiftly, as a hawk darts out upon its

prey, the lad saw the little yacht *Gloucester* swim directly inshore to meet these mighty engines of destruction, when one well-directed shot from their guns would have sent her to the bottom, crushed out of all semblance of a vessel.

At that moment Teddy and Bill Jones saw what much resembled the attack of a fly upon two huge spiders.

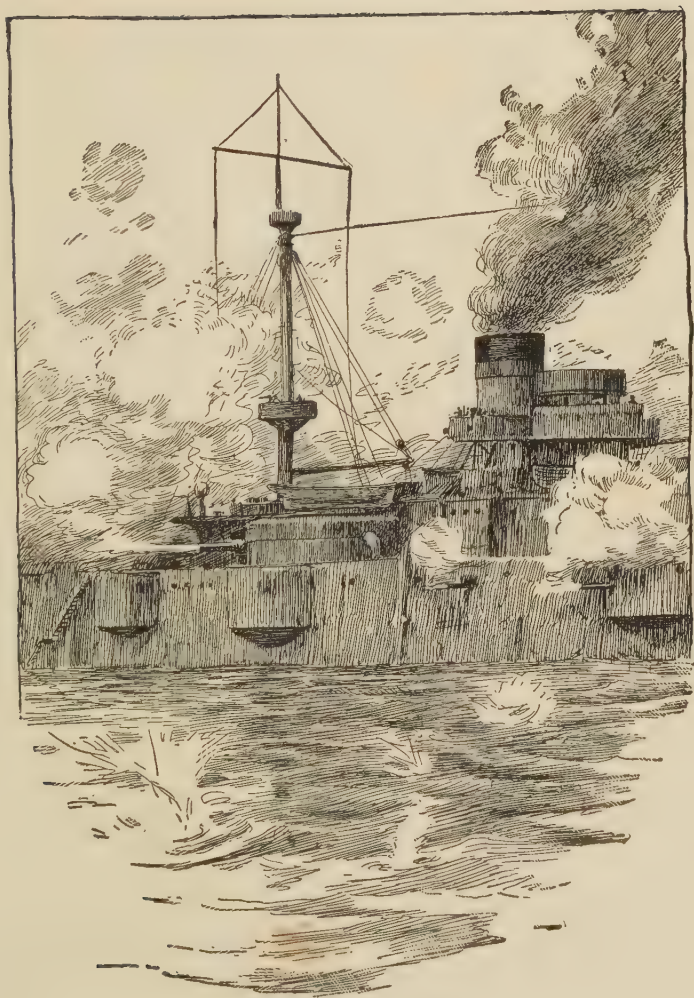
The tiny *Gloucester* steamed straight down upon the destroyers, cutting them off from their intended prey, and pelting them with shells from her small 6-pounders, but doing the work with such accuracy and precision of aim that it seemed as if the battle was no more than begun before these two mighty machines turned toward the shore to follow the *Teresa*, but sinking even while one could say they were beaten.

"Hurrah for Wainwright! Bully little *Gloucester*!"

Two hundred voices rose high with shouts of triumph and exultation that the Yankee gunners had not only done their work well, but with bravery such as could not be excelled, and meanwhile the big ships went tearing madly on lest the *Viscaya*, the *Cristobal Colon*, and the *Almirante Oquendo*, all that were left of the Spanish fleet, should escape them.

The *Iowa* and the *Texas* had selected the *Viscaya* as their prey, and while the remainder of the fleet stretched away in pursuit of the other ships, these two cut off the big Spaniard, forcing her to fight whether she liked or not.

Teddy and Bill Jones stood on the port side of the





Texas, all unconscious that they were exposed to any chance shot the Spaniard might send aboard, and realising nothing save the fever of battle. The odour of burning powder was in their nostrils, and life or death, danger or safety were alike the same.

The *Texas* literally reeled under their feet as her big guns were discharged full at the *Vizcaya*, which ship was hurling shot and shell with reckless rapidity and inaccuracy of aim.

The roar of the pieces was like the crashing of thunder ; the vibrations of the air smote one like veritable blows, and enormous smoke clouds rolled here and there, now shutting off all view, and again lifting to reveal the enemy in his desperate but ill-directed flight.

"Can we sink her?" Teddy asked once, when the two comrades were so closely enveloped by the pungent vapour that it was impossible to distinguish objects five feet away, and the little sailor cried, in a delirium of excitement :

"Sink her, lad? That's what we're bound to do!"

"She is workin' her guns for all they are worth, an' I've heard it said that even a ship like this would go down if a big shell struck fairly."

"Ay, lad, an' so she would, I reckon; but we'll have yonder Spaniard under the water before her gunners can get the range. Every shot of ours is hittin' its mark, an' they're not comin' within half a mile of us! Sink her! We'll —"

Even as Bill Jones spoke, the 12-inch gun in the *Texas's*

forward turret was discharged. The smoke rolled aside at the same instant, and the two watchers saw a huge shell dart forth, speeding directly toward the ship that had so lately been a friendly visitor in the harbour of New York.

It struck its mark fairly, crashed through the iron plating as if through paper, and then Teddy saw the mighty vessel reel under her death-stroke when the shell exploded.

Another howl of triumph; half naked men danced to and fro in their excitement; the gunners rushed out from the turrets gasping for breath, but yelling with savage joy, and the *Vizcaya's* bow was headed toward the shore!

The fourth vessel of the enemy's fleet had been disabled, and there only remained the two mighty ships in the distance, from the smoke-stacks of which poured forth long rolls of black smoke, flecked with sparks and burning brands, that told of the desperate efforts being made to escape.

CHAPTER VI.

TEDDY'S DADDY.

THE *Maria Teresa* and the *Vizcaya* were in flames, heading for shoal water that they might not carry down with their blackened hulks the men who had defended them, although feebly, and there was no longer any reason why the *Texas* should remain in that vicinity.

The *Iowa* swung inshore to make certain the ruin was as complete as it appeared from the distance, and when the royal ensign was hauled down that a white flag might be hoisted on the *Vizcaya*, Captain Philip gave the word which sent the *Texas* ahead in chase after the survivors of what had, less than half an hour previous, been a mighty fleet.

As one who witnessed the battle has already written concerning this particular time and the wonderfully one-sided engagement, his words had best be quoted :

“ Huge volumes of black smoke, edged with red flame, rolled from every port and shot-hole of the *Vizcaya*, as from the *Teresa*. They were both furnaces of glowing fire. Though they had come from the harbour to certain battle, not a wooden bulkhead, not a partition in the quarters either of officers or men had been taken out, nor

had trunks and chests been sent ashore. Neither had the wooden decks or any other wooden fixtures been prepared to resist fire. Apparently the crew had not even wet down the decks."

It was the experience of a full lifetime, to witness the destruction of these four fighting-machines, and yet Teddy Dunlap and his little comrade almost forgot what they had seen in the excitement of the race, as their ship leaped forward in that mad chase which was to end only with the wrecking of all those vessels that had sailed out of the harbour to make their way past the Yankee fleet.

The two comrades were conscious of nothing save the throbbing and quivering of their own ship, as, under press of every ounce of steam that could be raised, the *Texas* dashed onward, overhauling first this Yankee vessel and then that, flinging the spray in showers over her deck, and rolling from side to side in the heavy swell as she tore onward at a rate of speed that probably she had never before equalled.

It was a race to the death ; now and then the hatches were opened that some one of the engineer's crew, exhausted by almost superhuman efforts and the excessive heat, might be brought up from those fiery depths below, while others took the place of him who had fallen at the post of duty, and the speed was never slackened.

On, on, over the long swell, every man aboard in the highest possible state of excitement, eager that the *Texas* should be in at the death, and ahead, straining every

nerve as it were, fled the Spaniards, knowing full well that there could be but one ending to such a race.

"It's Yankee grit an' Yankee skill that's winnin' this fight!" Bill Jones cried, excitedly, forgetting that he was only a "plain, every-day sailor, with no fightin' timber about him," and at every onward leap of the ship his body swayed forward as if he was eager for a fray.

But neither Bill Jones nor any man aboard the *Texas*, save those brave souls in the very bowels of the gallant ship, had any opportunity to display personal bravery.

The fight ended when the chase did, for then nothing was left of those mighty Spanish ships save blackened hulks.

The *Oregon* was sending 13-inch projectiles after the *Oquendo* at every fair opportunity, and the *Texas*, more than holding her own with the other vessels, was coming up astern with a speed that threatened to bring the long race to a speedy conclusion.

Then, suddenly, although all had been expecting it, the *Almirante Oquendo's* bow was headed toward the shore, — she saw the uselessness of further flight, — and all the pursuers, save the *Texas*, hauled off in pursuit of the *Cristobal Colon*.

Standing with a group of *Texas* men, Teddy and Bill Jones saw the Spaniard near the line of surf, and as their vessel's speed was checked there came a roar mightier than when the battle was first opened; the doomed ship rocked to and fro as if she had struck

a sunken reef, there was an uprending of the iron decks, and then came a shower of fragments that told of the tremendous explosion within the hull of the *Oquendo*.

Now it was the Yankee crew burst once more into shouts of triumph; but before the first cheer arose on the morning air Captain Philip cried:

“Don’t cheer; the poor devils are dying!”

Then it was that every man realised what had, until this moment, been absolutely forgotten: the game in which they were such decided victors was one of death! While they were triumphantly happy, scores upon scores of the enemy were dying, — mangled, scalded, drowning, — and on the instant, like a flash of light, came the terrible fact that while they rejoiced, others were suffering a last agony.

“Don’t cheer; the poor devils are dying!”

At that instant Teddy Dunlap understood what might be the horror of war, and forgetting the joy and exultation which had been his an instant previous, the lad covered his eyes with his hand, — sick at heart that he should have taken even a passive part in that game which could be ended only by suffering and death.

Later, after the men were sufficiently calm to be able to discuss intelligently the doings of that day when the full Spanish fleet was destroyed by Yankee vessels who throughout all the action and chase sustained no injury whatsoever, it was learned that more than six hundred human beings had been sent out of the world in less than

four hours, and nearly eighteen hundred men were taken prisoners by the American vessels.

Teddy Dunlap was like one in a daze from the instant he realised what all this thrilling excitement meant, until Bill Jones, who had been ordered to some duty below, came to his side in the greatest excitement.

"What do you think of that, lad?" he cried, shaking the boy vigorously as he pointed seaward, and Teddy, looking in the direction indicated by his outstretched finger, but without seeing anything, asked, hesitatingly :

"Is it the *Cristobal Colon*?"

"Of course it isn't, my lad! That vessel is a wreck off Tarquino Point, so we heard half an hour ago. Don't you see the ship here almost alongside?"

"Oh, yes, I see her," Teddy replied, with a sigh of relief. "There's been so much that is terrible goin' on around us that it's like as if I was dazed."

"An' that's what you must be, lad, not to see that here's the *Brooklyn* nearer alongside than she's like to come again for a year or more."

"The *Brooklyn*!" Teddy cried, now aroused from the stupefaction of horror which had come upon him with the knowledge of all the suffering caused that day. "The *Brooklyn*!"

"Ay, lad, an' her launch is alongside makin' ready to transfer some of the prisoners. Now's our chance, when such as we don't amount to a straw in view of the great things that have been done this day, to slip over on a little visit to your daddy!"

Probably at no other time could such a thing have been done by two members of the crew; but just now, when every man and officer was overwhelmed by the fever of victory, little heed was given to the movements of any particular person.

Therefore it was that Teddy Dunlap and the little sailor had no difficulty in gaining the *Brooklyn's* deck without question or check, and the first person they saw on clambering aboard was a coal-passer, stripped to the waist and grimy with dust and perspiration, who stared with bulging eyes at the boy who followed close behind Bill Jones.

"Teddy!"

"Daddy!"

"I reckon this is no place for me," Bill Jones muttered as he made his way forward, and if the "plain, every-day sailor with no fightin' timber about him" had sufficient delicacy to leave father and son alone at such a time, surely we should show ourselves equally considerate.

It is enough to say that Teddy's troubles were at an end after a short visit with his father, and that he did not leave the *Texas* immediately.

Captain Philip came to hear the boy's story, and an opportunity was given him to enlist for so long a term as his father was bound to the *Brooklyn*.

Since the purpose of this little story was only to tell how the stowaway found his father, there is no excuse

for continuing an account of Teddy's experience off Santiago with Sampson ; but at some future time, if the reader so chooses, all that befell him before returning home shall be set down with careful fidelity to every detail.



NOTE

ALTHOUGH the following tale of the capture of Louisbourg in 1745 is not strictly a sea-story, for the expedition, which left by water from the various New England ports, had its most stirring adventures on land, still the publishers have included it in this volume, that all of Mr. Otis's historical tales may be preserved.



THE CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG

OR

THE BOYS OF 1745



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CHAPTER I.

VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS.

FROM the middle of February until the 24th of March (on the day when the fleet of ninety transports and thirteen vessels of war sailed from Nantasket Roads, in Boston Harbour, bound on an expedition of war to Nova Scotia), the town of Portsmouth, in the colony of New Hampshire, was in a ferment of excitement.

That the colonies were sufficiently strong to assist the mother country in war surprised the thoughtless to the verge of bewilderment, and many of the better-informed citizens gravely questioned whether it was not a fool-hardy piece of bravado to make an attack upon a place so strongly fortified as was the French port of Louisbourg in Nova Scotia.

Groups of people might have been seen conversing on the streets at all hours of the day, and even late in the evening, without fear of reprimand from those in author-

ity, and it was an unusual occurrence when men or boys passed each other without at least referring to the daring campaign about to be begun by the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire.

Therefore it was that when Philip Towle and Richard Sanbourne met in front of Master Leavitt's store on a certain morning in March, instead of discussing the possibility of trapping musquash or mink before the ice had left the stream, they spoke of the proposed expedition, and Philip startled his companion not a little by announcing, boldly, —

“I rowed across to Master Pepperrell's last evening.”

“*Master* Pepperrell? I should think you might call him general, since he has been commissioned by the Governors of three colonies.”

“Then it was to General Pepperrell's that I went,” Philip replied, with a smile.

“What had you to find there?”

“I wanted to see Major John Storer, who is seeking recruits.”

“Have you taken it into your head to go to war, Phil Towle?”

“Why not? I was sixteen years old last January, and already have arms as the law requires. As for the uniform, I can do without one, or get mother to change these clothes over. Sam Lowrey has already signed the rolls, and doesn't intend to trouble himself about a soldier's coat.”

“But what made you think of such a thing?”

"The need of money, Dick. You know how hard it is to earn as much as may be needed for taxes, and the furs I have taken this season won't sell for enough to pay them. Mother does all she can, and a hard time she has of it, poor thing, since father was killed."

"It is not much you can earn as a soldier. I am told that the wages are only twenty-five shillings a month, which means but fourteen sterling,—not quite a sixpence a day."

"It will be better than nothing; and there should be prize-money, so Major Storer says. Even without it, two months' pay would be a great aid to mother just now."

"Then you have decided?"

"Yes, it amounts to that; for unless something happens I shall enlist this evening."

"And the major told you there would be prize-money for the soldiers?"

"He said there *should* be, in case the town was captured."

"I suppose the soldiers will be allowed to loot it?"
Dick said, thoughtfully.

"It is usually considered their privilege, I am told."

"Phil, I have a mind to go with you."

"I wish you might, but there is no necessity in your case, as in mine."

"That makes no difference. I don't believe father would object, particularly after I tell him about the prize-money."

Philip made no reply. He did not wish to influence

his companion in any way, much as he would be pleased to have him for a comrade. To him, the enlistment was a means by which he might assist his widowed mother, while Dick had no such inducement; his father was believed to be blest with a goodly share of the world's goods, having been called a "miser" by more than one



reputable citizen, therefore it seemed as if his son might well keep out of danger, unless his patriotism was at boiling point, which was not at all probable.

With Phil, enlistment appeared to be the only way by which he could earn the money his mother needed; he did not choose to become a soldier because of a love for

glory, or the thought that his country needed him. An invasion of Nova Scotia, whose inhabitants had never done any wrong to the colony of New Hampshire, was a matter which failed to arouse his enthusiasm.

Neither was Dick enthusiastic over the assault upon the fortified town, save as it might give him booty; and where anything of value was concerned, he could be almost as "close-fisted" as his father.

When these two boys presented themselves as recruits that evening, Major Storer did not question their motives, but received them as gladly as he would have received any other able-bodied candidates for military honours who might be between the prescribed ages of "sixteen and sixty."

After having been accepted as volunteer soldiers, whose services were to be paid for by the colony, the new recruits were allowed to spend the greater portion of their time as best pleased them. There was no question of living in barracks, because none were provided by the Government; it was necessary to spend two hours each day in drill, and then the embryo heroes were at liberty to go where they wished, save on four especial occasions, when Parson Moody preached even longer sermons than usual, to the supposed improvement of their military education, as well as the salvation of their souls.

Dick never lost sight of the idea that it might be possible for him to suddenly become rich, in case the town was captured and sacked; but Phil's mind was constantly dwelling upon the coming separation from his mother.

There was never a fellow in Portsmouth who could truthfully have called him a "sissy;" but he had not been absent from home a single night since he was able to remember, and it was not pleasant to think of the time when it would be impossible to kiss his mother good-night.

The day of parting came all too soon, and on the morning of the twentieth of March, with thirty others of his company, among whom was Dick Sanbourne, he went on board the twelve-gun sloop "Vigilant," to be carried to Nantasket Roads, the rendezvous of the squadron.

This particular squad thought they were very fortunate in being drafted to one of the war-vessels, instead of being quartered on board an over-crowded transport, and the majority of them were in the highest spirits, believing it would be but a comparatively short time before they returned, crowned with wreaths of victory. Perhaps they did not count on coming back wearing veritable wreaths, but they certainly expected to be greeted as conquerors.

Phil was far from being in a jolly mood. He had parted with his mother shortly before daybreak, and the tears were not yet dried on his cheeks when the sloop's mooring-lines were cast off.

It was but a short journey to the rendezvous, thanks to the favouring breeze, and the ocean did not treat them roughly, therefore the amateur soldiers were in good bodily condition when they arrived, and Phil found an antidote for homesickness in the stirring and wonderful scenes around him.

The entire fleet lay at anchor in the Roads, and it was

such a spectacle as the soldiers from Portsmouth had never witnessed before.

A hundred and three vessels, thirteen of them armed, with red-coated men on every deck, and from the mast-head of the frigate "Massachusetts" floating the flag which bore the motto, "*Nil desperandum. Christo duce,*" which had been suggested by Parson George Whitefield.

One day was allowed the recruits for sight-seeing, when Phil and Dick visited Boston for the first time, and then came the departure, when there was such an accompaniment of noisy enthusiasm that Phil had no opportunity to indulge in tears. Besides, if he had felt like crying he would have forced the tears back at whatever pang, for he was a soldier, and as such should be too manly to whimper like a baby.

Three hours later a great change came over the red-coated portion of the "Vigilant's" crew. The ocean was no longer in a placid mood; the wind blew with more violence than seemed necessary, and between decks lay twenty-four of the thirty soldiers fast in the clutches of the malady of the sea.

Phil felt confident he was beset with an illness from which he would never recover, and Dick, who shared his bunk, said, mournfully, —

"If there were forty towns to be sacked, and I had known we would be delivered up to such an attack as this, not even General Pepperrell himself could have induced me to come."

"It is terrible!" Phil moaned, thinking of his mother and home.

"We have been cheated!" and Dick endeavoured to assume a sitting posture, but desisted after striking his head painfully hard against the deck-timbers. "Is this the pleasure excursion that was pictured? Major Storer said men ought to pay for such a privilege, instead of expecting to be paid! I wonder how much he thinks would be a fair price for me to pay for my enjoyment just now?"

Phil made no reply. He was conscious only of the sensations of faintness and nausea, and did not dare to speak.

A sailor, who came below on some errand, announced that a northeast storm had sprung up, and the two boys were quite convinced it could be nothing less than a hurricane.

Whether it was a storm or hurricane, the foul weather continued until the "Vigilant" entered the harbour of Canseau, the fifth day of April, and Phil and Dick crept on deck, looking like boys who had just arisen from a fever.

And it was not surprising that they did look haggard and worn. During the entire passage neither had been able to partake of anything more nourishing than tea or small fragments of ship's bread; but hunger or weakness was alike forgotten in the happy relief of being able to walk about.

Dick's countenance fell as he saw the small village of Canseau, which the French lately took from the English, but which had changed masters once more when the fleet arrived.

"If Louisbourg looks anything like this settlement, we shan't be benefited by looting the town," he said, ruefully. "Except fish, there is nothing here worth carrying away. We were fools for coming."

"That may be true in your case, but not in mine," Phil replied, with a feeble attempt at a smile. "Each night I have said to myself that another sixpence has been earned for mother, and if the money could not be gotten in any other way, I would endure the suffering over again for her sake."

"Sixpences don't count with me," Dick replied, loftily. "Let's go on shore; I want to feel the solid earth under my feet once more."

"Will it be allowed?"

"Who is here to stop us?"

"Major Storer should give us permission first."

"I don't intend to ask him. When there is any fighting to be done he can come to me about it; but he has no authority while we are lying here idle."

Phil's idea of a soldier's duty was different, and he refused to leave the sloop, ardently though he desired to be on shore.

A boat lay at the gangway; there was no guard near at hand, and Richard Sanbourne, the son of his father, took possession of her as boldly as if he was in sole command of the expedition.

By a singular fortune no one in authority observed Dick when he left the sloop; but the boat was soon missed, and in a short time not only the captain, but Lieutenant-

Colonel William Vaughan, of the New Hampshire forces, who chanced to be on board at the time, knew what had been done by a private soldier.

The officer was particularly angry because such a breach of discipline had been committed by one of his own command, and a squad of men were sent at once in search of Dick.

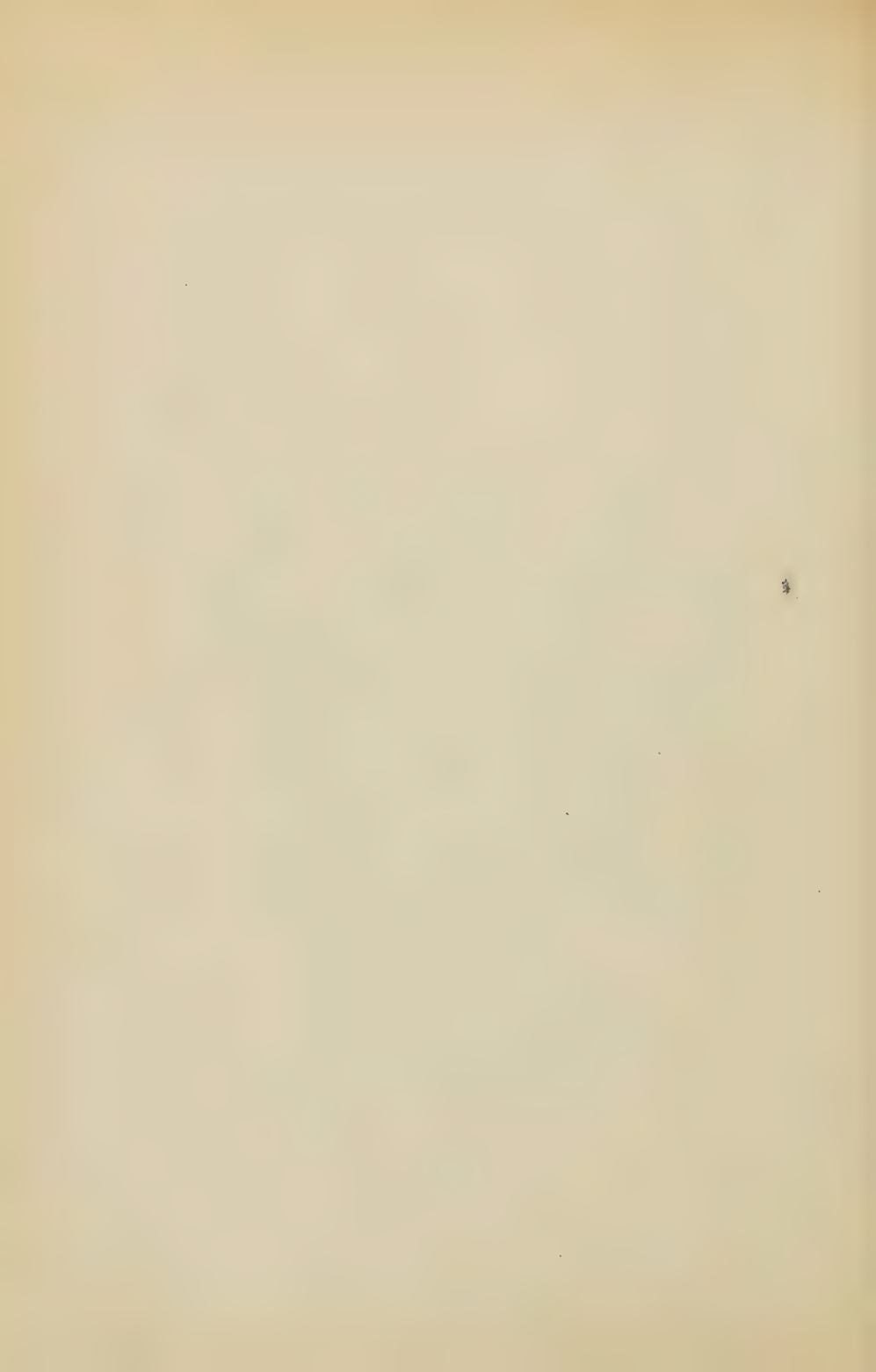
Phil was not called upon to aid in capturing the audacious soldier, and congratulated himself on being spared the disagreeable duty of assisting in making a prisoner of his friend; but before nightfall he found himself in a much more unpleasant position than if he had been detailed as one of the searchers.

Dick was on board again within an hour from the time he had left so unceremoniously, and conducted at once to the cabin, where he remained ten or fifteen minutes. Then he was escorted on deck by two soldiers, who guarded him closely until word had been brought to Phil that he was to stand watch over the prisoner until further orders.

For an instant there was a wild idea in the boy's mind of refusing to do such duty; but, fortunately, he realized that by such a course he would not be aiding his friend, and would get himself into very serious difficulties.

"There is no need of remaining below," the sergeant said, as he led the way forward. "You can keep him here without trouble, and as soon as we get some handcuffs from the frigate you will be relieved. The orders are to shoot him if he attempts to escape, so see to it that your gun is loaded and ready for use."





Dick had not spoken since he came from the cabin, but when he was left comparatively alone with Phil, he said in a low, angry tone, —

“If these fellows think they can treat me in this manner because I am to be paid a sixpence a day, they’ll soon discover their mistake.”

“But you are a soldier, Dick, and as such must obey orders, one of which is not to absent yourself from quarters without permission.”

“Does Bill Vaughan fancy he can make me come at his beck and call? It isn’t six months since he wanted to borrow money of my father, and here he is trying to make out I’m his prisoner!”

“But you *are* his prisoner, and he has the power to make matters very uncomfortable for you, Dick, being an officer of such high rank. Don’t rage, when it will only end in injury to yourself; but beg pardon for what has been done, and most likely nothing more will come of your little excursion.”

“You must think I’m a fool to beg Bill Vaughan’s pardon!”

“I shall surely think you one if you don’t.”

Dick did not take kindly to such advice, and moved a few paces from his friend, remaining silent several moments, when he turned suddenly as he said, —

“Of course you don’t count on carrying out the orders given by the sergeant.”

“What else can I do?”

“Turn your back when I want to slip over the bow.”

"You would n't think of trying to swim ashore?"

"Why not?"

"The gravest reason is, that the harbour is filled with ice, and you would be chilled to the bone before swimming a dozen strokes. Then, again, you might be out of the frying-pan into the fire ashore, where it would be an easy matter to recapture you."



"I'm not so certain about that. Say, Phil, it will be dark in half an hour. When I say the word will you look aft five minutes or so?"

"I don't dare to disobey orders, Dick."

"You're a sneak, that's what you are! I shall go over, whether you help me or not, and once we're back in Portsmouth, I'll have a long score to settle with you!"

Phil was too deeply hurt to make any reply, and Dick leaned over the rail, as if no longer desirous of talking.

The sentinel felt quite certain his friend would not attempt to carry into execution the threat made, and walked slowly to and fro, wishing most earnestly that some other soldier had been selected for the disagreeable duty.

The moments passed until the sun disappeared in the western sky; the gloom of evening hung heavily over the fleet, shutting out from view the shore, although so close at hand, and Phil turned to reason with the prisoner just as the latter leaped into the icy water.

For an instant the boy was too much alarmed and surprised to make the least outcry. Even though his own life had depended upon the act, he could not have discharged a weapon at Dick.

While one might have counted twenty he remained silent and motionless, and then cried at the full strength of his lungs, —

“Man overboard! Man overboard!”

A dozen sailors and soldiers were by his side almost as soon as the words had been uttered, but even then nothing could be seen of the escaping prisoner.

Two hours later the boats returned from searching the harbour and shore, and the report was that the labour had been in vain.

“He must have sunk almost as soon as he struck the icy water, sir,” the sergeant reported to the captain. “It don’t stand to reason a boy could swim a dozen yards while it is so cold.”

Next morning, on the books of the company was the following entry:

"April 5th, 1745. Richard Sanbourne, while under guard for disobedience of orders, leaped overboard, and was drowned."

CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

PHIL'S grief because of the untimely fate of Dick Sanbourne was most intense. He reproached himself with being responsible for the sad affair, although he could not explain why he was at fault.

Dick's chances for escape would not have been bettered had the sentinel offered him every assistance in his power, while there could be no question but that matters might have been readily adjusted had the prisoner followed his friend's advice.

The young recruit had been guilty of insubordination; but on this expedition that was not a very serious matter, for the officers and men were friends or acquaintances, and there was no very decided attempt to exact strict military obedience.

Phil's comrades, on learning that he reproached himself as having contributed in some degree to his friend's probable death, used every effort to disabuse his mind of such an idea, and the result was that he soon found himself the object of so much attention as to cause positive embarrassment. Twice did Colonel Vaughan call him into the cabin of the sloop to consider the matter carefully, and on each occasion did his best to convince the young

soldier that he was in no wise responsible for the deplorable event ; but without success.

On the following Sunday Phil asked permission to attend the services held by Parson Moody, and listened to the unusually long sermon intently, although there was much which would ordinarily have distracted his attention. Save for the words of the clergyman, the Sabbath presented nothing of that sanctity so marked at home ; on every hand were troops being drilled, workmen moving rapidly to and fro, or little knots of men discussing secular matters with so much vehemence as to almost drown the preacher's trumpet-like tones.

To Phil's disappointment, the good man made no reference to anything which might give his troubled heart relief. The text, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power," was used with reference to the probable capture of the fortified town, and the proposed destruction of such places of worship as did not meet with Parson Moody's approbation.

He returned to his quarters more depressed than ever, and the three weeks of inactivity which elapsed before the expedition could proceed, because of the ice which yet blocked the entrance to the harbour of Louisbourg, only aided in increasing his melancholy.

Then came the day when anticipations of immediate battle drove from his mind all thoughts not connected with a soldier's duties. The fleet set sail for Gabarus Bay, and, twenty-four hours later, the troupes were disembarked before the town which was to be captured.

It had not been possible to surprise the enemy, therefore those who had anticipated a sudden victory were forced to prepare for a regular siege, in which raw recruits were to try their metal against the strongest fortifications in the New World, defended by veterans.

There was a slight resistance to the landing; but Phil saw nothing of this first violence. The "Vigilant" had not yet arrived inside the bay when it occurred, and, owing to the wind, the rattle of musketry could not be heard from her decks.

During the twenty-four hours which followed, Phil was wretched, both in body and mind. The troops were stationed near the shore, with no shelter save such as could be found amid the stunted bushes, and the wind, damp from its long journey over the sea, seemed as cold as in winter.

On the morning after the embarkation word was brought to Phil that Colonel Vaughan wished to speak with him, and the boy went at once to the small cluster of fishermen's shanties where the officers of the expedition were quartered.

"We are about to make a reconnoissance, lad, and it is my fancy to have you with me. You will be exposed to less danger by remaining in the ranks, therefore it is a request rather than a command."

"I shall be very glad to accompany you, sir," Phil replied, modestly. "I expected to be confronted by danger when I enlisted as a soldier."

"Well said, lad. See to it that you carry all your blankets, and return here immediately."

Phil's heart was beating violently when he reported for duty. One glance at the apparently impregnable fortifications had been sufficient to convince him there would be plenty of blood spilled before victory could be won by either party, and he was about to begin his portion of the struggle.

Four hundred men had been drawn up in line, and when Colonel Vaughan emerged from the huts, this body of troops was marched directly toward the hills which overlooked the town.

Phil was not burdened with arduous duties. He remained near the commander, and from time to time performed certain trifling services. It appeared very much as if the colonel had attached the boy to his staff as an act of kindness, rather than from the idea that he could be of especial benefit. The troops marched as near the town as was deemed safe, and there were ordered to salute the enemy with three cheers, rather an odd proceeding, as Phil thought. Then, without further demonstrations, the command made a *détour* behind the hills in the rear of Grand Battery, which was situated in such a position as to command the entrance to the harbour, near "extensive magazines of naval stores."

The men understood why they had been called out, when orders were given to destroy all the property not protected by the guns of the battery, and during the remainder of the day Phil witnessed such deeds as he had believed could never be enacted. Valuable stores were given to the flames; buildings sacked of such ammunition

as could readily be carried away, and then sacrificed, and a spirit of wanton destruction seemed to have taken possession of all.

It was a picture of war enlivened by no acts of heroism.

Not until an hour after nightfall was the work finished, and then Colonel Vaughan believed it imprudent to return



to the main army, four miles distant, lest he fall into an ambush.

The soldiers bivouacked near the ruins of the buildings, where the heat from the glowing embers tempered the wind to the blanketless men, and, when a portion of the rations brought with them had been eaten, each one disposed of himself for the night as best suited his fancy.

Sentinels were stationed, as a matter of course, yet they were not so numerous but that a large body of the enemy might have approached unobserved; and had the occupants of the battery made a *sortie* at any time from

midnight until morning, the surprise must have been complete.

Colonel Vaughan was not lodged more comfortably than his men. He laid down between two half-burned timbers, at a point nearest the enemy, and a dozen yards from him was Phil.

It was a long while before the boy's eyes closed in slumber, and then it seemed as if he had but just fallen into unconsciousness when a pressure upon his arm aroused him.

The fires were burning so low that but little light illumined the darkness, and Phil felt, rather than saw, that some one had crawled under his blanket beside him.

The first thought was that a comrade, less generously provided with coverings against the cold, was taking advantage of his belongings, and he settled down for another nap, regardless of the intruder, when a voice whispered in his ear,—

“Don't you know me?”

Phil sprang up in alarm, for he recognized the voice of Dick, — Dick whom he had firmly believed was dead; but the intruder pulled him roughly down as he whispered fiercely, —

“Keep quiet, or some of the sentinels will see me; I don't intend to give Bill Vaughan a chance to make me prisoner again.”

“But where have you come from? How did you get here? I thought you—”

"Believed I was dead, eh?" And, despite his danger, Dick gave vent to an audible chuckle.

"Every one supposed you drowned within a few moments after leaping into the water."

"Then every one must be a fool. So long as I kept well under the surface, I did n't suffer from the cold. It was when I crawled out that trouble began. I thought I should freeze to death."

"How did you avoid it?"

"Kept in motion. Ran the best I knew how till I got rid of the numbness, and you can fancy I did n't remain near the shore. About a mile away I struck a small hut where a fisherman lived, and there I got thawed out. It cost me two shillings to prevent him from taking me back, but I would n't have begrudged twice the amount."

"But you were then at Canseau, and now we are near Louisbourg."

"You seem to have a fairly good idea of affairs, even though you are serving under such a chuckle-head as Bill Vaughan. We *are* near Louisbourg."

"But how did you get here?"

"The fisherman is a Frenchman. He did n't care to remain at Canseau after the English took possession, and made all haste to reach Louisbourg. By the expenditure of two shillings more I was allowed to come with him. The price was much too high, for I did my full share of work in running the boat, and without my assistance he **never** would have arrived."

"We were told the harbour was blocked with ice."

"So it was; but we could land almost anywhere from our dory, and once ashore on this island, I turned Frenchman. I have been stationed at the Grand Battery, which you passed yesterday."

"Then how does it happen you are here with me."

"I'll tell you a big secret, Phil, and if you are sharp you can turn it to your advantage. The battery is to be abandoned; already the men are marching out. They are cowards, for half their number could hold it against the crowd Bill Vaughan has brought here; but they won't listen to me, and to-morrow you people can take possession."

"How will it be of benefit to me?"

"Wait until that money-borrowing Vaughan leaves this place, and then take possession yourself. General Pepperrell will hear what you have done, and cannot fail to give a handsome reward, one-half of which you must turn over to me. That is why I run the risk to pay you a visit to-night. If you work this matter properly there will be more in it for us than we could get by sacking Louisbourg, even though we entered the town in the front ranks."

Phil remained silent. He failed to understand the matter as Dick apparently did. In case the battery *was* to be abandoned, he was not the one who should reap the benefit of the discovery, and just at that moment it seemed his duty to tell Colonel Vaughan all he had heard.

Dick suspected the thoughts which were in his comrade's mind, and said, threateningly, —

"Don't think you can get the credit and all the reward at the same time. I have put myself in your power, so far as Bill Vaughan may be able to do me an injury, but pledge my word that you'll never live to see Portsmouth again if you try to play me false."

"I haven't any idea of trying to play you or any one false," Phil replied, indignantly. "I didn't ask you to come with the story of the abandonment of the battery, and most likely the men will discover what has been done as soon as daybreak. My getting a reward for reporting what another could see as well as I is nonsense."

"It's sound common sense if you have courage enough to carry it out properly. Manage to loiter behind when the troops leave, and then go boldly into the works; I'll see to it that a messenger is at hand to carry the joyful tidings, and you can hold the place alone until men are sent from headquarters to take possession. You will make your name famous; I shall be revenged on Bill Vaughan, for of course he will be reprimanded for not discovering such a valuable piece of news, and both of us will make money out of the transaction."

"Look here, Dick," Phil said, suddenly, as a plan for changing the subject of the conversation occurred to him; "do you know what risks you have taken in coming here with a scheme to make a few shillings?"

"You mean that Vaughan may get hold of me?"

"That is also possible; but it may be a very serious matter so far as your new friends are concerned. If they should learn that you have been here, visiting the enemy,

can't you see what would happen? You would be considered a spy, and hanged at the shortest notice. This is war, instead of a pleasure excursion, as we were led to believe, and when a man or a boy either, for that matter, is suspected of giving information to the enemy, the end comes cruelly quick."

"I have n't given any information," Dick replied, with an effort to speak calmly, but his friend understood that he was thoroughly frightened.

"That is true; but if the French should learn of this visit, could you persuade them that such was the fact?"

"They've got more sense than the men you are serving."

"That would n't prevent them from dealing in the usual manner with a spy. As the matter now stands, you are liable to be arrested and shot by the English for having deserted in the face of the enemy, or hung by the French."

"As you figure it, I might as well consider myself dead already," Dick replied, grimly, but his voice trembled perceptibly, despite his attempts to render it steady.

"I believe you will soon come to some violent end unless you take a sharp turn at once. Why not give yourself up to Colonel Vaughan now? I am certain everything can be made right, more especially since you bring such good news, and it will be plain sailing in the future."

"Do you think I would let him get hold of me again?"

"You must forget that he is a townsman whom you have known well, and look upon him only as an officer in the colonial forces."

"I'll look upon him for just what he is, and nothing more. It is easy to see that you are trying to curry favour with the villain, and I may as well go back. Remember this, Phil Towle, if you do not come into my scheme for getting a reward out of General Pepperrell, you are to hold your tongue regarding what I have told you."

"I don't know what I ought to do," Phil replied, in a tone of perplexity.

"I do, and if you try to get the best of me there'll be more trouble for you than there is in this whole business of attempting to capture Louisbourg. Don't dare so much as dream of what I have said unless you are willing to do exactly as I direct. I am going now, but it will be a simple matter to get at you if there is any necessity for so doing."

Dick began to crawl out of the blankets without rising, and Phil, paying no attention to the threat, said, imploringly, —

"Don't run such a risk, Dick! Stay here, and I will do my best to get you out of the scrape in which you placed yourself by going on shore without permission."

"You'll do nothing unless I say the word, remember that! If you give the slightest hint to Bill Vaughan of what I told you —"

Dick did not conclude the threat, probably believing it would be more terrifying if incomplete, and almost before Phil was aware that he had started, the visitor was lost to view in the darkness.

CHAPTER III.

A CHANCE SHOT.

THERE was no possibility that Philip Towle, private, in the colonial forces from New Hampshire, would be able to sleep very much on this night after the destruction of the enemy's naval stores.

That which the visitor had told him was sufficient to drive from his mind all thoughts of everything save the proper course to be pursued.

It appeared as if his duty as a soldier demanded that he give the startling information to Colonel Vaughan at once ; but he was deterred by the thought that it would also be necessary to explain how he learned the news, in which case Dick's position would become more serious than it already was.

Had it been a secret, the keeping of which might have involved possible loss of life, he would not have hesitated ; but it was only a question of taking possession of the battery a few hours sooner or later, and he finally decided there could be no harm in allowing matters to remain as they were.

Never for an instant did he entertain the idea of trying to gain a reward, as Dick had suggested.

Not once did he close his eyes in sleep, and when the





sun rose he was the first member of the party ready for the duties of the day.

Eagerly he gazed toward that splendid fortification known as the Grand Battery instantly it was sufficiently light to see surrounding objects, and there was certainly good reason to believe Dick had told nothing more than the truth.

Not a man could be seen in or about the works, while on the previous afternoon it had been possible to distinguish the sentinels as they paced to and fro.

Colonel Vaughan's first act after awakening was to send all the troops, save a dozen men, back to the shore, since there was apparently nothing more to be done in that vicinity.

With the small squad the colonel ate breakfast, chatting cheerily with Phil, meanwhile, on indifferent topics, and not until fully half an hour had elapsed did he show any inclination to retrace his steps.

It seemed strange to Phil that not a single member of the party took notice of the fact that the enemy's sentinels could no longer be seen, and in the hope that some one might note the works more particularly, he asked several questions concerning them.

"That battery will do us a power of harm before we succeed in reducing it," the colonel replied, without so much as glancing in the direction Phil most desired. "It is exceptionally strong, and the loss of life must necessarily be great when we finally assault it, as we shall be forced to do before the main works can be captured."

Then Vaughan talked with some of the elder members of the party as to the route they would take in returning to the shore, and Phil realized he must speak more plainly if the evacuation was to be discovered.

"Colonel," he cried, suddenly, as if his attention had but just been attracted to the subject, "isn't it strange that we can't see any sentinels this morning? They were in full view last night."

This proved sufficient.

All gazed intently at the frowning works, and after some discussion, the little party moved yet nearer.

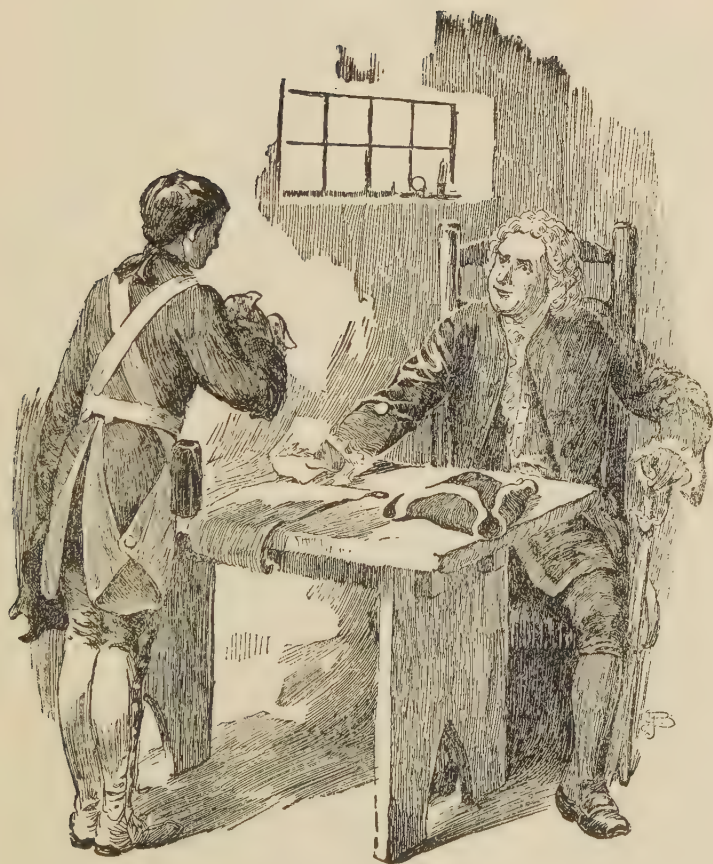
"Their flag is no longer flying!" Colonel Vaughan exclaimed. "It does n't seem possible such a strong post could be abandoned, and yet it surely has that appearance."

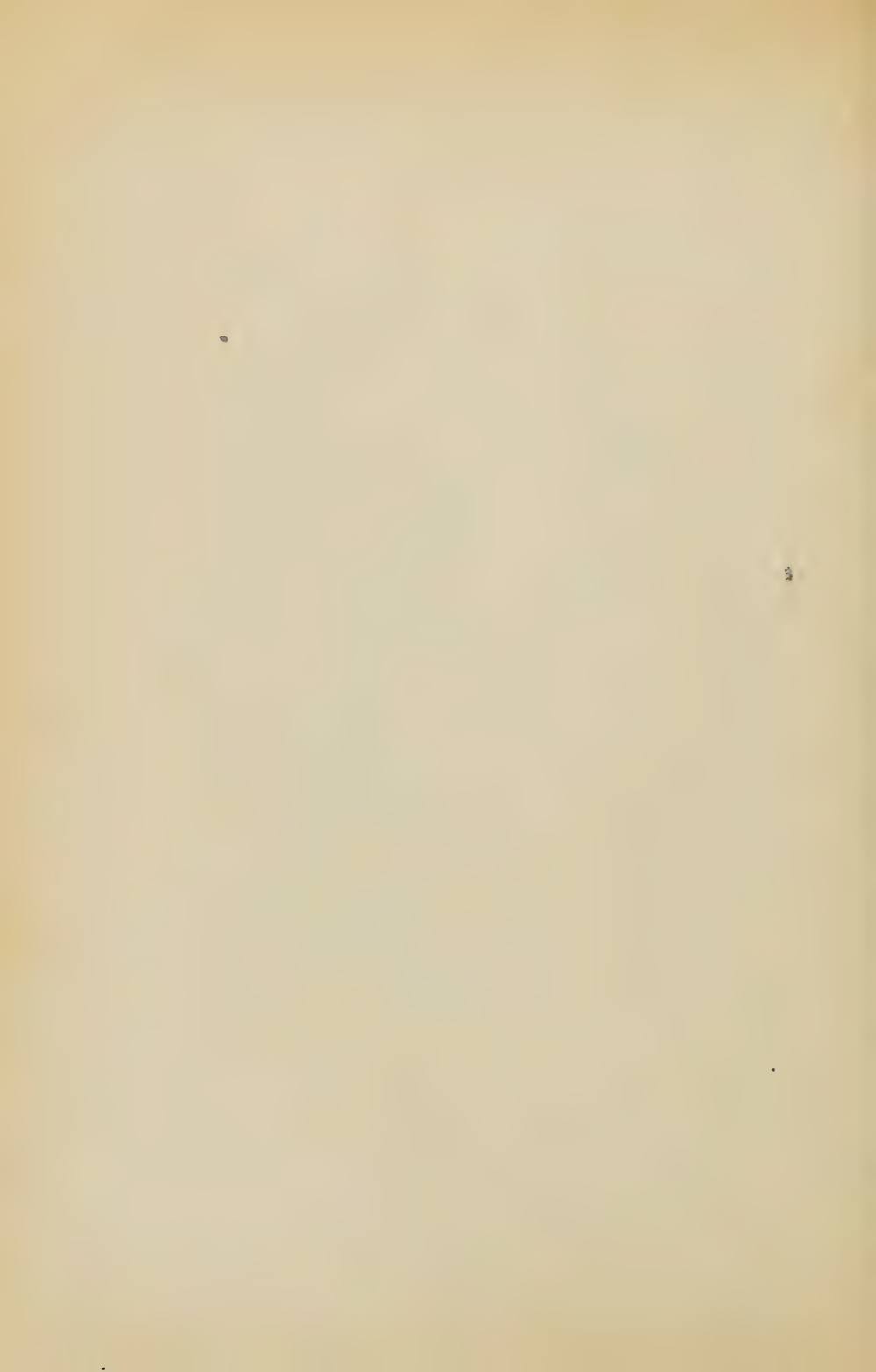
It was possible there might be in this apparent evacuation an ambush planned, and instead of venturing boldly inside, the colonel hired an Indian from Cape Cod, who had accompanied the troop as guide, to make an examination.

In less than five minutes after the Indian had crept through one of the embrasures, the gate was thrown open, and the small force took possession of the place which it had been supposed would cost many lives in the taking.

"Can you make your way back to General Pepperrell's headquarters?" Colonel Vaughan asked Phil, shortly after they were inside the works.

"I do not think I should have any difficulty in doing so, sir."





"Then carry him a message, and I venture to say he will receive no visitor to-day who brings better news."

He wrote hurriedly the following words :

"May it please your honour to be informed that by the grace of God, and the courage of thirteen men, I entered the royal battery about nine o'clock, and am waiting for reënforcement and a flag."

Phil started off at full speed, giving no heed to the brambles which tore his clothes and scratched his face as he pressed through the tangled underbrush. His only thought was to reach headquarters as soon as possible, that a sufficient number of men to hold the battery might be sent before the enemy could discover how needlessly they had been alarmed.

He arrived in good season, and when admitted to General Pepperrell's presence was breathing heavily from the fatigue of the rapid and painful journey.

"You bring brave news, young sir," the general said, in a tone of glad surprise, after reading the brief note. "I judge you have lost no time on the way."

"It was necessary I should get here quickly, sir, for men are needed to hold the works."

"They shall be sent without delay, and here is something which will keep you in remembrance of this day's fortunate happenings."

The general handed Phil two gold coins, a greater amount of money than the boy had ever seen at one time before, and was about to make some further remark when Colonel Messerve entered, looking thoroughly mystified, as he cried, —

"Four boats loaded with men have left the town, evidently bound in the direction of the Grand Battery! Vaughan must be in that vicinity!"

Instantly all was confusion; orders were given hurriedly, rapidly executed, and it seemed to Phil he had not been in camp five minutes when two hundred men were on the double-quick to reinforce their comrades.

From where he stood, the boy could see Vaughan and his small troop drawn up in line on the beach to oppose the intended landing, and he had the satisfaction of watching the brave fellows hold the enemy in check until those who had been sent in support arrived.

Colonel Vaughan returned to headquarters after Brigadier Waldo and his regiment were in peaceful possession of the battery, and Phil presented himself for duty.

"It will be a long while, now the city is invested, before we shall see any more fighting, so set about putting up something which will serve you as a camp. It has been ordered that all the spare sails in the fleet be sent ashore, with which to make tents; but I fancy a boy like you can soon build a better shelter than they will form. You may report to your captain that you are on detached duty under me, and after the hut is built, let me know."

By this means Phil escaped the heavy work of aiding in the landing of the guns and stores, which was most arduous as well as dangerous, and before nightfall he had constructed a shanty which would protect him from the wind, if not the rain.

It was built of spruce boughs, with turf laid around the sides, and was by no means the poorest of the many rude substitutes for camps to be seen on either side of the brook running from the hills a couple of miles southwest of the town.

After the transports had been unladen came the labour of dragging cannon to the spot selected for the first battery, on Green Hill, two miles from where the stores were landed, and this labour was excessive, as Phil had ample opportunity to learn.

While there was nothing to be done save to make preparations for bombarding the town, it was not reasonable that Colonel Vaughan would keep the boy on detached duty very long, therefore he was forced to do his share of the fatiguing work.

During two weeks he aided in dragging the heavy pieces of ordnance across marshy ground, so soft that it was necessary to place them on sledges lest they should sink beyond recovery, and to each of these rude vehicles two hundred soldiers were harnessed with breast-straps and rope traces.

More than once did it seem to Phil as if he could no longer perform his share of the task, so nearly was he exhausted; but the thought that the gold presented by General Pepperrell was sufficient in amount to relieve his mother of her most pressing wants served to animate him, despite the monotony and brutish nature of the labour.

Then, when Phil was thoroughly weary with this kind

of a soldier's life, came the welcome summons to present himself at headquarters, where he found a squad of men drawn up preparatory to making a reconnoissance under the lead of Colonel Vaughan, and he soon learned he was to accompany the party.

The purpose of the movement was to ascertain the most advantageous spot at which an assault could be made.

From the manner in which the leader set about the work, it could be understood that he hoped something more might be done than simply surveying the land, for no man "enjoyed" a battle better than did the Lieutenant Colonel of the New Hampshire forces, and a skirmish did not come amiss, to his mind, when nothing more serious was possible.

Instead of proceeding directly to the spot where General Pepperrell believed artillery could be used to the best advantage, a long *détour* was made, which brought the squad on the high land north of the city, where was a heavy growth of timber to screen them from view.

Once in this place, scrutinizing the town he hoped would soon be captured, Colonel Vaughan gave little heed to his men, so intent was he in gaining all the information possible relative to the movements of the enemy, and the soldiers were allowed to ramble here and there at will, the only restriction being that they keep within hailing distance of each other.

Phil and the colonel were in a dense clump of spruce trees, and the latter was hewing off some of the branches

with his sword, in order to gain a better view of the beleaguered town, when a single report rang out, sharp and distinct, as a bullet cut the skin on the officer's face.

For an instant both the colonel and Phil thought the former was seriously wounded, but when the trifling nature of the hurt was discovered, anger succeeded fear.

"Whoever discharged that musket intended to kill me!" Colonel Vaughan exclaimed, sharply. "Hello! Where are you, men?"

The soldiers, having heard the report and fancying an attack was being made, were already coming at full speed toward their commander, and the words had hardly been spoken before all the squad were within the thicket.



"Did any of you discharge a musket just now?" Each denied in turn having done anything of the kind, and showed his loaded gun in proof of the statement.

"It isn't possible one of the enemy can be outside the city, for this portion of the island has been traversed many times by our soldiers since we landed," the officer said, in a low tone, to Phil. "There's mischief afoot, and we must know what it is. You are to stay here with the men, to make certain they do not leave the place, and I will do a little reconnoitring on my own account."

"You surely don't intend to go alone!" Phil cried, in alarm.

"I shall be safer than with companions. Do as I have bidden, and take good care to keep a sharp watch on all the men."

The colonel disappeared amid the underbrush as he ceased speaking, and Phil tried in vain to fancy who could have any cause of enmity against so kind an officer.

Just once did his thoughts wander to Dick Sanbourne, but he dismissed the subject immediately, for he had good reason to believe that young gentleman was secure behind the walls of the city.

Colonel Vaughan was absent half an hour, and when he returned, the men were ordered back to headquarters, although the purpose for which they came out had not been accomplished.

Phil asked no questions relative to what might have been discovered; but before the march had come to an end, the colonel said, in a low tone, as if fearful his words would be overheard by those in the rear,—

"Do you want to know what I saw a short distance from where we were standing when that shot was fired?"

"I do, unless you wish to keep it a secret."

"Not from you, lad; for I expect you will aid me in solving the mystery. The footprints of a man were plain upon the turf, and I even saw where he rested his gun to take aim. That wouldn't have been so very surprising, since we know perfectly well some one was there, but I believe it was a member of our own regiment!"





"Why do you think so, sir?" Phil asked, in astonishment.

"Because of the footprints. I could almost swear the boots which made them came from old Tyson's shop. There is n't a cobbler in the colonies, and it goes without saying that there are none in France who cuts such a peculiar sole; the toe is the widest part of it."

"But who among our men would try to kill you, sir?"

"That is exactly what I propose to find out, if possible. When we arrive at headquarters you are to go directly to your shanty, and wait until I come, which will probably not be till late in the evening."

After giving this order the colonel relapsed into a silence which was not broken until the command was dismissed in front of the hut occupied by General Pepperrell.

Phil did as he had been bidden, and there remained, listening to the roaring of the guns from the advanced battery, wishing he was at liberty to go where he could see what execution was being done.

At sunset no word had been received from the colonel, and the boy built a small fire in front of the hut with which to cook the meal that made up his portion of the day's rations.

The cannon were still being worked, and from time to time squads of men passed him on their way to watch the gunners. More than one invited Phil to follow, but he shook his head. The order was to remain in his camp, and he did not intend to disobey, whatever might be the attraction at the front.

The evening passed, and yet no word from the colonel.

One by one the men off duty sought the shelter of their poor apologies for tents, until not a person was to be seen within Phil's range of vision.

He piled his camp-fire high with wood, and laid down in front of it. The earth no longer trembled under the detonations of the cannon; the sighing of the wind could be heard from among the trees, and the monotonous murmur of the surf wooed the tired boy to slumber.

Then came a time when he fancied he heard in a dream his own name called softly, but not until it had been repeated several times did he realize that it was a reality, and not the result of a vision.

Once he understood this fact, he sprang to his feet, rubbing his eyes to free them from the mist of slumber, but there was no person to be seen.

"It must have been a dream after all, and yet it sounded wonderfully distinct," he muttered to himself; and then, observing that the fire was burning low, he began collecting fuel with which to replenish it, when from his hut came a hoarse whisper:

"Keep the flame down! Can't you understand that I don't want to be seen here?"

Phil's surprise was so great as to amount almost to bewilderment, for he recognized Dick Sanbourne's voice.

"Come in, can't you?" the invisible speaker added, in a tone of irritation. "I don't propose to lay around here all night while your wits are wool-gathering."

Phil entered the shanty, by no means pleased to meet his old friend again.

CHAPTER IV.

A CONFESSION.

DICK acted as if he had good cause for complaint because Phil did not give him a hearty greeting, and said in an injured tone, —

“You don’t seem very glad to see me!”

“I am not.”

“You’re getting stuck up because Bill Vaughan has taken you under his wing; that’s what’s the matter.”

“I did n’t know he had ‘taken me under his wing,’ as you call it. I have tried to do my duty —”

“For which you are to get nearly a sixpence a day, if the colony can raise money enough to pay the men who have enlisted,” Dick interrupted, with a sneer.

“Yes, that was the amount agreed upon, and we have no right to find fault. There has been no change in the price since the day on which we enlisted, and then it seemed sufficient.”

“So it would have been had Storer’s stories turned out true; we were to come on a pleasure excursion, and be paid for it. Instead, we were sent down here to be killed.”

“There has n’t been any very great slaughter thus far.”

“Wait till the city is assaulted, and then you will see the blood run. Louisbourg is fortified so strongly that ten

times the number of men at Pepperrell's command could n't force an entrance."

"I admit there is good reason for you to speak so positively; but tell me why you are not behind the walls now? Did the French suspect you?"

"I never went back to find out. You said so much about what might be done, I concluded it was n't safe."

"And it would have been very dangerous, I firmly believe. If suspicion had arisen that you had visited our men just before the battery was abandoned, it would have been a short shrift for you."

"Most likely I should have pulled through all right; but I am willing to confess you frightened me, and I steered clear of both parties until hunger has driven me here."

"Where have you been staying?"

"In the woods."

"You might have been taken by some of our men."

"It's easy to keep clear of them. I got along all right while my ammunition held out; but now that is gone I am on precious short allowance. Instead of asking so many questions, why not give me something to eat? I am nearly starved."

Phil believed, from the visitor's tone, that he was speaking the truth, and his sympathies were aroused.

The only food he had was a portion of the hasty-pudding made that evening; but he set it before Dick, who ate as if he was indeed nearly famished.

"If I had known there was a chance you would come, I'd saved more; but, supposing you safe inside Louis-

bourg, the possibility that others might need my rations never occurred to me. Say, Dick, do you realize that each day makes your case worse?"

"In what way?" the visitor asked, speaking indistinctly, because his mouth was so full of pudding.

"After it is known you have been hanging around so long in the enemy's service, there will be less sympathy felt when you ask for pardon."

"Do you think I'm going to do anything of that kind, especially to Bill Vaughan?"

"But you must, otherwise how will you get home?"

"I can work that part of it all right," was the confident reply.

"How?"

"There'll soon be a vessel sailing for Boston, and I shall smuggle myself on board. The voyage won't be so long but that I can remain stowed away until she arrives."

"But even then you won't dare go to Portsmouth."

"Wouldn't I? Just give me the chance, that's all!"

"But don't you fear being arrested as a deserter?"

"Bill Vaughan won't talk so loud when we are home again. My father can fix everything, once I am there."

Phil believed the crime of desertion would not be passed over so readily, even though Dick's father was reputed to be a wealthy man; but he forbore from pressing the matter further. It could easily be seen that the visitor fancied anything he might do could be atoned for with money, and it would be useless to make an attempt to convince him to the contrary.

Dick ate that which had been set before him, and then looked around hungrily for more.

"That was all I had," Phil said, interpreting the look. "If you will wait, perhaps I can borrow something from the man who is encamped close at hand."

"Don't try it!" Dick said, sharply, when Phil made a motion to leave the shanty. "I haven't got any too much confidence in you, and don't propose that word shall be sent to Bill Vaughan."

"I didn't betray you before, therefore why should I do so now?"

"I won't give you a chance; there's no knowing what you might do for the sake of a pound or two out of my capture."

"I am not so fond of money as that. If it was really my duty to tell of your being on the island, I should do it at all hazards."

"You're a canting hypocrite—" Dick checked himself suddenly, as if he had spoken more plainly than was his intention, and added, in a coaxing tone, "Look here, Phil, we've always been friends, and you know I'm willing to do you a good turn at any time, so now do one for me when I am in such trouble."

"What do you want?"

"Powder and ball. With plenty of ammunition, I can shoot game enough to keep me alive until a vessel sails for Boston."

"I have n't got very much," and Phil shook his powder-horn.

"It 'll do till I come again," Dick said, as he stretched out his hand for the horn. "If I had n't wasted that shot this afternoon I need n't have come to-night, and, perhaps, by a lucky turn, might have found a chance to leave this place without your knowing anything about it."

Phil was on the point of handing the powder to his companion when the latter spoke ; but suddenly he drew



it back as he looked intently at Dick, his face paling because of his newly-aroused suspicions.

"What is the matter?" the visitor asked, sharply, alarmed at the change which had come over his friend. "What is the matter? Why don't you speak, instead of staring in that way?"

"Dick Sanbourne," Phil said, in a low, accusing tone, "it was you who tried to shoot Colonel Vaughan this afternoon!"

For an instant Dick acted as if about to deny the accusation, and then spoke angrily:

"Well, what if it was? Is that any business of yours?"

"It certainly is. My duty is to protect, or assist in doing so, our officers, and —"

"I suppose you're running this whole war, aint you? *You* protect the officers! You'd better go back to your mother, where you belong, and not play at being a soldier any longer. I shall settle my score with Bill Vaughan before I leave here, and you can't prevent me, mighty as you act now."

"I shall do my best," Phil replied, gravely, as he attempted to rise to his feet.

Dick, who had been seated between Phil and the entrance to the shanty, sprang to his feet before the latter could change his position, and, pushing him back with one hand, twisted the powder-horn from his grasp with the other.

Then, raising his musket as a club, he said in a guarded tone, —

"Make one attempt to give an alarm, and I will strike you down! I don't intend to be drawn over the coals when a blow will settle it all! Give me that!"

Before Phil had fairly recovered from the surprise caused by the sudden change in his former friend, the latter made a clutch at the pouch containing bullets, which was on the ground near the bed of pine boughs.

"Now I've got all I need, and can take care of myself. I know this island better than any of these make-believe soldiers, for I've been all over it, so it won't make any difference if you do raise an alarm. None of your crowd can catch me, especially after dark."

Phil was not disposed to let the boy go to his own destruction without making one more effort to prevent it and he said, in a kindly tone, —

“Stop, Dick, and think of what you are doing! It is a mistake to believe your father can smooth matters over, and by defying the whole colonial army in that way, you cannot fail to make an outlaw of yourself. There is time even now to take a different course.”

“Yes, after you know I shot at Bill Vaughan!”

“Suppose I promise never to tell what you have said?”

“It won’t be safe to repeat the least word, remember that!”

“It is my duty, and I must tell everything to-night, unless you are willing to give yourself up. I feel certain matters may be arranged now, if nothing is known of the shooting, and you can take your proper place with us once more.”

“I suppose you think you’re precious good, eh? Trying to play the mighty over me because you’ve got on the right side of that Vaughan! I’ll attend to my own affairs, and yours, too, if you dare tell a single person that I’ve been here!”

Then, standing over Phil to prevent him from rising, Dick coolly loaded his musket, hung the horn and pouch about his person, and moved slightly toward the door.

“If you show yourself outside this shanty for the next hour, I’ll shoot you down,” he said, threateningly. “I can hide among the trees, and there’s yet light enough from your fire for me to see if you sneak out. Keep a close

tongue in your head about me and my affairs, or you'll never reach Portsmouth again."

Phil was too deeply engaged in thought to make any reply to these threats. He knew it was his duty to raise an alarm, regardless of whatever danger might threaten him; but if he should do so, and Dick was taken prisoner, there could be but one end to it all. To give his old friend up would be condemning him to death without a shadow of doubt, and that he shrank from doing.

Dick waited a few moments at the door of the shanty, as if to assure himself he could gain the shelter of the woods without being seen by the sentinels near the water's edge, and then, with a mocking "good-by," disappeared.

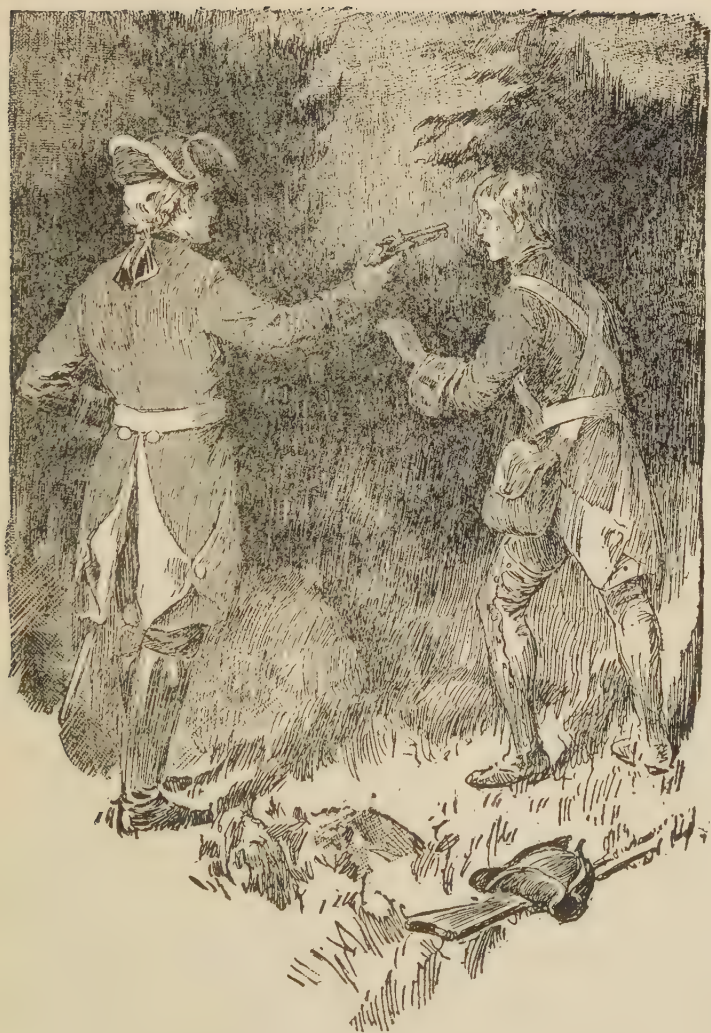
"What shall I do?" Phil cried when he was alone. "If I tell that he is on the island, the men will soon catch him, and even though I'm not very much of a soldier, I know full well what will be the result."

Then came the thought that he would confide in Colonel Vaughan, keeping back the fact that it was Dick who fired the shot which grazed the officer's cheek, and plead with him to use his influence in having the deserter punished only by being sent home in disgrace.

This seemed the best way out of the difficulty which Dick had brought upon himself, and Phil had but just decided he would try the experiment when a commanding voice was heard, apparently but a short distance from the shanty.

"Halt, or I'll fire!"

Then came a noise as of scuffling and the words in the same voice:





"Don't make the mistake of trying that game! So, it *was* you? I had just a suspicion this afternoon when I saw your footprints. Now march ahead of me, and turn ever so slightly to the right or the left if you wish to die!"

It was Colonel Vaughan who had spoken, and Phil understood Dick was a prisoner. The officer knew him as the would-be assassin, and, such being the case, the deserter's doom was indeed sealed.

Phil sat silent and motionless, sick with apprehension regarding the boy whom he had called a friend, when Dick and his captor entered, the former pale as death, and the latter holding a pistol close to his head.

"I had an idea my trap would work," Colonel Vaughan said to Phil, and the boy repeated, in amazement, —

"Your trap, sir?"

"Yes; I ordered you to remain here, believing this deserter would pay you a visit if there were not too many around."

"How did you know he was alive?" Phil asked, in a tremulous voice.

"I had no suspicion of it until I saw the prints of Tyson's shoes, and they could be explained in no other way. Sanbourne was the only member of our regiment missing, and I concluded, without being able to explain how it happened, that he had contrived to save his life. Now call some of the men, and we'll have him taken care of for the night."

Phil obeyed by going to the nearest huts, and in a few

moments Dick was marched away, his hands tied behind his back to prevent the possibility of an escape.

Colonel Vaughan remained behind, and when they were alone Phil asked, falteringly, —

“Did you know— Did you hear—”

“I saw him when he came, and waited where I could overhear all that was said, for I wanted his own version of the story. You should have told me he was here.”

“It would have been the same as condemning him to death, sir, and I couldn’t have done that, for he and I have always been good friends.”

“He acted particularly friendly toward you, I should judge, from what I heard.”

“He is desperate. This soldiering is different from what he expected it would be, and —”

“There is no reason why you should try to find excuses for him, lad,” the officer said, as Phil hesitated. “Tell me when you have seen him before.”

Phil related in detail the story of Dick’s visit on the night the battery was abandoned, and concluded by saying, —

“If he could be made to understand how serious his offence is, I am sure he would act differently.”

“He will probably find out when he is brought up for trial.”

“Then you are to send him home?”

“There is no necessity for that. A court-martial will soon settle the matter, and while we are in the field there will be little chance for interference in his behalf.”

"But, Colonel!" Phil cried, in an agony of fear, "you will not suffer any harm to come—I mean that you will not allow him to be shot for deserting?"

"It is not probable I shall have any voice in the matter. A certain important movement will be made soon, and I am to have charge of it. Remain here until I send for you, and try not to distress yourself over such a worthless character as Sanbourne has shown himself to be."

With this advice Colonel Vaughan left the shanty, and Phil threw himself face downward upon the bed in bitterest distress of mind.

CHAPTER V.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

IT was little sleep Phil had on the night Dick was captured. He could not drive away the fear that he had been instrumental in bringing about the present condition of affairs, although it was impossible to explain even to himself how that could be.

Horrible visions of his friend on the scaffold rose constantly before his eyes, and more than one wild scheme for saving the misguided boy came into his mind, only to be dismissed as impracticable.

"I would do anything, regardless of my duty as a soldier, to save him from a shameful death," he said, over and over again; "but there is no way by which I can aid him, except through the kindness of Colonel Vaughan, whom he tried to kill."

Until late on the following afternoon he was left to his own painful reflections, and then came a messenger with word that he was wanted at headquarters.

Almost any kind of action was preferable to remaining idle, with no companion but the terrible thoughts which would not be banished, and Phil hastened to obey the summons.

It was necessary to remain outside General Pepperrell's quarters some time before Colonel Vaughan was ready to

receive him, and the boy had ample opportunity to question the sentinel on duty.

"Do you know what was done with the prisoner taken last night?" he asked, and such discipline as was enforced in the encampment did not prevent the soldier from halting in front of Phil as he replied by another question:

"Did you know the young scoundrel?"



"We both live in Portsmouth, and he has always been my friend."

"He won't play the friend to any one much longer."

"What do you mean?" Phil asked, the words coming with difficulty from his trembling lips, because he knew full well what the answer would be.

"He'll be hanged, as he deserves, of course."

"But he's only a boy, — a few months more than sixteen years old."

"If he was n't half that age the punishment would n't

be any too severe. I hear he's been over to the enemy, and most likely has told them all he knows. Then, again, he tried to kill Colonel Vaughan, which is good reason for the sentence that will surely be pronounced."

Phil remained silent several moments, during which the soldier resumed his leisurely pacing to and fro.

Then the boy asked timidly, as he walked by the side of the man, —

"Don't you think General Pepperrell will pardon him? It can't be he would allow the son of one he has always been friendly with to be hanged."

"If I believed there was any danger the young fiend would escape death I'd shoot him down this minute!" the soldier cried, angrily, and Phil turned away in despair.

This man's opinion was probably shared by many, if not all, of his comrades, and the deserter's friend began to understand that perhaps he was the only person in the encampment who sympathized with the prisoner.

At this moment Colonel Vaughan appeared, and leading the boy a few paces aside, said in a low tone, —

"It had been promised that I should lead an attack this night; but the men have stipulated for Captain Brooks to command them, and I am forced to lose the sport or follow as a private, therefore I cannot take you with me."

"Shall you volunteer?"

"Certainly. The plan is all my own, and I want to see how it is carried out."

"Then what prevents me from doing the same thing?"

"You can if you choose, and I'll be glad to have you. Brooks is not the kind of a man who will take advice from me, and we shall be obliged to follow his instructions, whether they be wise or not; but there will be plenty of fighting, which is what all of us need just now."

"In what way shall I volunteer?" Phil asked, thinking he would rather be engaged in any dangerous service than remain in camp dwelling upon Dick's terrible fate.

"I will attend to that part of it. We should go now, for the expedition starts from the Grand Battery, and there is no time to lose, if we would join the party."

Phil was ready as soon as he replenished his supply of ammunition, and the two set out in silence. Colonel Vaughan was in no mood for conversation, because of his disappointment at not being allowed to lead the assaulting party, while Phil could think only of his former friend.

On arriving at their destination Colonel Vaughan went directly to Brigadier Waldo, who still remained in charge of the battery abandoned by the French, and then it was that Phil began to realize the danger which might be encountered.

"As the matter is being arranged," Waldo said to his friend, "it is a foolhardy piece of business, and can only result in disaster. I have written to the general that I doubt most seriously whether straggling fellows, three, four, or seven out of a company, ought to go on such a service, for there will be no concert of action among them. What makes it the more foolish, is that many of them are under the influence of liquor, and should be under guard,

instead of trying to surprise a detachment of regulars within particularly strong works."

Then the brigadier was summoned by one of his officers who was superintending the making ready of the boats, and Phil asked, —

"What is the service we are going on?"

"I have proposed that an assault be made upon the Island Battery, which commands the harbour, and prevents our ships from entering. I believe the works could be carried, but not in such a way as is to be tried."

"Do you still intend to accompany the party, sir?"

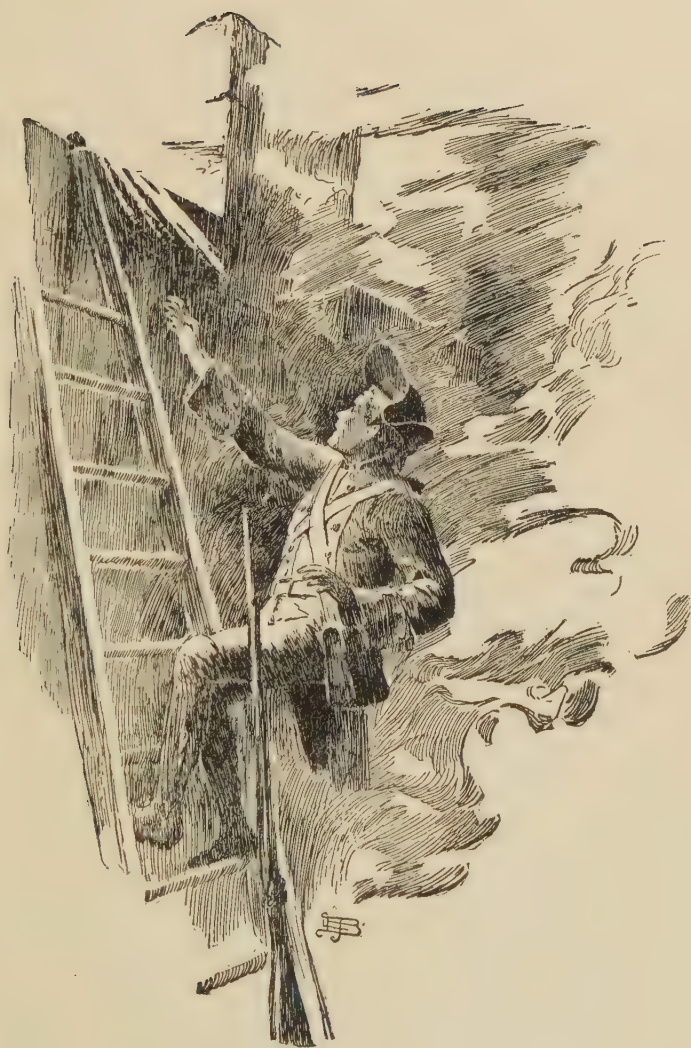
"Most certainly; but since matters are in the condition described by Waldo, perhaps you had better remain behind."

"I would prefer to go with you, sir."

"Very well, then, we'll say no more about it. Stay here where I can find you without difficulty, and I'll take a turn around the battery."

Three hours later Phil saw the colonel again, and the moment had arrived for departure. It was so dark when he stood on the beach that he could not decide how many boats were to be used to transport the soldiers, but in the gloom it appeared as if there must have been at least twenty.

He followed the colonel into one of them, which already appeared overloaded, and the frail craft was paddled, instead of rowed, out over the wind-swept waters, the boisterous waves dashing over her gunwale every few seconds, obliging the men to bail incessantly in order to keep her afloat.





Then came the dangerous work of disembarking while the surf was dashing high upon the rocks on either side of the narrow cove, and when about half the force were on shore, they broke the silence by three cheers, regardless of the fact that they had come for the purpose of *surprising* the enemy.

"That settles the fate of this attempt," Colonel Vaughan said, in a low, angry tone to Phil. "I cannot understand what Brooks is thinking of to let the men announce their presence when he is not prepared for the attack!"

Before a reply could have been made to this remark a sudden glare illumined the darkness in the immediate vicinity of the battery, and from out of it came a perfect hail of iron missiles. It seemed to Phil as if every living thing on that narrow strip of shore must be mowed down by the shower of balls and bullets, yet he himself remained untouched after the deadly fire had continued several seconds.

Finally, high above the roaring of the heavy guns, could be heard the command of Captain Brooks for his men to advance, and Colonel Vaughan cried to Phil, —

"It is little less than suicide, lad; but we must not be the ones to show the white feather. It is simply a slaughter of the men, without possibility of success; yet we are bound to obey orders."

After the first flush of fear Phil forgot the danger, and eager to prove to the officer who had shown him so much kindness that he was not a coward, pressed boldly forward, stumbling here over the bodies of the fallen, or

making a *détour* there to avoid a group who were shooting at the stone walls, regardless of their commander's orders.

Phil was at the very foot of the works, where scaling-ladders were being raised, and had already begun to ascend one when a bright flash burst directly in his eyes; there came a sudden sensation of numbness, and all was a blank.

When next he was conscious, an intense pain asserted itself in his left shoulder; it seemed as if his clothing had been glued to that portion of his body, and he was rising and falling as though suspended in mid-air.

"Where am I?" he asked, feebly, surprised that it was not possible to speak louder.

"With a dozen or more nearly as badly wounded as yourself, heading for our own side of the harbour," a voice replied.

"Am I wounded?"

"That you are, and badly, so I'm told. I've lost part of one foot, but *that's* a hurt I shall soon get over."

Phil fancied the man intended to convey the idea that he might not recover, and he mildly wondered whether death in such a form would be painful.

"You can thank Colonel Vaughan that you're here, instead of being left on the beach at the mercy of the enemy. He it was who lugged you on his back through the surf, when it was all a man could do to care for himself, much less come off hampered with a burden."

"Is the colonel safe?" Phil asked, after a brief silence.

"Ay, that he is, and in one of the other boats. If he had had command of this expedition, I'm thinking we wouldn't be crawling back like disabled crabs, leaving behind half of those who started out with us."

"Then it has all been a failure?"

"Yes, so far as the Island Battery is concerned, and weak leadership killed the only chance we had of taking it; but the city will fall into our hands some day, please God, and I'll have given one foot toward the general result, though it seems a wicked waste of flesh and blood to give them up in such a foolish attack as this has proved to be."

Phil heard the last words but faintly; the pain of his wounds was rapidly overcoming him, and before the boat with her cargo of suffering humanity gained the land he was unconscious again.

When he next realized anything, he heard a strange voice say, —

"He may pull through, with youth and strength on his side; but it will be a narrow squeeze. Do not attempt to move him, and in forty-eight hours we shall know the result."

Phil was lying on a softer bed than he had enjoyed since leaving home, and without touching those portions of his body which were causing him so much pain, he knew the wounds had been bandaged.

Once he fancied Colonel Vaughan bent over him, laying a cool hand on his burning head; but it was impossible to distinguish either word or action very clearly. He was in a stupor not unlike a disagreeable dream.

At times the pain seemed overpowering, and then he would sink into what might have been a swoon, only to arouse suddenly to the knowledge that he had been seriously wounded, — was, perhaps, dying.

He was in a log hut, which evidently contained two apartments, and in front of the inner door a soldier stood, as if on guard.

It was day when he understood this much, and he believed but a few hours after the disastrous attack had been made.

When next he took note of his surroundings, another night had come. Only he and the sentinel were in the room, and he wondered why a guard should be there.

He moved slightly, and the soldier stepped quickly to his side.

"Are you here to take care of me?" Phil whispered, and the man shook his head.

"I'm on duty to make certain that young deserter don't slip through our fingers again," and the sentinel pointed toward the door.

Instantly he understood it all. Dick was confined in the next room, and since the hut had not been built strongly enough for a prison, a guard was stationed over him.

"Do you think they will punish him?" he next asked.

"That they will! Bless you, it has all been settled in proper order. When the sun rises again you won't be troubled by having a sentinel here."

During a moment Phil believed he was on the point of

swooning once more. "When the sun rises again!" That was as much as if the man had said when another day dawned Dick Sanbourne would pay the extreme penalty for his misdeeds!

The wounded boy struggled desperately to resist the sensation of faintness which was creeping over him. He believed it was absolutely necessary to retain possession of all his faculties, although he had no idea that it might be possible for him to aid the condemned prisoner.

When the sentinel took up his station by the door again, Phil began to wonder why it was the trial and sentence had followed so quickly. He knew nothing had been done in that way when he left headquarters with Colonel Vaughan, and yet the entire matter seemed to be settled.

It was a long while before he managed to whisper, —

"When did — did Dick have his trial?"

"The day before yesterday."

"Why, it was then we made the attack."

"You've lost run of the days, lad, that's all."

"How long have I been here?"

"You were wounded Monday night, and to-morrow is Saturday."

grit at the assault when the odds were all against our side, and I'm not the only one who is proud of what you have done."

"I want to speak with the prisoner a moment. He and I are old friends; we came from the same town: I cannot bear to think of his being led away to a cruel death before I have had a chance to say good-by."

"I don't know why you shouldn't go in," the sentinel said, thoughtfully, "though it won't be a very pleasant visit. The doctor might think you oughtn't to move around so much, for he said it wouldn't be safe to carry you to Colonel Vaughan's quarters, and he is lodged but a short distance away."

"It can do me no harm. — surely not as much as lying here eating my heart out with sorrow for the poor fellow," and Phil made one attempt to rise, but fell back utterly exhausted with the faint effort.

"That young villain isn't worth a thought from you," the soldier said, emphatically, as in his rude way he tried to move the invalid's head to a more comfortable position.

"You would n't say so if he was an old friend of yours."

"Perhaps not, lad, perhaps not. It don't stand to reason you're hardened to such things yet: but you soon will be if you continue soldiering."

"I must go to see him," Phil cried, and again he attempted unsuccessfully to move.

"Come, come, we can't have anything more like that," the sentinel said, in what he intended should be a soothing

ing tone. "Another struggle and you'll set the blood to flowing. It would be the price of your life to walk from here to where he is."

"I can't help it; I'm determined to go if such a thing be possible. Most likely it's my last chance."

"But I won't allow you to take the risk," and now the soldier spoke sternly. "That fellow isn't worth the pain you're enduring through him, and I'll put a stop to it."

"Do you mean you won't let me go where he is?"

"I'll bring him here. I reckon it isn't jest what a sentinel oughter do; but if you're bent on seeing him, it shall be done. I've had no orders agin it, and will be bound there ain't the least show of his getting away while I stand at the door."

The man did not wait for Phil to reply, but went at once to the inner room, and the invalid trembled with excitement as he waited for his comrade who was so soon to be put to death.

The interview was not long delayed.

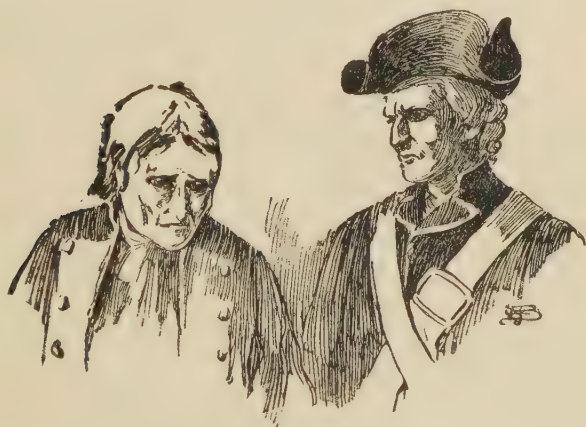
Phil could hear a confused sound, which he fancied was caused by the efforts of the soldier to remove the fetters from the prisoner's limbs, and then Dick appeared.

Had he seen him anywhere else Phil would not have recognized him as the lad who sailed from Portsmouth in the good sloop "Vigilant."

He no longer walked erect, with head carried well back, as if glorying in his youth and strength, but was bent, like an old man, while on every feature of his face was written the story of most abject terror.

"Oh, Phil! Phil!" he cried, coming forward as fast as the soldier would permit, and throwing himself down by the wounded boy's side. "Does it seem *possible* that they have the right to kill me! Save me, Phil! Save me! I know you can, because every one is telling how brave you have been!"

"Poor Dick! Poor Dick!" and Phil laid his hand on



the boy's head. "It is hard, oh, *so* hard! but I can do nothing. No one would listen to me."

"There is not another person here who will speak for me, and you *must* do something! I can't die now! I *can't*, Phil, and I have n't a friend left, for every one thinks death is only what I deserve."

"There's no use in going on that way," the sentinel said, gruffly. "You won't do yourself any good, and I sha'n't allow you to make Phil worse by such outcries."

You should have thought of all this back there at Canseau, where you set up in opposition to all hands."

"I didn't think they would dare to kill me."

"And because of not thinking, many another person has got himself into trouble. If there's anything you want to say privately to Phil, go ahead; I'll give you one chance, though I've precious little sympathy for you, by going near the door where I sha'n't overhear what's said. You must talk fast, though, for the relief will be coming soon."

The soldier stepped back near the outside door, and, leaning over the wounded boy, Dick continued in whispers to beg him to save his life.

It was most distressing to Phil. Gladly would he have given anything, — everything, simply to soothe the distracted prisoner, yet there was nothing he could say.

After his first outburst Dick appeared to grow calmer, and whispered, cautiously, —

"Except for the fact that I am tied hand and foot, I could have escaped at almost any time within the last two days. Could n't you give me one chance, Phil? Just think how horrible it will be to die in such a way! *Can't* you make up your mind to help me?"

"What *could* I do, Dick?"

"There must be a chance between now and daylight to untie the ropes — I only ask you to untie one! I can get through the side of the hut, where a couple of logs are loose."

"But even then what would you do?"

"I don't know, Phil. Hide in the woods till the troops leave; it would be better to starve there than be hanged like a dog to-morrow morning."

"I reckon you two had best be parted now; there's no use spending a long time when it must come at last, and the sooner this thing is ended the better for both," the sentinel said, gruffly, as he came toward the bed.

Phil had just time before the man forced Dick away to whisper in the despairing boy's ear, —

"If there's the least chance for me to do what you want, I will, and watch as anxiously as you would for the opportunity."

Then the prisoner was led back; the ropes fastened once more around his limbs, as Phil fancied from the sound, and the sentinel returned to his post.

The invalid closed his eyes, that he might the better think of what he had promised, and while he was thus apparently resting comfortably, the sentinel who was to guard the condemned until the last moment arrived.

The two men spoke together in low tones a few seconds, and then he who had been so kind took his departure.

Unless an opportunity to assist Dick should occur within three hours it would be too late, and Phil realized that he must be fully alive to everything around him. A short time previous it had been impossible to so much as raise his head; but now he was resolved to get into the next room, if he could do so secretly, even though at the cost of his own life.

The sentinel looked in at the prisoner; paced to and

fro from one door to another, and then seated himself near the invalid's bed.

Watching eagerly from beneath his half-closed lids, Phil saw the man nod from time to time, and it was evident he was doing his best to fight off the inclination to slumber.

Finally he seemed to realize that it would be impossible to keep his eyes open while in this position, for he leaped suddenly to his feet, and began walking back and forth energetically.

Ten minutes passed in this exercise, and then the soldier drew from his pocket a pipe and knife.

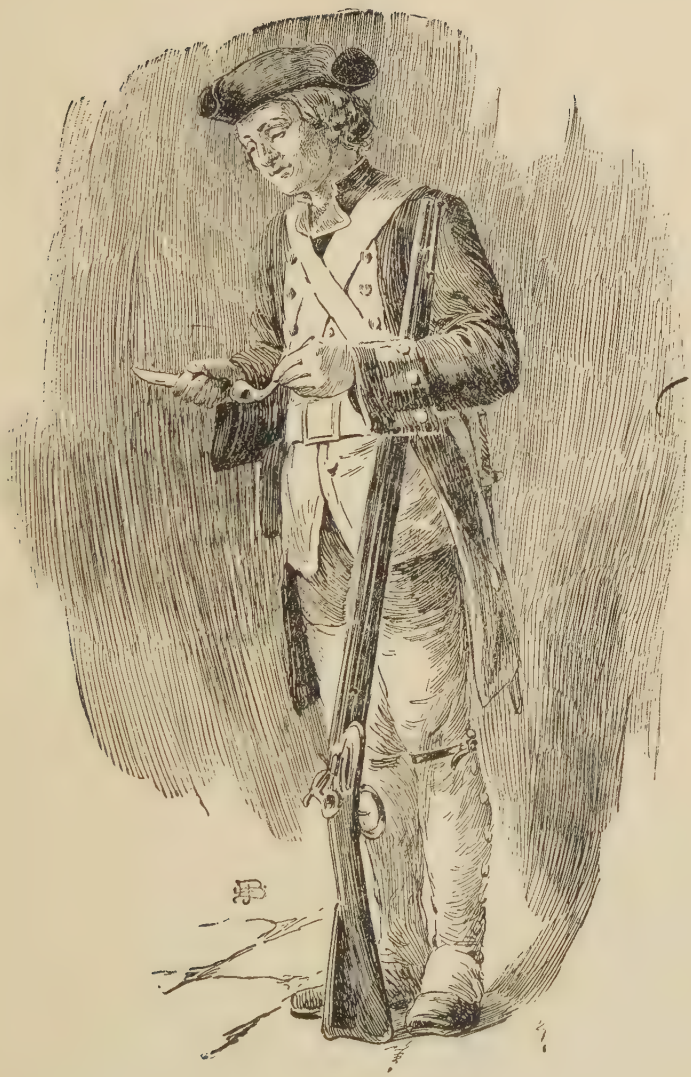
"Blest if I've got so much as a crumb of tobacco," he muttered, after searching his pockets carefully. "I can't stay here all night without a smoke!"

Glancing first at the door of the room in which the prisoner was confined, and then toward the wounded boy, the sentinel stood irresolutely in the centre of the apartment while one might have counted twenty.

"There's no risk in going, for this boy is too weak to help himself, and the other is tied where he can't do more 'n wink. There's precious little danger of meeting an officer around the encampment at this time of the night; all hands of 'em like their comfort too well to turn out when there's no particular reason for so doing."

Leaving his gun leaning against the wall, he went out into the night, and the opportunity so ardently desired by Phil had come.

When the sound of the soldier's footsteps died away in the distance, the invalid raised himself slowly, battling



most desperately against the deathly faintness which threatened to overcome him, and stood swaying from side to side like one who has received a mortal blow.

Twice did he make the attempt before gaining the door, and then he lurched into the room where Dick lay, unable to guide his own steps.

How he succeeded in unfastening the ropes he never knew ; but finally, he was dimly conscious of the fact that it had been done, and made a supreme effort to regain the bed.

He realized, or thought he did, that the prisoner thanked him fervently, and promised sacredly he should never regret having given him a chance for life ; but the words were more like a murmur of the sea, which even then was beating against the rocky coast to give warning of a fast-gathering storm.

From that instant the thunder of all the guns which had been hurling death and destruction into the doomed city would not have been heard by him.

When the sentinel returned with the tobacco which had seemed so necessary to his comfort, Phil was lying on the bed with the blood flowing from his mouth, apparently dead.

More than once had the doctor stated that the invalid might die suddenly of hemorrhage, and the frightened sentinel believed the predictions were fulfilled.

Without stopping to look in upon the prisoner, he ran with all speed for the physician, and the moment for Dick's escape had arrived.

When Phil next opened his eyes to the things of this world he was lying on such a bed as he had never dreamed of before, in a room bright with gay hangings, and bearing everywhere the marks of a woman's hand.

By the side of the bed sat Colonel Vaughan, who was regarding the pale, wasted boy with something very like affection, as he said, triumphantly,—

"I knew, under Madame Pinchon's motherly care, you would recover, even though the doctor did insist you must surely die!"

"What has happened?" Phil asked, in a tone so low that it was hardly more than a whisper.

"Many things, my boy, which it will give you pleasure to hear, the most important being that the city was surrendered nearly a week ago, and you are now quartered in the home of a certain Antoine Pinchon, whose lodger I also am. A vessel sailed for Boston shortly before the capitulation, and General Pepperrell sent a purse of money to your mother, which will relieve her of all pecuniary troubles for some time to come. Finally, you have been acting the part of a dead boy for nearly three weeks, and it is high time you began to assume the bearing of a live one."

Phil waited to hear more, but the colonel leaned back in his chair as if his budget of news was exhausted.

"Do you know anything about,—is Dick alive?"

"Look here, my boy, do you chance to know anything of his escape?"

"I helped him, and want to make a confession to the general."

"I suspected you had a hand in the matter, and advise you to remain silent on the subject. No good can come of making any confession, and the least said is the soonest mended. It may interest you to know, however, that he has left the island."

"How did you learn that?"

"One of the natives told me he had seen the boy



skulking in the woods, and I took it upon myself to find an opportunity for him to sail. His death would have done no good; the soldiers are so undisciplined that the execution would not have been a lesson in the truest sense, and after his painful experience he may mend his ways."

Then the colonel told the story of the siege and final surrender of the city in all its details, and concluded by

stating that Phil was to be sent home in the next vessel that sailed after he was sufficiently strong to undertake the journey.

Parkman writes :

"The news that Louisbourg was taken reached Boston at one o'clock in the morning of the 3rd of July, by a vessel sent express. A din of bells and cannon proclaimed it to the slumbering townsmen, and before the sun rose, the streets were filled with shouting crowds. At night every window shone with lamps, and the town was ablaze with fireworks and bonfires. The next Thursday was appointed a day of general thanksgiving for a victory believed to be the direct work of Providence. New York and Philadelphia also hailed the great news with illuminations, ringing of bells, and firing of cannon.

"In England the tidings were received with astonishment and joy that was dashed with reflections on the strength and mettle of colonists supposed already to aspire to independence. Pepperrell was made a baronet, and Warren an admiral. The merchant soldier was commissioned colonel in the British Army; a regiment was given him, to be raised in America and maintained by the king, while a similar recognition was granted to the lawyer, Shirley."

Goold writes :

"Beside being honoured with knighthood, General Pepperrell was presented by the Corporation of London with a dinner service and a silver side-table on which to display it. To my knowledge, there is no published description of this numerous table service, or the table which was made to bear it. At the time of its arrival at Kittery Point, there was, probably, no set of plate in New England approaching it in extent or elegance."

Not until thirty years had elapsed did Phil hear of or see Dick.

Then he was a captain in the Continental Army, on the staff of the commander-in-chief, and visited Cambridge on military business, when he was surprised at being accosted familiarly by a private soldier belonging to a regiment from Connecticut. It was Richard Sanbourne, who, since his escape from the colonial forces in front of Louisbourg, had lived an upright, honest life, and now, as he explained to Captain Towle, was trying to redeem himself as a soldier.

THE END.







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